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CONDUCTORS AND CONDUCTING

BY WILLIAM WALLACE

I.

In a former series of articles on this subject, the historical side has been considered. In coming to modern aspects we are faced by the problem of describing in words an act which is muscular and at the same time largely mental and musical. The physical, and, it must be added, the visible part of the question is best answered by practical demonstration—unless, indeed, we resort to the unequivocal style of the *Manual of Infantry Training*, and then we should run the risk of inculcating mechanical habits which we are most anxious to deprecate.

Nobody need travel far out of his way to find handbooks which suggest to him the rudiments of the business, if he has not already made up his mind about them by constant attendance at orchestral concerts. In this respect mastery of music will not be complete without obedience of muscle.

Intimately connected with this are those tangles, those *crucis*, which are to be encountered on every page of every orchestral score—those challenges to interpretation, frankly accepted by conductors, no matter how unacceptable their readings may be to studious audiences. Individuality will assert itself, and the personal element cannot be disregarded. It is not the exclusive endowment of the conductor: it exists in varying strength in every one in the concert-room, and accounts for the diversity of opinion that follows a performance. Thus it comes about that howsoever practical our concern with the conductor in the co-ordination of his muscles and his orchestra, we have also to study the mind of the man who is thinking in music and transmuting his thought into action.

Of recent years the vogue of the conductor has robbed the prima donna of much of her glamour. At first sight this might appear as if one protagonist had yielded place to another, and in a certain sense it is true; but the artistic effort of each, and the influence of the audience upon them, must be taken into account in estimating their relative values.

To a generation that is no longer with us, it scarcely mattered what the 'star' sang. The dilettante concentrated his attention on the delivery of some favourite passage, or of a high note; what the composer had to do with it was of less, if of any, account. The prima donna was not interpreting music: she was displaying her physical and artistic capacity for singing. To put the matter accurately and frankly she was, as to

her throat, a gymnast. The muscles of her larynx were to her what the muscles of a gymnast were to him. In demanding *vox et preterea nihil*, the public encouraged a vicious system in which music was merely a device for parading a highly cultivated vocal accomplishment, little attention being paid to the end of which singing was only an element of the means. Thus the reign of the prima donna was an Occasion—it was not a Creation.

The conductor, on the other hand, aims at reproducing the thought of the composer, employing his own critical judgment, and enhancing the score as it left the creator's mind, adding to its brilliancy, and unravelling obscure or complicated passages.

Thus we have two aspects of interpretation; one, in which the personality of the individual stands out and dwarfs the surroundings, the other, in which, through the co-operation of the orchestra, the personality becomes paradoxically impersonal, the combined effort of a number converging with singleness of purpose towards unity of effort.

The comparison between the conductor and the prima donna cannot worthily be carried very far. Reference, however, must be made to the matter, for through his ascendancy the conductor in recent years has come to occupy in the public mind a position somewhat analogous to that of the operatic soprano, and the risk for the public has been to concentrate the attention upon the doings of an individual rather than to view his results in true perspective. Audiences in fact have been attracted by the performance of the interpreter, whether conductor or singer, but with this broad distinction, that in the case of the conductor it is his attitude towards the composer's ideas that is held of most account; in the case of the prima donna nobody troubled about the composer who wrote the roudades so long as she overcame them with ease, yielded to encores, and dragged the concert to an inordinate length.

In recent times there has been much windy debate of this or that conductor's methods, but ultimately the question has resolved itself into a discussion of the music performed, and this is the right attitude. Indeed, of works which have failed to produce an impression, it is not rare to hear it said that even such and such a conductor of eminence could not have made them effective. This is going too far, for on the contrary ineptitude may contort a work out of all recognition. Still, the criticism shows that audiences are getting more discriminating, and that the lure of the conductor is not always potent enough to efface a composer's shortcomings.

The position of the 'guest' conductor is by no means established. It is being assailed by influences which, in days when orchestral music was less frequently heard, could be ignored or belittled, and of these finance is not the least formidable. The awakening of public interest in orchestral music has led to the formation of orchestras, amateur as well as professional, and

although societies in some instances have clung to the superstition that the conductor must be a foreigner, artistic rivalry and competition have made themselves felt by that sensitive gauge, the box-office. It has come to be a vital question whether the large fees absorbed by the 'guest' conductor have been justified and balanced by increased audiences and improved resources, and whether the efforts spent in obtaining a commercial 'draw' might not have been diverted into less pretentious but equally artistic channels.

Self-supporting orchestras have found that the supply of 'guest' conductors—or at least those accepted by the public—is not unlimited, and these orchestras have been driven to fall back upon their own musicians, some of whom have at last been given the opportunity which was denied them so long as the foreigner had his own way.

The substitution of native for alien talent, at first viewed askance by those who had bent the knee to the foreigner and had refused bare justice in musical matters to their own fellow-countrymen, proved to be an experiment less hazardous and costly than had been anticipated. With increased facilities for performance came a correspondingly large supply of new works, and as many of these were of an advanced style of composition, often too intricate to be mastered by a permanent conductor, with other numbers in the programme to be rehearsed within a limited space of time, it became the custom, but not the rule, that the composer should conduct his own work.

Something will be said later of the composer in relation to the conductor. For the present it cannot be denied that it is quite as easy to write 'impossible' passages for the strings as it is to place on the conductor's desk a score of which not even the most conscientious study and analysis will help either the composer or his interpreters.

Herein music differs from all other forms of art. A piece of sculpture, a painting, a poem, stand before the public in their ripeness—even their audacity; but in music there are many mansions, and from door and window and house-top there are clamours, each voice asserting, expostulating, chattering, scoffing, quarrelling, flinging taunts, jeering, answering back, vituperating, till the rabble-riot is quelled by a man in the street, to all appearance threatening the noisy ones with a little stick.

It is not unlikely that a composer, trading upon the credulity of his audience by offering them the mangled discards of others, would find himself in a hopeless predicament were he politely offered the baton. In the present state of things, to venture an opinion might be fraught with danger. At all events, the composer has in recent years been given an opportunity for conducting which twenty-five years ago was denied him until with some assurance he took up the cudgels for himself. He has had his chance of conducting orchestras remote from the critical and not altogether

encouraging eye of metropolitan dikasts, and in discovering the use of his arms has found his feet.

In a certain sense orchestral music may be regarded as a form of drama in which all the characters are assembled on the stage, with the conductor between the instrumentalists and the audience, like the chorus in a play, interpreting the composer's ideas. This is the dramaturgical aspect of his work. For the moment we are leaving out of consideration all the preparation which has to be made before he appears on the platform. It must often be the case that the conductor, while consciously playing upon his orchestra by indicating subdued moments and working up climaxes, is also carrying his audience along with him, and creating in their minds an understanding of the music somewhat akin to his own. The relation of eye-sense to ear-sense is a large question, and there is undoubtedly a psychic connection between the two. In the concert-room the visual impression is obtained from the conductor and orchestra: in the opera-house, where the auditorium is, or ought to be, darkened, the action on the stage provides the visual stimulus, and may be so engrossing as to deflect the attention wholly from the music.

But the same distraction can and does exist in the concert-room, and the intelligent observer may forget the music in wondering what the conductor will do next. With this suggestion of the dramatic in mind, we may ask if a conductor's reputation may not be due in part to invincible clumsiness of 'action' at the outset of his career, which eventually he is forced to cultivate deliberately as his 'style,' and without which he might jeopardise his popularity.

It is not incomprehensible that he may vary his reading on each occasion according to the intimacy or strangeness of his surroundings, the importance of the orchestra, or the preconceived demands of the audience. Rumour may have gone before, heralding his doom as an artist or his triumph as a comedian. These are grave matters, and concern the 'guest' conductor; indeed, it would be interesting to look into his mind and have a glimpse of his thoughts about it at all. But all conductors do not stand around the starry throne, and the time may come when audiences, bred in an environment more musical than spectacular, will divest themselves of the craving for show and settle down to listen.

It is by no means an overstatement that after a concert the visual impression is the first that is described by many, and the most enduring. It is not given to everyone to wander over the country in quest of music; for information about out-of-the-way musical doings the appeal has to be made to people calling themselves musical. On such an appeal to a person who had attended a remote but exceptional performance—one who would have shown deep resentment if regarded as unmusical—

the only reply was a description of the conductor's exaggerated and unnecessary gestures: about the music, not a syllable.

Why, then, it may be asked, are we left with a feeling of insufficiency after a fine orchestral performance under a wooden and mechanical conductor? Why, again, can a brilliant conductor convince us that we have been listening to a first-rate band when, in fact, the quality has been indifferent? If we call to mind conductors who have made their name, and even those whose rare appearances have shown that they have a wide technical comprehension of the art; if, too, we analyse the impressions which they have conveyed to us, we will find, setting all music aside for the moment, that they have struck us as being physically endowed with dramatic instinct. For this instinct does not imply 'barn-storming,' page after page, but equally and appropriately reticence, motionless self-control. Furthermore, were we to drag the confession from them, they would admit very likely that the works which gave them the most pleasure to conduct were those which demanded some form of physical expression, over and above all the æsthetic content of the music. If candid they would acknowledge, as the actor does, a preference for certain rôles.

Eliminating for the moment all musical considerations, let us see what the conductor has to do in the concert-room. With his back to the audience he has to carry out movements of arms and body, and these, whether awkward or graceful, abrupt or suave, grotesque or restrained, must influence to some extent those who, behind him, are noting every action. Besides, the first point discussed after the concert is over will be, as we have pointed out, the conductor's style. It will be clear, then, that the method of the conductor has no small influence on the appreciation of the audience, and lack of co-ordination and reserve may vitiate the effect of the music.

From all points of view it is expedient that some consideration should be given to that part of the conductor's functions which he has to discharge in public, notwithstanding his special duty of training and directing the orchestra. It will be necessary, therefore, to enlarge upon the psychological aspect of his work, and to investigate the all-important influence which he wields. At the outset it is fitting to consider the conductor as he looms in the eye of the public before we come to practical and technical details.

So far we have had in mind only those conductors who from a managerial or popular point of view have a 'box-office value.' They, as artists, would be the first to repudiate with scorn any assessment of their capabilities on a sliding scale. At the same time they would be scarcely human to ignore it. The life of a 'star,' whether musical or celestial, were we to attempt to estimate it, would bring us into conflict with assurances and calculations, which, as we are mere musicians, we leave to statisticians and astronomers. So it is that when the City of Manford-super-Chesterpool

announces the performance of Brahms's No. 5, the audience will flock to see it conducted by Herr Maschin. They will be disappointed in beholding a head of Nordic type, without long hair or buncy necktie, and in feature not at all unlike one of their own tram-conductors.

(To be continued.)

A COMMENTARY UPON MENDELSSOHN

BY HUBERT J. FOSS

(Concluded from June number, page 499.)

The oratorios and pianoforte works of Mendelssohn are the basis of that fundamental love which the English still bear towards him. Of the pianoforte works, the Prelude and Fugue in E minor is not the most typical of his writings for the instrument, but is important as exhibiting a strong and interesting side of Mendelssohn's art; and also as quite the best of his Fugues, and one of the best things in his whole production.

Mendelssohn's pianoforte works may without arbitrariness be divided into three very characteristic moods: the suave, the agitated, and the capricious. Mendelssohn, himself a concert pianist, wrote for the pianoforte with no less, perhaps even with greater, skill than for other instruments. But while suited to the instrument, in technique his pianoforte works were neither original nor particularly interesting. There is in his pianoforte music not only a limitation of mood but also a limitation of technical interest: there is no novelty of effect, nor many passages which require really expert playing. There are indeed few things in all his numerous pianoforte compositions fit to compare with even the early Octet, and particularly with the bigger orchestral works.

In this Fugue on the other hand, Mendelssohn seems to stand outside himself. It is a work in which, in addition to the fact that it is in meaning far deeper than his habitual mood, he is able to display his skill in counterpoint. This his worst enemies cannot deny him, although they may assert with justice that it was frequently vitiated and even dismissed by his desire for harmonic sufficiency: that, in other words, his desire for horizontal interest was too often tempered by his desire for the sleek vertical effects for which his works are so notable. An early interest and education in Bach's music is not alone responsible for this contrapuntal efficiency; it was a seed that fell upon the good ground of his precocious technical facility. Despite, therefore, our surprise that Mendelssohn, the easily moved by outside impressions, should delight in the fugue, we can on technical grounds understand this interest and applaud it.

The turbulent Prelude to this Fugue is conceived in one short sweep from start to finish. Closely allied in subject-matter to the Fugue it precedes, it seems to give the spirit of the latter in a full blast of breath, a shout, while its successor is a reasoned

and controlled statement of the same idea, no less forceful though less forcible, and achieving a greater strength by its more careful and deliberate progress.

The Fugue itself is comparable to the first movement of the later Violin Concerto (discussed *infra*) in its abandonment of that habitual and conventional reserve which makes Mendelssohn's utterance graceful rather than profound. The earlier work is nearer the hysterical than the later, but it is also nearer to the elemental, though indeed still too far from it. Built upon a subject of considerable inherent beauty:

Ex. 5.



the Fugue is in the form of a great increase of power, speed, and personal feeling, until the climax has to be provided by means utterly outside the realm of the fugue, the Chorale in the major, which is again followed by a major statement of the main subject, slightly developed in a too commonly characteristic ending. As a fugue it is not strictly according to rule. Nor is this the only deviation, for first there are several points of pianistic and not fugal effect; secondly, there is a place near the middle where fugal methods give place finally to those which—however strictly they conform to the idea of double counterpoint—are simply not a part of fugue, the *crescendo* getting the upper hand of the formal idea. On purely academic grounds it is best to consider the E minor Fugue as a musical utterance of fugal opening, employing later a contrapuntal but almost symphonic means to attain its object. As a criticism this distinction may be considered a refinement upon academicism, but it relieves us from the necessity of quarrelling with fine music for its conflict with academic formula.

This Fugue has been said to show strongly the influence of Bach. There is no doubt that Mendelssohn was indirectly influenced by Bach, be it ever so little. His Bach love is fundamental, and it must not be forgotten that the B minor *Mass* owes its resuscitation very largely to him; nor is it the only work of Bach and Beethoven for whose popularity to-day Mendelssohn is responsible in the first instance. Nevertheless the precise influence of Bach on this Fugue is negligible if not non-existent, for, to begin with, the romantic spirit is inseparable from the work, one of whose virtues is the application of the purely musical idea of fugal repetition to achieve a more or less personal effect. The two elements are skilfully wrought together into a fine piece of music. For this undoubtedly it is; its simplicity, its variety of treatment and unity of conception, its structure, its skilful use of counterpoint and the pianoforte, its light and shade, its unswerving march towards the end in view, its suspense—all these isolated points, which are but a few out of a big whole, go to make it one of the half-dozen works that stand out from Mendelssohn's graceful fluency as fit to compare

with great music, and indeed are only short of it by a little way. It is regrettable that Mendelssohn had need to use the device of the Chorale and major statement, but even so it must be admitted he used it with success. We may without laying a finger on the Fugue wish too that Mendelssohn could have forgotten his sweeter moods long enough to have written a *Coda* more in keeping with the rest of the work. As an end to such rugged music the *Coda* is almost an anti-climax, though, I think, just redeemed from that by the interposition of the Chorale. Opening with two major statements of the subject it becomes merely a harmonic trifle of the 'Songs without Words' type, and the last five bars are distinctly banal.

The juvenile Concertos of Mendelssohn (two for two pianofortes and others for other instrumental combinations) have not survived, and of the three Concertos of his maturity that for violin, in E minor, is musically by far the most satisfying. It is more: it is an important contribution to the literature of its form, and the first movement at least, which shows Mendelssohn's good qualities at their best, is a masterly production in the musical sense. The Violin Concerto is important because, although Mendelssohn here displays no less of his usual clarity, neatness, and precision of musical expression, there is an abandonment of his habitual reserve, at least in the first movement, which makes it one of his most significant utterances. The first movement is Mendelssohn at his emotional highest. There is an emotional as well as a musical use of the form which is extraordinarily telling, even more than the character of the musical material itself; the form becomes a direct means of expression, and is not only used as a means of balance and clear statement. In addition, the solo part is proof that purely 'virtuoso' effectiveness is by no means only to be found where the musical value is low. Nothing could display the violin's capabilities better than this work, but the solo part has at the same time a high musical significance of its own, an inseparable part in the development of the musical material, and a wholly effective interrelation with the orchestra. Spohr's skill is used with more intensity than he possessed. As a whole the work is highly characteristic of Mendelssohn's musical mind. It is a work, as the date shows, of his maturity, and a comparison of the score with earlier works will reveal on a very short study exactly what this maturity consisted of.

The first movement's superiority over the other two has already been mentioned. The only addition to make here is a comment on its pace: meaning thereby not only speed, which it indeed has, but also its logical persistence, its unflinching inevitability, its 'drive.' The second movement leads us to reflect on the difference between Mendelssohn and the Mendelssohnian. Having a sweetness that immediately attracts, it is a movement of which the appreciation does not last. It

should always be criticised only in its effective juxtaposition and contrast with the swift first movement, and not, as it is so frequently played by amateurs, as a solo piece standing in its own ground. Regarded in the former light it has, of course, a far greater value as music. The third movement exemplifies the 'airy-fairy,' *scherzo* side of Mendelssohn's mind, and may be described as dependent for its climax on the repetition rather than the development of themes. It has not the clinching quality that is now (but was not so much then) demanded of a last movement, and at the end of it we have a feeling of doubt whether its material is presented in the right form, whether that material is not too light to fill out a whole developed ternary movement, with solo instrument and orchestra. The subjects are certainly handled with dexterity, but not with finality.

There are not many points of detail that call for comment. Again we observe at once the economy of material—the use, for instance, that is made of the not very promising material contained in the triplet figure of the soloist after the first subject has been stated:

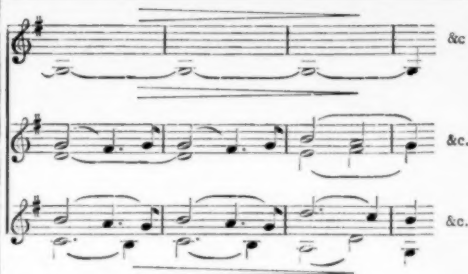
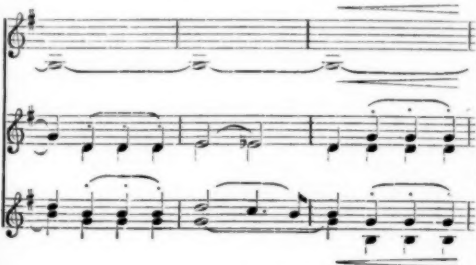
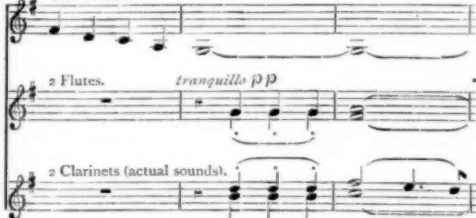
Ex. 6. Solo Violin.



The second subject exactly exemplifies Wagner's remark when he said, 'His second tunes, his slow movements generally, where the human element comes in, are weaker':

Ex. 7.

Solo Violin.



There is the typical modulation of which Mendelssohn made such constant use all his life, the harmony—Mendelssohn was at least harmonist enough to exploit some of the richness of the discords made by pedal notes—and the clever interlacing of the wood-wind parts. But orchestrally it is a fine moment. Immediately after there is a relaxation, and the soloist's counterpoint, though clear, shows a failure of imagination.

The curious weakness of the opening of the development section is again highly characteristic. To introduce here the first subject in the major is so obvious a backsliding, so mechanical a device, and so ineffective a treatment, that even a student would instinctively shy at it. Then the pendulum swings the other way, when the soloist has a diminished statement of the 'bridge-passage' theme:

Ex. 8. Solo Violin.



This simple, delicate, dropping phrase for the violin is extraordinarily effective. There is a repressed emotional intensity here, which breaks out in a *crescendo* orchestral passage with a drum-roll as we approach the *cadenza*. The *cadenza* itself, apart from its perfect position, has curiously little musical interest.

The moments at the end of the repeated bridge-passage are of high emotional interest, and well exemplify both Mendelssohn's constructive ability and the strength of his ideas when writing this work. The attention is held in suspense until the music resolves into the calm second subject, which is given by its position a significance far beyond that of its mere notes. And this import is strengthened by the soloist's stating at the end the first phrase of the theme in a low register, and in the minor against held strings and *staccato* brass and drums, all *pianissimo*. This does not seem to me merely a convenience, a modulating phrase: it is an integral part of the recapitulation. The repetition of the *Codetta* (in E minor) now appears like a sudden flame bursting out of ashes that seemed to be dead, particularly in that from its start to the end of the movement there is an unbroken sweep of music in a great *stretto*.

At the end we have the feeling that the musical material has been given its final treatment, and that upon it has been built a structure that is a logical result of that material. It is a lastingly fine movement, which makes us regret deeply the falling away of the other two movements. Apart from the flimsiness of their material and its undecisive treatment, how can we regard from such a musician egregious errors of style such as the modulation from tonic to dominant that occurs in the last movement? In a hymn-tune it would be poor, but in an attempt to establish a key of the structural importance which the dominant bears in this form, such a procedure is an unpleasant commentary upon the musical methods of its author. Then again the use of the first-subject rhythm as a counter-phrase to the second subject is, in practice, a turning back upon his purpose which seems like sheer bad invention. This florid last movement is perhaps better to hear than to think about. It has an air of extravagance and lightness that are taking in performance, but it cannot be said to provide a fit ending to a Concerto with so fine an opening.

If one expresses the intention of examining the solid achievement of Mendelssohn he draws at once the enfilade fire of both flanking parties—the re-acted upon and those who are not even re-acted upon. But such fire can always be turned away; from the first side by appealing to its merely critical sense which has enabled it to transcend the Mendelssohnian; from the other by two even more pertinent questions—What is a master? and why, by what right, is he accepted as a master with no fear of investigation? It is surely more complimentary to Mendelssohn than the words of both these parties to inquire into what he actually did, instead of taking for granted what he is accepted as having done or presumed not to have done.

I have here examined the three works which in my view are the nucleus of Mendelssohn's serious production. (It may be asked why I have not included the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture; the answer is because I prefer the *Scherzo*, as being his own, to the more prodigious Overture, as being Weber's; and to the *Scherzo* I prefer the three works enumerated.) What do we admire in these works? First their strong feeling for life as well as music: they all have 'drive.' Secondly their revelation of the man Mendelssohn: in all he has abandoned the conventional for the real, and if, perhaps, the real is not very important, it is at least real. But, thirdly, we admire the sheer music of these works; the economy of material never palls because there is development, wholeness, a use of actual and not conventional form, in an emotional and not an academic way. In all three there is inspiration of musical energy that produces the sweeping movement of them. They have bare relation to life. The staid feelings of the drawing-room have been thrust away for feelings

that at once sum up and transcend humanity. Further than that, there is a universal idea in them, and not only a common idea (*vide supra*); and it is because this universal idea does not appear integrally through the other parts that make up the music, does not always show its pure nakedness through its veil of decency that is the music's texture, that these three works are not superlative, but only master works of a composer of the second rank. The nearness of them to the first rank is their remarkable feature, although to so many it will appear remarkable that they are not hailed with acclamation.

The responsibility of our age to Mendelssohn and his music is to bare our minds of the Mendelssohn idea, the Mendelssohn instinct, the idiom in which he wrote, the relation he bore to the music of his predecessors, and the influence he wielded over his followers. It is a matter of taking such a thing as 'the Mendelssohn ending' as a part of music, not as a part of a welcome or despised environment. Do we like, as music, that cadence, or not? Or do we merely like it as Mendelssohn? Only so can we discover Mendelssohn's relation to this age, which is the beginning of his relation to ages to come, and only so can we discover whether he was real or only an accepted composer, a man of skill or a man of strong if tempered passions, a man who made pretty or made individual music.

And it was not Mendelssohn's least virtue as a composer that he was not startling: if he showed individuality without being startling, which I find that he did in his best moments, then he is the greater composer for that.

WORRYING ABOUT THE LARYNX

By H. J. KIMPELL

Why worry about the larynx?

To judge from certain turns that discussions on the vocal art are apt to take, it would seem that a good many singers are inclined to forget singing by dabbling in physiological fancies. Should the larynx be held high; should the larynx be permanently depressed in song? It is a fashion to fritter away time and ingenuity over such questions as this—while life is all too short for the acquirement of essential vocal technics.

The physiology of vocal production is an absorbing topic, and the teacher of singing may no doubt profitably inquire into it, but he ought to realise that unless he take a full medical course he cannot be more than a dilettante, and that after all it is not the essence of his vocation. There were perfectly good singers and singing teachers before the A B C of physiology was known, just as there were athletes who could wrestle and box before the muscles of the body were catalogued.

There is a positive danger in undue preoccupation with functions which work aright naturally. Think overmuch about some fanciful improvement in lifting or dropping your feet as you walk, and you

may lose all naturalness of gait. As for this recent agitated talk of the larynx, practical advice is to forget entirely throughout the whole of your vocal career that you have such an organ. The larynx is not normally under voluntary control. The more you think of it the worse you sing.

Singing is a matter entirely of two highly conscious proceedings—breathing and diction. The position of the larynx is dictated by the respiratory action. Respiration is not controlled by any placing of the larynx, and so, since singing depends on breathing and the appropriate reserve and control of the air in the lungs, why worry about the larynx?

It is always difficult to express what exactly is the point of mental concentration in the act of singing, and that is why no amount of writing about singing can ever be more than ancillary to practical instruction. After all, the essence of singing-teaching is to work for the right tone from the pupil to such a degree that the pupil acquires confidently the sense in his body of the conditions which have propagated this tone. The secondary function of the master is to detect when the tone is wrong, and the cause, and to correct it. All this can quite confidently be done without either party having a notion of laryngology.

But it seems to be becoming a positive craze that vocalists should neglect their desirable occupation of learning to sing well in favour of quasi-medical pursuits, in which they may waste time and even ruin their capacities for making music, while not being ever likely to rival Harley Street. My advice to singers is—whatever hobby you take up, avoid laryngology. Stamp-collecting may not be of much use to you artistically, but it is much safer. Of course much the best thing is to work hard, and become a good singer, a matter with which sensations in the larynx have nothing to do. Nature providentially neglected to give normal human beings, among whom I include singers, sensations in their vocal cords. You may think for hours of your vocal chords—you cannot place them.

Hearing all the sorry attempts at singing by the earnest, gifted, musical, young people who indefatigably invite their relations and the newspaper critics to West End concert-halls—attempts which on the whole compare so unfavourably with the corresponding concerts of instrumentalists—one had often sought for a reason for their imperfections. Perhaps we have it here in this new cult of the larynx. One had thought that these people had not even tried to learn to sing. But maybe they have all spent years in teaching their larynges tricks—some maintaining it high up, never allowing the unlucky organ to descend from its perch, others having put it through an arduous course of depression which taught it never to venture above the ridge of the collar. Hence, perhaps, so many dreary hours of helpless, uncontrolled, ugly, unpromising singing.

Bother the larynx!

BRAHMS: SOME THOUGHTS TOWARDS A RE-VALUATION

BY RICHARD BINNS

It is a truism that great artists are not recognised until they are dead. There have been notable exceptions; indeed, Mr. Newman was urging not long ago that no really great composer remains entirely unrecognised in his lifetime. But between a general recognition and that particular recognition which belongs to the few advanced intelligences able to make contact with genius while it is still nascent there is a vast gulf. The reputation of few composers has remained unaltered at their death; the ending of a man's creative activity frees the critical mind from the apprehensions incident to the analysis of anything incomplete, and allows the lifetime's output to be seen as a whole, and assessed, at least for the time being, as a tangible and unalterable entity. That perspective through which works of art settle more or less finally into their place in history is essentially a matter of longer time, with its increased data of comparisons and relationships. Brahms, it may be said, was one of the fortunate ones, in that he won some instant recognition; and while it is true that almost throughout his career praise of him alternated with detraction or open hostility, he cannot be classed with those to whom, in the flesh, Success disdained a glance. He was fated, however, to create one of the half-dozen historic controversies in music the whole issues of which have not, even yet, been determined. There was some reason, and much instinct, behind the objections of Brahms's early contemporary critics. What could you expect those good Germans to make of a man who first dumbfounded them with the difficulties of the *Paganini Variations*, and then responded to their bewildered applause by playing the last movement of a *Rasoumovsky Quartet* as a pianoforte solo? The twenty-five years since the death of Brahms have seen his works so much more frequently performed as to enhance the opportunities of a more widely-spread and considered judgment of their merits. Twenty-five years of composition, too, have materially changed the response of the general ear to relationships in musical sound. The standards of vocal, instrumental, and interpretative technique have changed also; and with these changes some of the old obstacles to the common appreciation of Brahms, if they have not been obliterated, have at least ceased to be formidable. To-day, even in England, neither the *Paganini Variations* nor the *Handel Variations* are regarded as in any sense the 'impracticable' music they were once thought to be, and works like the C minor Sonata, the E flat minor Scherzo, and the D minor Pianoforte Concerto, stormily disputed at their birth, have become veritable 'eagle's feathers.'

That the interest of the many in any composer's works is unlikely to persist for, say, more than a score of years, unless those works are great enough to bring inquiring minds back to them again and

again in spite of patent discouragements, is not likely to be challenged. There were those bold enough to proclaim a few years ago that the war would sound the death-knell of Brahmsian music—if its beginning had not already done so; and there were also members of both the anti-Wagner and the anti-Brahms parties who were secretly well satisfied to claim the war as an admirable excuse for calling off an æsthetic battle which they were finding too difficult to sustain in face of the increasingly serious effort of the general musical public to see Brahms fairly, and see him whole. The ingenuousness of the Excusists proved well founded. To-day there is more interest in Brahms than ever there was. Possibly the natural reaction from a surfeit of extravagant and dubious modern music has stimulated a healthy inclination to submit old judgments to the test of more recent experience. Whatever the cause, it is clear that the comfortably-accepted view of Brahms as a rather forbidding formalist who carried the art of music no farther than where Beethoven left it, merely filling up a few gaps in the brickwork, and so making the Symphony a dead end, is being re-examined by a good many people. These, refusing to take on trust the assertion that the evidence of Brahms's output establishes little or nothing beyond the extent to which he fulfilled 'his mission to restore the classical traditions of music,' find a more fruitful regard for the element of expression in that output, and find also that it is more profitable to relate the traditional classicism of Brahms to this element of expression than to consider them as inalienable and the latter as necessarily secondary. They scratch the skin of the Classic and discover that the Romantic lies not so far beneath as they had been led to suppose, and in such measure, moreover, as to set Brahms for them in a new and more generous light.

One might discourse unendingly on the genius of Brahms in the structure and design of Symphonic music without getting much further than Hadow got twenty years ago (and was thought irresponsible and extravagant for it), in describing him as the fulfiller of the need for

... a composer who, while he maintains and develops the harmonic traditions of the Romantic School, shall take up the classical form where Beethoven left it, aid to free it from the conventions which that greatest of all masters did not wholly succeed in loosening, and carry it to a further stage and raise it to a fuller organization.

But—'the little more' ('and how much it is'—the quotation is apt enough to bear extension) would serve to show, I think, that not only did Brahms tie again with more perfect finish the ends that Beethoven had to leave tangled—it is admitted even by some of his opponents that he made a better job of the parcel than his great predecessor did—but that, without recourse to the methods of the Programmists, he made a distinct and personal contribution to the material of Romance in music,

and raised the identification of it with the means employed in its expression, to a higher power. The last place to look for any supporting evidence, it might pardonably be thought, would be the Symphony in E minor, so long judged by many competent critics to be perhaps the knottiest of all Brahms's bigger compositions; yet unmistakably the evidence is there—lofty thought combined with perfection of form, and in the middle, two movements of extraordinary charm. The imposing symmetry of this symphony's architecture cannot be questioned; nor can the mastery of its polyphony; but between the grey melancholy and strife of the opening *Allegro* and the graven strength of the *Passacaglia* there is a world of Romantic beauty that opens only to a warm and infinitely human interpretation. Nobody before Brahms had made the simultaneous movement of varied rhythms and figuration so pregnant with life or had garbed his thematic limbs in them to such effects alike of strength and tenderness as Brahms did in the remarkable *Andante* whose unconventional A minor-E major harmony, once thought an oddity, is now conceived as a stroke of genius. Nobody save Schubert had come near the lyrical magic and mystery of this movement: not even Schubert evoked more subtle felicities of colour or more delicate variations of feeling than Brahms does here through his wonderful use of the woodwind and horns, which seem to become under his hands—and not by any means in this Symphony alone—the peculiar instruments of the soft rich beauty in Keats's

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.

That Brahms learned as much from Schubert as from Beethoven is self-evident, but only the most superficial criticism could be content to assert that he merely borrowed ideas, types of themes, or tricks of colour, and leave it at that. For it is true, as Hadow has pointed out, that although Schubert could pour a more 'profuse strain of unpremeditated art,' art in its larger manifestations may be the gainer by premeditation. One result of the premeditation which was a part of Brahms's nature (and in a sense both cause and effect of his Pateresque withdrawal from social busy-ness) was to enhance most of what is Schubertian in his music by a depth of thought and a certain intensity of character which the work of Schubert rarely owned. Schubert, too, was at best but a short-breathed symphonic craftsman; Brahms possessed an athletic musical stamina which enabled him to set beside the questionably 'heavenly length' of Schubert's C major Symphony, not a similar profuse succession of fine tunes, but the monumental completeness of his own imposing E minor. The contrast between the first and revised versions of the B major Trio affords a striking illustration of this enhancement: of how far Brahms came to leave Schubertianisms behind: but the true pitch and value of the deeper notes in his themes, their accompanying extra richness of colour and rhythmic variety, can be more purposefully studied in such

later works as the B flat Sextet; in the C major Trio (Op. 87), where Brahms seems to stride up exultingly from autumnal evening into the full brilliant light of summer day; and again in the Horn Trio (Op. 40), a few passages of which suggest a closer relationship with Wagner than with Schubert. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that this peculiar poetic bloom is no more than an incidental out-crop emerging here and there in the work of one preoccupied with some entirely dissociable or antithetic aim. Its persistence from the single golden thread of folk-song in the first Pianoforte Sonata to its part in the great closing compositions of Brahms's life suggests, indeed, that it was a direct effect of one of the fundamental informing spirits of his work. It is incipient, as I have hinted, in the slow movement and the *con espressione* theme of the *Allegro* of Op. 1—a little commonplace and of too lush a sentiment maybe, but beguiling us against our inclinations as commonplace things so often will; it is to be found, developed and polished, in the neglected F minor Pianoforte Sonata Op. 5; it can be traced in Protean manifestations through the Magelone Romances—where Brahms lightly touches Bach, Gluck, Handel, Beethoven, and Schumann, and passes on—much of the succeeding chamber music, the second Symphony, and on to the sublime Clarinet Quintet. In the second Symphony, where the workmanship (like the composer's playing, as Joachim wrote of it) is inevitable in its precision and certainty of touch, all the poetry of his inspiration seems to be gathered together as in a garland of late summer flowers, foredoomed to a short life, whose fragrance refreshes the heart as much as their external beauty satisfies the eye and mind.

Keats, it may be recalled, advised Shelley to 'load every rift of his poetry with ore.' There are not wanting signs that Brahms took a similar precept to heart. Shelley might, in reply, have invited his younger contemporary to consider the value of structural vertebrae. There was no need for any contemporary of Brahms to offer him the like advice. One might, without much stretching of analogy, apply to him Arthur Symonds's picture of Thomas Hardy:

You see the brain working with an almost painful simplicity—just saved from being painful by a humorous sense of external things which becomes also a kind of intellectual criticism. . . . In his feeling for nature, curiosity seems to broaden into a more intimate kind of communion. . . . His knowledge of nature brings him nearer to the unchanging and consoling element in the world. All the quite happy entertainment which he gets out of life comes to him from his contemplation of the peasant as himself a rooted part of the earth. . . . There is something brooding, obscure, tremulous, as he meditates over man, nature, and destiny.

Although Brahms as a philosophic thinker has suffered almost as unjust an eclipse in some quarters as Brahms the romantic poet, it will need a deal of thinking to explain away as negligible the philosophic content of the lovely *Schicksalslied*, the lofty *Vier Ernste Gesänge*, or the moving *Requiem*; and

we have not yet penetrated the innermost shrine of the first Symphony, which seems at once to give and to conceal (but from how different a starting point!) as much as the Symphony of Beethoven in the same key. These works point to Brahms as one of the biggest minds of his day, and of bigger all-round musical stature than any subsequent symphonic writer, with the possible exception of our own Elgar. Emil Naumann finished his summing-up of Brahms somewhere about the middle of his life with a phrase that seems pitifully curious now: 'The only man worthy to be placed by his side is *Rubinstein*.' Naumann was the incarnation of Teutonism in the music-criticism of his day, and that declaration was meant for praise. It is interesting to turn to Paul Landormy's recently published *History of Music* for a modern declaration—which is all the more significant in that M. Landormy is about as much pro-German as Naumann was pro-French:

No composer of his own day [says M. Landormy] discovered rhythmic patterns more subtle . . . He was marvellously successful with effects in grayish half-tints, in which respect his two first Violin Sonatas are altogether beyond compare . . . He possessed an ensemble of qualities that were entirely his own, and his music is among that whose composer one recognises without hesitation . . . He was one of the most refined poet-musicians of the 19th century.

A good thing out of Nazareth, indeed!

Music, since Brahms, has ranged over new and widely opening pastures, and its channels have seemed to lead farther and farther away from him. And yet (as Mr. Langford has truthfully said) Brahms remains; his principles remain, too, stubbornly alive in his work,

. . . a standing reproof to all our modern ways, and they seem likely to remain until the art of music finds its way out of the machine-tempered system which is its modern prison. Those who build up the art afresh after this prison is destroyed, may possibly go back to Brahms for their beginning.

ADVERTISE MUSIC!

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

Concert-managers, artists, and publicity experts have been holding a conference 'to determine the best way of attracting the right kind of music-lover to the West End concert-halls.' One newspaper informed us that 'advertising experts are convinced that concert-halls can be filled . . . provided they are brought before the public notice in a proper manner.' Even granting that the word 'they' in this wonderful sentence refers to concerts, and not—as mere parsing might lead us to believe—to concert-halls, all I can say is that advertising experts must be the most sanguine people under the sun.

If it is difficult to fill concert-halls—even, at times, with 'paper'—anybody (except perhaps advertising experts) might realise that the root of the trouble lies deeper. There can be no doubt that most of the present methods of advertising concerts are highly unsatisfactory.

But so long as people concentrate upon the minor question of bringing concerts 'before the public notice in a proper manner,' they are bound to fail in the end, although they may devise means that will provide now and then a temporary fillip.

Something might be done by inquiring into the meaning of these mystic words, 'the right kind of music-lover.' Perhaps the best way to conduct this investigation is to consider the state of things revealed by some of the present methods of advertising—especially the methods that seem to show that music is the last thing in which the public appealed to is supposed to be interested.

Nothing could be more sadly characteristic than the handbills that give all possible information about a forthcoming concert except the programme.

Only the other day one of these announcements came into my hands. It set forth that Mr. So-and-So was about to give his first concert in London. A large portrait enabled me to ascertain that Mr. So-and-So had wavy hair, a good forehead, an indifferent nose, and a fairly thick moustache. The usual particulars as to hall, date, price of tickets, and so forth, were followed by the letters P.T.O. I glanced at the back page only to find, instead of the programme, a biography of Mr. So-and-So and a list of people who thought highly of his playing.

In my Sunday paper this week, out of thirty-six concert announcements, twenty-five contain no reference to the programme, eight give the programme in full, and three a vague outline only. In other words, only twenty-two per cent. of these costly advertisements are worded so as to mean anything to the music-lovers who do not attend concerts merely in order to hear A's playing or B's singing. Perhaps some day advertising experts will realise that *these* music-lovers are music-lovers of the right kind.

The casual mention, 'Programme will include works by Bach, Beethoven, John Doe, and Richard Roe,' is almost as bad as no mention at all. The right kind of music-lover may wish to know whether he is going to hear other works by Bach or Beethoven than those of which recent concerts may have given him an overdose. Here, however, I grant that the prospect of a particular artist's interpretation may sometimes turn the scale.

With the names of John Doe and Richard Roe the position is different. They represent unknown quantities, and the additional information conveyed by the titles of their works would amount to *nil*. If the music-lover is of the right kind according to my own definition, he should in any case wish to hear John Doe's and Richard Roe's music in the hope that it may provide valuable additions to his stock of musical experience.

But to buy a concert ticket in order to hear works by unknown composers is a terrible gamble. To listen to new works by unknown composers is always a risk which only people endowed with an indiscriminating appetite or with a keen sense of duty can face as a matter of course. The average

music-lover, even of the right kind, may hesitate to face it blindly. But if he had heard or read that the works in question were worthy of notice, it might be another matter.

Professional press advertisers are generally in quest of some peg on which to hang their advertisements. My advice to them is: let this peg be the music, and always the music. Concert advertising, at present, usually puts the cart before the horse, when it does not leave the horse altogether out. Let advertisers think of increasing the demand before devoting time and money to recommending a particular source of supply. Let them try their hand at turning a great portion of the public into gluttons for music as other lines in advertising have turned great portions of it into gluttons for pills and sauces and linoleum and fountain-pens.

This amounts to placing the question on a different footing altogether. Indeed, the matter ceases to be one of advertising in the narrower sense of the word. Small wonder that—so far as I can judge from the reports that came to my notice—not a single word on this aspect of the question, and very little on the question whether concert programmes are as satisfactory as might be, was uttered at the Publicity Club Meeting. Properly understood, the problem is utterly beyond the scope of mere advertising experts.

The Press could and should do a great deal to improve the conditions under which composers, concert-givers, and also—if only they knew it—music-lovers are struggling at present. But its first concern should be to deal with music in the same spirit of purposefulness and thoroughness as politics, science, commerce, industry, and literature are dealt with by the Press at its best. My first piece of advice to the editors of daily papers and weeklies that might do most in the matter, would be: 'Cease to treat music from the point of view of mere news. Give up the notion that the best policy is to provide the public only with what the public wants or is supposed to want. Aim at assuming leadership in music, as you do in all matters that you consider important. This is the only way to advertise music.'

From the point of view of the average editor a concert is usually news, but a musical work is not. I have heard an editor declare that even an account of a concert was no use to him unless it appeared the day after the concert. Whether an important work had been played, and whether his critic had important comments to offer on this work was no concern of his: time-limit alone mattered.

The editor of an American musical periodical once explained to me that it was useless for him to publish articles on composers of whom not one of his several hundred thousand readers had heard before. In 1910, a London editor emphatically asserted that the readers of his paper would not take the slightest interest in articles on the performances of the Russian Ballet at Paris—which

included, among other things, the first production of *Shéhérazade* and of Stravinsky's *Fire-Bird*. More recently, I heard one pooh-pooh the notion of appointing a certain critic whose interest in contemporary music was known to him. 'Imagine,' he said, 'the feelings of my readers should they, on the strength of an article appearing in my paper, be lured into going to hear stuff by Stravinsky, Bliss, or Schönberg.'

These cases are no doubt isolated, but by no means exceptional. The consequences are exactly what might be expected. Three or four months ago a couple of new works by a composer whom not a few music-lovers hold in particular esteem were played for the first time in London. Out of three newspapers that devote the greatest amount of space to musical topics, two contained no notice of these works, and the third devoted two lines to each, against thirty odd lines dealing, in the same issue, with the merits and demerits of a violinist who plays half-a-dozen times a year in London, and contents himself with ringing changes between two or three dozen well-known items.

At this point, unavoidably, we are faced with the obligation of considering the duties and responsibilities of the critic as well as those of the editor. An editor, after all, is justified in thinking that he has done his best when he has appointed a critic whom he considers competent and conscientious. A little thought expended on the best policy to adopt with regard to the musical column might greatly alter the editor's standards of competence and conscientiousness.

It is utterly deplorable, for instance, that certain critics should achieve popularity by ostentatiously siding with the man in the street against the alleged 'highbrow.' A 'highbrow' being, so far as I can understand, a man who is not content with bowing to current opinion, a critic of this kind does exactly the reverse of his duty. Instead of stimulating the minds of his readers, he encourages them to laziness and self-satisfaction. He is among the very first people whom I should describe as responsible for the indifference of which our empty concert-halls stand as token.

The same may be said of critics who object to writing on contemporary composers pending the time when they will be able 'to see these composers whole,' and so make sure that they will never write a sentence which might be remembered against them. They are so very much afraid of impairing their critical reputation by one sin of commission that the heinousness of sins of omission never enters their heads. They are entirely in the right so far as they allege that their best work is that which refers to the topics that interest them most. They might allege the famous instance of Sainte-Beuve, that prince among critics, who went through life without ever offering a contribution to the study and appraisal of great contemporaries of his, such as Stendhal, Balzac, and Victor Hugo. But this is precisely where the editor might step in, intent upon ensuring that contemporary music will receive

a due amount of consideration, and upon discovering the right man for the job. This is certainly a case where two heads would be better than one.

It will be noticed that if I were talking of any topic but music, remarks such as the above would be entirely superfluous. Literary critics do not seek to pit the classics against the moderns, or, when wishful to bestow praise upon Marie Corelli, inveigh against the 'highbrows' who revel in Meredith. Nor does any critic pour scorn upon admirers of Cézanne in order to lend weight to his own encomium of Millais. Nor would editors tolerate in any other column of their papers the recurrence of shortcomings such as are frequently noticeable in the musical column.

It is against this inequality of treatment that all those who just now are evincing concern with the concert-givers' plight should rise in arms. Surely, it is not unreasonable to expect that if the Press were to give music a normal amount of judicious attention, the public's interest in music would be stimulated more deeply and with more lasting results than by a mere advertising campaign. Create a public of genuine music-lovers, firstly by assisting the many genuine music-lovers that exist; secondly, by encouraging potential music-lovers; and thirdly, by making people realise that if they become genuine music-lovers they will be the gainers. I make the advertising experts and other people concerned a free present of these suggestions.

Ad Libitum

BY 'FESTE'

A Palestine newspaper tells its readers that 'Sir Edward Elgar has been appointed Waster of the King's Music.' With due respect, I venture to point out that such a post would be a sinecure: how can one waste a thing that scarcely has an existence? There is general relief that the ancient office of the Mastership of the King's Music is to be continued, and a desire is being expressed in and out of print that the King and other members of the Royal Family should give music a helping hand by attendance at concerts. Such attendance, we are told, would cause all the snobs to roll up in the royal wake. Thus, *The Sackbut* for June says:

The King is the most potent influence among the snobs in England, and if he but realised the enormous value of music as a curative agent for much of the spirit of unrest that is abroad in his domains, I believe he would suffer the utmost tortures of the bored, and allow himself to be seen at concerts like [those of] the Royal Philharmonic Society.

Probably; but do musicians want that kind of support? Half the economic troubles in the musical world to-day are due to the fact that in the past musicians have depended far too much on such patronage. If during the Victorian era the profession had set about building up audiences

from the rank and file, instead of catering for the fashionable few, music would now be able to count on steady support similar to that enjoyed by other forms of entertainment. That there is a huge and rapidly-growing public for musical performances is shown in several ways—the great crowds that attend the evening sessions of most of the Competition Festivals, the rapid increase in the number of gramophone records of the best music, and the steady improvement of wireless programmes. It is safe to say that the public for various kinds of good music is now almost, if not quite, as large as that for the cinema, the variety theatre, and the theatre proper. What the profession has to do now is to find the answer to the question, Why does this great public not fill the concert-halls? The answer will probably be found under several heads, one of which will deal with the competition set up by various methods of enjoying music at home via the gramophone, the pianola, and wireless. Others will be concerned with the faults of the concert-hall itself, with its cramped, stiff accommodation, unattractive appearance, stuffiness (in more senses than one), high prices of seats and programmes. Apropos of this last point, at what other public entertainment is one asked to pay a shilling for a programme that either tells the buyer no more than he could gather from the poster outside, or that pretends to justify the charge by giving him portraits of the performers, and some pages of more or less helpful analysis and description which very few have time or inclination to read? Even the portraits are often fictitious, for they usually show the performer about fifteen or twenty years younger than he really is. (Sometimes this flattering presentment is paraded outdoors as well. A few months ago a famous pianist, now bald beyond a peradventure, was shown on posters bearing the luxuriant mane with which he burst on London over a decade ago. What a game it is!)

The great music-loving public will not be coaxed into becoming regular patrons of the concert-hall by an occasional visit of Royalty. Does anybody believe that the King's partiality for racing and the theatre makes much difference to the attendance at those forms of recreation? Half the time the public doesn't know beforehand that His Majesty will be at a theatre, and a race meeting can always count on a good crowd.

Besides, if the King has no taste for music, why should he, or anybody else similarly blessed, be expected to turn up at concerts? I myself have only once attended a race meeting, and was then so bored that after an hour I sneaked off and played tennis. 'A poor meeting,' you suggest. Not at all. It was Gold Cup day at Ascot, in glorious weather, in pre-war days, with a glittering royal procession along the course, and I had a front seat. If the King feels about concerts as most musicians feel about race meetings, we need not wonder or complain at his absence from Queen's Hall. To expect him to come and act

as a kind of decoy is unfair, and even undignified. If concert-givers can't get an audience they must realise that they are in the position of a tradesman who fails to attract custom, and they must do as the tradesman would do: they must overhaul their methods or shut up shop. To try to bolster up the concern by exploiting snobbery is a step backwards.

In the long run the only kind of audience worth having is one that turns up, not because the King or anybody else is there, but for the sake of the music.

Among the odds and ends of old journals lying round I have a set of *The Overture*, the very live little organ of the Royal Academy of Music in the 'nineties, edited, if I mistake not, by Mr. Corder. Turning over the pile a few days ago, I came across a passage that has some bearing on the question of State music. I give the paragraph in full:

We have often been amazed, but have been too loyal to raise our indignant voices, at the wretched class of music with which royalty contents itself, both in public and in private. The following paragraph, however, culled from a Court Circular . . . would seem to imply that a protest has at length been made:

'The Band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, Bandmaster, played the following selection of music during dinner:

March, "Copenhagen" . . .	Kari Kaps
Overture, "Maritana" . . .	V. Wallace
Valse, "Arcadia" . . .	C. Godfrey, Jun.
Fantasia, "Reminiscences of Meyerbeer" . . .	C. Godfrey
"Pizzicato" Gavotte . . .	M. Watson
Bolero, "La Constancia" . . .	A. E. Rae

Her Majesty's guests have left the Castle.'

Nothing in the way of comment could be nearer than the six words added by *The Overture* Editor:

'It is greatly to their credit.'

Since writing the above I have seen a very hot and strong letter in the *Daily Telegraph* from Mr. George Sampson, headed 'The Programme Tax.' Mr. Sampson wrote it in order to supplement a previous letter from Mr. Sterling Mackinlay giving a list of the things that keep folk from the concert-hall. Mr. Sampson began by complaining that certain recitalists have lately developed a habit of asking their customers to buy a pig in a poke, or very nearly so. Thus he recently attended a recital by a famous pianist whom he never misses hearing, but until he arrived at the hall, 'the utmost diligence of research failed to reveal what he was going to play.' Only when Mr. Sampson had handed over a shilling for 'a wretched leaflet called an analytical programme' could he find out. Having paid a high price for his seat he very reasonably objects to two further extortions—the entertainment tax and the programme tax. Neither could be dodged; officialdom had its eye on the first, and the recitalist and/or his manager took care that

Mr. Sampson should not escape the second, by the simple expedient of not publishing the programme elsewhere than in the 'wretched leaflet' aforesaid. Mr. Sampson tells us that the programme contained eight pages, three of them blanks, and he gives us an idea of the kind of value yielded by the rest:

(1.) Liszt's *Weinen, Klagen* (or *Crucifixus*) Variations: Seventeen lines about the *Crucifixus* of Bach's B minor Mass, and one line about the actual work of Liszt to be played.

(2.) Three Bach Organ Chorale Preludes, arranged for pianoforte: Seven lines about Bach's Church Cantatas, and not a single word about the Chorale Preludes.

(3.) Chopin, Six Studies: Nineteen lines, fourteen of which were quoted from Niecks; but not the least indication which six studies out of the available twenty-seven were to be played.

(4.) Liszt, *Waltz in Faust*. Here the analytical gentleman spread himself out to forty-three ecstatic lines; but, unfortunately, he chose to describe Liszt's *Mephisto Walzer*, and the recitalist was playing Liszt's transcription of Gounod.

Certainly this is a very bad case; in fairness one must admit that it is far worse than the average. But even an isolated case ought not to be possible. After all, one such experience is enough to make any but the very keenest of concert-goers stay away for the next few weeks. Mr. Sampson is right when he says that such extortions leave the public resentful. 'We go to concerts for our pleasure [he says], not as an act of duty or charity. Make our going disagreeable, and we shall find pleasure elsewhere.' After all, there are pianolas and gramophones. And wireless, he might have added. I doubt if some concert-managers yet realise how serious is the competition set up by these methods of taking one's music at home. I do not exaggerate in the least in saying that I have on a good many occasions lately sat in slippers ease, with room for the proper disposition of all my knees and feet (a rare experience in a concert-hall), while the gramophone has delivered a programme of chamber music played by the London, Flonzaley, Léner, and other quartet parties, reproduced in such a way that a first-hand hearing would have given me very little more pleasure, if any at all. Put in the scale the comfort and convenience—no journey to and from the hall, a meal a few steps away whenever I wanted it, plenty of elbow room, a pipe, and no annotated programme (one shilling)—and the balance goes down with a rich, dull thud not on the side of the concert-hall.

Casella's recently-published *Evolution of Music* contains a lot of interesting things, but some of the author's statements show signs of haste. Thus he quotes a passage from one of Schubert's Waltzes, and tells us that in this bar:



'we have the first appearance of that chord of the dominant major ninth which is without any doubt the greatest harmonic discovery of the 19th century.' To-day, when we are unearthing so much wonderful old music of all kinds, one has to be cautious about claiming to have discovered the 'first appearance' of any progression. Even much-trumpeted 'first performances' of new or revived works are apt to prove to be the second or third or *n*th. The hero who first used the dominant major ninth may never be identified, but certainly his name was not Schubert. If this from Bach's Organ Toccata in F is not a dominant major ninth, I don't know one when I hear it:



It is not the only one in the Toccata, and the cadence of the Fugue gives us another.

I doubt if there are many earlier examples of this, although *minor* ninths were probably common enough. These Bach specimens are more definite than that in Ex. 1, because Schubert merely touches the ninth as an auxiliary note, in carrying out a melodic figure used throughout the rest of the piece.

There may be still more in Bach, too, but there is no need to tabulate them. I cannot, however, refrain from pointing out something far more striking—a first inversion of the supertonic major ninth that occurs at the close of the Prelude in F sharp major in Book II, of the *Forty-eight*:



And the interest and novelty are increased by the chord of the eleventh that follows the ninth.

On page 7 of his book Casella quotes the following from Monteverde:



and in his comments says that 'the three daring fifths scarcely need any comment.' Here I think he is wrong. A comment is needed—one pointing out that the fifths, so far from being daring, are almost certainly due to a slip of the pen. Surely the C in the bass is a mistake for B?

Seeing that until comparatively recent times practically all music was in manuscript, it is odd that critics and historians seem to underestimate the chance of error in copying. Thus, thousands

of words have been written round the passage in the *Eroica* where the strings play dominant harmony while the horns enter with the theme in the tonic. Our ears to-day think nothing of the clash, but it is worth while remembering that so daring a composer as Berlioz couldn't abide it, and there are good judges to-day who hold that the clashes are due, not to a wild poetic flash on the part of Beethoven, but merely to a note or two having got on the wrong line or space. The A flat in the violin part may have been intended for a G, or the first three notes of the horn part may be slips for D F D. We know that Beethoven is said to have stuck out for the passage as it stands, but this need not rule out the possibility of its having been due to an accident of penmanship. He may have liked the result of the slip, or (more likely still) he may have pretended to like it out of mere stubbornness. Berlioz says that if the passage is 'really an intention of Beethoven, and if there is any truth in the anecdotes which are current upon the subject, it must be admitted to be a whim amounting to absurdity. . . . It is difficult to find a serious justification for this musical caprice.' But the point worries us so little to-day that very few average listeners would notice whether the orchestra played the passage as written or as amended by early editors. It is amusing to think of quarts of ink having been shed over so very ordinary a passage. (And here am I shedding a few drops more!)

In turning up my Bach just now for Ex. 2, I came across yet another case in which it is clear that editors have blindly followed one another in sticking to what is presumably the original manuscript version. In the 'Dorian' Toccata is a progression that is so unsatisfactory as it stands that one is surprised to hear organists playing it as written when the mere shifting of an accidental one beat farther back will make it more logical and effective. Here is the passage as it appears in every edition known to me:



But surely Bach meant:



The whole of the passage is in D minor (the modulation to G minor in the preceding bar is too transient to affect the argument), and the C natural is both ugly and pointless. I don't care twopence

how it stands in the original manuscript; no composer is immune from slips of the kind, and in the case of the older men, whose works were often copied by pupils and circulated in manuscript, the chance of error was by no means small. Yet no Bach editor seems to have suggested that the sharp has somehow got in front of the wrong C. And so prone are we to go on playing a passage as we have always played it, and so much store do we set by original manuscripts (which are sometimes not original at all) that I can see in my mind's eye indignant readers deciding to dust my jacket for suggesting that we should tamper with the sacred text. They may dust their hardest, but so long as I can totter to the organ I shall play the C sharp where I think old Bach played it himself, however he may have written it.

I have to acknowledge letters from various correspondents in regard to the recent pillorying of bad music in these columns. It is good to hear that some readers have found in the 'pillory' powder and shot for use in discussions on the vexed question of what constitutes good and bad quality in music. One writer, however, abuses me for 'dragging into the limelight' the hymn-tune discussed last month, and regards my criticism as 'a cheap and nasty sneer at the clergy.' My withers are unwrung on both counts. When a composer publishes a work he throws down a challenge to criticism. Most composers complain of getting too little limelight; in fact so much good new music is published that there is not enough limelight to go round. But if a work does somehow come under the glare, and cuts a poor figure, is the fault with the limelight? As to my attitude to the clergy: I have the honour and pleasure of counting among my best friends a large number of parsons, and that fact, together with my high respect for their office, will keep me from sneering at them as a body. But we must never forget that in Church music the prime responsibility rests with the clergy. Too often they keep the standard down either by a *laissez-faire* policy or by dabbling in it in an amateurish, uninstructed way as directors or (worse of all) as composers of feeble hymn-tunes, which they foist on their own and other congregations. (The letters I receive on this subject would stagger readers; unfortunately the writers usually ask me not to refer to them publicly, as they wish to retain their posts as organists.) The press, musical and ecclesiastical, has hitherto been far too complaisant about these wretched tunes. A vigorous crusade, with no qualms about giving the delinquents' names, would soon choke off the worst of them. They would continue to compose, no doubt, but they would think twice before publishing. The thought of the limelight would give them pause.

Mr. Sidney Williamson has been appointed Musical Director to the Royal Christchurch (New Zealand) Musical Society—the oldest organization of the kind in Australasia.

ERBA, URIO, STRADELLA, AND HANDEL

BY P. ROBINSON

In some chapters of a book published in 1908,* reasons were given for concluding that a *Magnificat*, a *Te Deum*, and a *Serenata*, ascribed by Dr. Chrysander to Dionigi Erba, F. A. Urrio, and Alessandro Stradella, respectively, were really early works of Handel's, written in Italy (1707-10), when he was studying the Italian style.

To the evidence, and to the arguments, which won considerable acceptance, and perhaps would not be contested by anyone who could devote sufficient time and thought to the inquiry, a few additions will here be made. Of course, the great bulk of the evidence cannot be displayed again, but it is hoped that the significance of the additions will be sufficiently intelligible.

The subject has three main divisions: (1.) The positive proofs of Handel's authorship, based on thematic resemblances; (2.) The demonstration of the utter worthlessness of the alleged adverse evidence; (3.) Some probable, but not necessarily quite certain, explanations of the blunders. It is nearly certain that the *Te Deum* was written at Urrio, on Lake Como, about May, 1709, to celebrate at Milan a confidently expected, but never realised, European peace; the cantata *Io languisco* would thus be a companion work. Most probably the *Magnificat* had some connection with Benedetto Erba, later Cardinal Odescalchi—the 'place' explanation of the 'Erba,' though possible, was not advocated in the book. The 'Stradella' ascription must have been conjectural; in any case, the form proves that Stradella could not have written the work.

URIO-STRADELLA CONFIRMATION

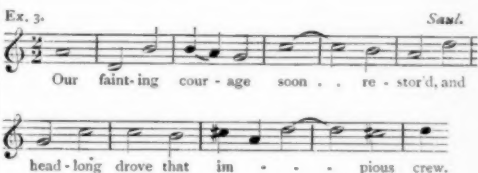
It was claimed as demonstrated—and only from the resemblances which prove Handel's authorship of the *Te Deum* and *Serenata* could the conclusion have been reached or suspected—that Handel had the 'Urrio' in mind when he wrote the chorus 'Wretched lovers . . . Behold the monster Polypheme' (*Acis*, circa 1720). Yet how slight the superficial resemblance!



To claim that Ex. 2 is really Ex. 1 in disguise, might seem almost as far-fetched as Stephen Leacock's conception of a detective going about disguised as a dachshund. But turn to *Saul* (1738).

In *Saul*, No. 4, the words begin with, 'Along the monster atheist strode' [*i.e.*, Goliath]. Here Handel

must have been reminded of his other celebrated giant, 'the monster Polypheme,' with his strides, for, at the time, *Acis* was frequently performed. So he might naturally think of the 'Urrio.' And what do we find? That for the first time for nearly twenty years—for the first time in his life, according to the older theory—Handel has thought of the *Te Deum*. No. 5, still dealing with Goliath, begins with an unimportant stop-gap, ten bars long, derived from a secondary phrase in the *Te Deum*, and then plunges into the real business, a Fugue of seventy-seven bars, in character rather similar to the *Acis* chorus. And this is the theme:



The next use of the 'Urrio' is in No. 17, &c., where the introduction of bells is not sanctioned by the text. The next is in No. 61.

With the theme already in his mind, Handel might naturally think of combining it with a more lively motif in imitation of the *Acis* chorus, without troubling overmuch about appropriateness. But if, without prepossession, he were simply looking for music to fit the words, this chorus would be a quite inexplicable choice.

No reason can be given why a strange MS. should reach Handel on this day rather than on any other day during his forty-seven years' residence in England; and another 'accident' on the top of an already monstrously incredible series, is quite inadmissible. Unquestionably Handel wrote the 'Urrio' and the 'Stradella.'

ERBA

Handel's incomplete 1738 MS. of the *Magnificat* having been shown to be a revised copy, and the connection of the work with a 1708 cantata and a Hamburg opera having been pointed out, the supposed case for the obscure Dionigi Erba collapses. True, there is the 'del R^d Sigr Erba' of the later R.C.M. copy. But the very form of this suggests that it was derived from no Italian ascription, but from some rough note on a MS. of Handel's, comparable to the 'dal Marche Ruspoli' of the *Resurrezione* (1708), and the 'd'Alvito' of *Acis* (1708), the last page of which has been recently discovered. The kindness of Mr. W. Barclay Squire has revealed to me a previous error with regard to the *Resurrezione*. It now appears that in neither work does Handel's name occur anywhere—at the beginning or the end. Now, these are the only two works of importance, written in Italy after July, 1707, of which the last pages, bearing notes of time and place, have survived, and in both, where a signature might have been expected, are notes which a copyist would not understand, and which might easily have generated an 'Oratorio del Marche Ruspoli,' or a 'Serenata del Sigr d'Alvito.' We may view Erba as of the class of the Marchese Ruspoli and the Duca d'Alvito (for the latter see Mr. Newman Flower's *George Frideric Handel*, page 74). None of these patrons, it may be remarked, is mentioned in the early biographies.

* *Handel and his Orbit* (Sherratt & Hughes).

Benedetto Erba, later Odescalchi (August 19, 1679–December 14, 1740),* of a rich and noble family, very prominent at Rome, was himself, when nuncio in Poland (1711–15), rich enough to spend largely out of his own pocket to carry on the war against the Turk.† Formerly, his relative, Innocent XI., was celebrated for his generosity, when sent as legate to Ferrara with corn. Now, corn was sent to Ferrara early in 1709; so Erba's vice-legateship to Ferrara may naturally be assigned to that date; indeed, long vice-legateships would hardly be important enough for a young man marked out for such speedy preferment (Cardinal, 1713). It becomes practically certain that Erba was Referendario, cameriere d'Onore to the Pope, and an 'Arcadian,' at Rome, during Handel's stay there, 1707–08.

URIO

Mrs. McCreery, who at the time owned the Castello di Urio, kindly informed me (October 29, 1908), after making further inquiries, that the villa was believed to have been built early in the 16th century.

The late R. A. Streatfeild sent me a letter (April 18, 1913), from which I make an extract:

The Handel story is this: At Varese (or just outside it) there is [a] large and luxurious hotel, which formerly was the country house of some Milanese grandee. A friend of mine in conversation with some ladies at Florence mentioned that he had been stopping there, whereupon one of the ladies said she had stayed in the house while it was still in private hands, and she remembered that it contained a harpsichord which was said to have been played upon by Handel.

Varese is about fifteen miles from Urio. Such a tradition was hardly likely to arise unless Handel had been in the neighbourhood; and any other date than 1709 is almost impossible. Handel did not leave London till January 27, 1729 (O.S.) (see Newman Flower, p. 177), and must have left Italy before the middle of May. I can find no evidence for the usual statement that he visited Milan then. Venice and Rome would demand all his time.

This stay near Milan does not conflict with recent chronologies. Possibly, however, Handel really produced *Rodrigo* in the autumn of 1708; wrote *Agrippina* at Venice during the Carnival of 1709, too late for production that season; and visited Milan, and perhaps other places, before the opera was produced, with newly-engaged singers, at the end of 1709. Cardinal Grimani might have procured him the commission for the *Te Deum*. This arrangement permits us to retain more than is usual of Mainwaring's original story.

There has been a suggestion that 'Urio, 1660,' might contain the date of F. A. Urio's birth. But dates on MSS. did not mean dates of birth or death or marriage. Moreover, anyone fortunate enough to know a date of birth would know more about the man than just—Urio. The date is obviously conjectural and valueless, like the other date, 'apud 1682.' It is worth observing that the conjecturers and inquirers about 1780 clearly never heard that F. A. Urio had written any *Te Deum*, much less this *Te Deum*; else they would have recorded the discovery in their numerous notes. The *Te Deum* is

a very long work; a work hardly likely to have been written by anyone but a composer of repute for a very great occasion.

STRADELLA

It is just possible that the copyist wished it to be understood that the ascription was conjectural. Lines of points or dots are found under certain words, or parts of words of the ascription. Now, the placing of these dots does not fit in well with conjectures that they might be intended (a) for ornament, or (b) to emphasise the important words. Yet something they must mean. They might, then, possibly represent the parts not found in the original from which the copy was made (cf. the italics in English and Italian Bibles). These parts include 'Stradella' and the first half of 'Alessandro.' This suggestion is, of course, not intended as an argument for authorship.

STYLE

It may be remarked that Chrysander (iii., 78), when praising Handel for a passage in 'Thou senest forth' (*Israel*), seems to have forgotten for the moment that all this is in the *Magnificat*. Indeed, many would think the passage particularly Handelian. Attention might also be directed to the 'Italian' style and feeling of 'Thou art the Everlasting Son' (*Utrecht Te Deum*, 1713).

Those who bear in mind that Handel was a versatile young man, avowedly studying and practising Italian style, will find no reason for not accepting the overwhelming evidence for his authorship of all three works.

DEBUSSY AND BRAHMS

BY ANDREW DE TERNANT

Claude Debussy once said to me that every professional musician should write an 'autobiography,' and that when he reached the age of sixty he would himself commence one. If the musician, he said, was not an interesting personality, he would at least preserve for posterity records of a certain number of musical contemporaries of eminence. This was one of the reasons why the short 'Diary' of Haydn in London, and the fuller 'autobiographies' of Grétry, Spohr, Moscheles, and Berlioz were so valuable. The excessive vanity of each of the last four was conspicuous on almost every page they wrote, but they were only human after all, and had the excusable weakness of wishing to let their admirers and enemies know they were somebody on the 'stage, where every one must play a part, and mine a sad one.'

Debussy, unfortunately, did not reach the age of sixty, and there is no evidence that he left any fragments or notes for an 'autobiography.' But though he had a strange dislike of speaking about himself and his own compositions, he had no objection to discussing the merits or otherwise of his musical contemporaries, and a favourite topic of conversation of his was the international musical movement. After being released from the rules and regulations of the 'Grand Prix de Rome' scholarship, he made up his mind to become personally acquainted with as many eminent foreign composers as possible, and his 'greatest capture' was Johannes Brahms. It was no easy task to approach 'the lion in his den.' He wrote a letter to him, and received no reply. He called twice at his house. On the first occasion he

* *Dictionnaire des Cardinals*, by 'L'Abbé.'

† *Enciclopedia Italiana*.

was informed that the master was unwell, and on the other that he was engaged. At last the wife of one of the secretaries of the French Embassy at Vienna promised to help him in his difficulty. She was an Hungarian by birth, though married to a French diplomat, and had been in her younger days to some extent a pupil of Brahms. The German master was no French scholar, and when he received a business letter from France or Belgium he always called on the lady to assist him in making out a draft in reply. It was not long before Debussy received an invitation to luncheon from the lady, and she stated there would be only three persons present, viz., the master, Claude Debussy, and 'yours sincerely.'

After the introduction, Brahms growled out, 'Are you the Frenchman who wrote to me and called twice at my house?' Debussy bowed graciously. 'Well, I will forgive you this time,' exclaimed Brahms, 'but don't do it again.' During the luncheon, Brahms did not utter a single word, but after drinking several glasses of French champagne at the end, he said it was the 'most glorious wine in the world,' and quoted the lines from Goethe's *Faust*:

One cannot always do without the Foreigner,
But give him to me in the shape of wine.
A true-born German hates with all his heart
A Frenchman—but their wines are excellent.

Franco-German wars were inevitable, Brahms said, but French and German art would always flourish, and would be, until the Day of Judgment, the glory and wonder of the world. He was quite aware of the fact that the French musical public considered him the most German of contemporary composers. The brilliant French nation was correct in its judgment, and he was heartily thankful. He was proud to be a German composer. A musician who abandoned his nationality in art would never leave any permanent mark on the history of the music of his own country. There was no excuse for the imitation of foreign music. That was why he so much admired French literature, art, and music. Auber's music was French all over, though the scenes of his operas take place in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The Spaniards in Molière's comedies were in reality Frenchmen, and Racine's Greeks and Romans in his tragedies were French princes and noblemen at the Court of the great monarch Louis XIV. The greatest opera produced in Europe since the Franco-German war was undoubtedly Georges Bizet's *Carmen*. He (Brahms) had attended twenty performances of the work at the Vienna State Opera-House, and was by no means tired of it. Bismarck—who was certainly the best amateur judge of music he had ever met—told him that he had witnessed twenty-seven performances. A Spanish countess once said to him that *Carmen* was not much appreciated by Spaniards: 'It is too French in style.' 'That, Madame, is where its greatness lies,' replied Brahms.

'The French are the most cultured of the Latin countries, and this is reflected in their masterpieces of literature, art, and music. Bizet did not paint *Carmen* as a low-bred follower of Spanish soldiers, but as a bewitching, cultured woman of his own nationality.'

A few weeks before the production of *Carmen*, he (Brahms) was informed by his old friend, Camille Saint-Saëns, that Georges Bizet had expressed a desire

to meet him. He always regretted since he heard this that the opportunity was now lost. He would have gone to the end of the earth to embrace the composer of *Carmen*. But he hoped some day to meet this gifted son of France in a better world. Bizet, unlike some of the great composers, had not produced a brood of imitators. This curse of the history of music had been responsible for some lamentable results. It was the avalanche of sickly imitations of Mendelssohn which drove that great master's compositions out of the concert-room. Rossini would have had a longer reign with his melodious operas if a crowd of his miserable countrymen had not drowned the Italian theatres with imitations of his tricks and mannerisms, without even a spark of his genius. Wagner might be annihilated by an idiot with a twelve-night music-drama embracing all the legends of Germany. Brahms had also suffered in a 'modest way.' He had been inundated with parcels of chamber music sent for inspection, which were mere pale imitations of his works of that kind, and had even been asked to express an opinion on the manuscripts submitted. The patent medicine manufacturer was legally protected from imitation in all countries by international law, but the composer who devoted much thought and study to finding a new road for himself, evidently was not considered worthy of protection.

Before separating, Brahms invited his lady friend and Debussy to dine with him on the following evening at a restaurant close to the State Opera-House. After that there 'would be a treat in store for his new young French friend.' Brahms said he was sorry he could not entertain at his house, because he was living with rather 'homely people, who were a bit ill at ease in their manners, and had not the slightest idea of French politeness.' The three met again on the evening arranged, and during the dinner Brahms was crackling with wit and repartee. At the conclusion Brahms said the 'treat in store' was a performance of *Carmen*. It would be the twenty-first performance he had attended, and practically his 'coming of age' in connection with the work. He had secured a box, and the title-part would be undertaken by the best actress-singer at Vienna. During the performance the German master followed every note with the closest attention, and in the intervals delivered quite a commentary-lecture on the principal numbers, and criticisms of the singers' performances of their respective parts.

Brahms subsequently devoted an entire day to conducting Debussy to places of musical interest at Vienna. They visited the graves of Beethoven and Schubert, the Conservatorium, and inspected the famous collection of musical manuscripts and autographs in the Imperial Library. Before leaving Vienna, Debussy called at the house of Brahms. He was 'at home' this time, and, wishing Claude *bon voyage* and a successful career, the great German master embraced the young Frenchman like a son. He said a 'crusty' old bachelor had quite as much fatherly feeling as a more fortunate married man.

A Summer Vacation Course for Adults in Dalcroze Eurhythmics will be held at the Paris Dalcroze School, 52, Rue de Vaugirard, Paris, V^e, from August 4 to 16. The Course will be under the personal direction of M. Jaques-Dalcroze. English-speaking students may obtain all information from the Dalcroze School, 23, Store Street, W.C. (tel.: Museum 2294). Early inquiry is necessary, as accommodation is likely to be at a premium.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

BY ARTHUR T. FROGGATT

The number of works in this year's Academy is fifteen hundred and sixty-three, or nineteen in excess of those exhibited last season. I have not been able to find any reference to music in more than twenty-three of these. However, the proportion is greater than on the last occasion—one in sixty-five as compared with one in ninety-six. The central hall and Gallery No. 5 are the only rooms in which my search was fruitless.

A clever effect of reflected light is the distinguishing feature of 'The Music Room, Royal Pavilion, Brighton' (48), by C. H. H. Burleigh. If this apartment contains any musical instruments, they do not appear in the picture. 'The Violinist' (89), by Alex. Gerhardt, compares very unfavourably with a similar subject by A. E. Brockbank in last year's Academy. In the first-named, the chin of the player rests on the tailpiece, his left hand is cramped, the bow is held at a wrong angle, and the right elbow is raised.

In Gallery No. 3, 'The Drawing-Room' (163), by L. Campbell Taylor, possibly deserves a passing mention in this article, for I have every reason to believe that a somewhat obscure object in the left-hand corner of the picture is the leg of a pianoforte.

There is no portrait of a living musician in the Academy. The imaginative 'Daphnis and Chloe' (170), by Harold Speed, does not compensate for this omission. It shows Chloe with bobbed hair, and Daphnis with a shepherd's pipe in his left hand.

The most arresting picture in Gallery No. 4, is undoubtedly 'The Old Watertown' (224), one of Tom Mostyn's gorgeous garden scenes. At the bottom of a flight of steps leading to the water stands a figure playing upon an oboe, or *flûte à bec*. 'Apollo and Marsyas' (226), by Harry Morley, shows the god with a five-stringed lyre (*sic*), and Marsyas holding a *flauto traverso* to his lips. A peculiarity of this painting is that large pieces of sheep's wool are descending from the sky—or are they by any possibility intended for clouds? In 'Don Juan and the Statue' (228), by Charles Ricketts, the libertine is striving to reach the hand of the Commandant, who is stooping from his pedestal to meet the Don half-way, while Leporello crouches at the mouth of a vault. Whether the death-like pallor on the face of the Don is the result of his past life, or of the unusual conduct of the statue, it is difficult to determine. 'John McCormack' (243), by Sir William Orpen, is, in my opinion, the most satisfactory portrait, upon the whole, of the five contributed by Sir William.

In Gallery No. 7, 'Peasants' Dance' (369), by Laura Knight, recalls similar subjects by well-known 17th-century Dutch artists. It is a scene from low life, a small picture, in which a fat man is playing a guitar for the benefit of a few couples who are dancing outside an ale-house. In Gallery No. 8, 'A Rehearsal' (414), by the same artist, is a much larger work in which a guitar, this time played by a girl, also figures.

In Gallery No. 9, 'The Spinnet' (522), by Dorothea Landau, is a charming little picture, both as regards the face of the girl and the clever treatment of the case of the instrument. Unfortunately the hands, of which the right is placed upon the keys, while the

left supports the lid of the spinet, are not quite so satisfactory. 'Souvenir of Schumann's Carnival' (556), by W. E. Webster, certainly suggests a carnival, but contains no special reference to Schumann's that I can perceive; and a definition should never include more than the thing defined. A young man in the costume of a century ago is making love to a danseuse, with Pierrot in the background, looking at them over his shoulder—an incident, I imagine, which has occurred at more than one carnival.

In Gallery No. 10, 'The Studio Dance' (585), by William Conor, is another picture, this time a large one, which does not tell its story, and which moreover can only be described as a daub. A girl is sitting in the foreground, while behind her is a young man playing an accordion.

A fine painting in Gallery No. 11 is 'Chiron and his Pupils' (659), by G. Spencer Watson. Chiron himself and one of his pupils each carry a chelys, formed with ram's horns, and bearing five strings.

Only two subjects among the water colours demand notice. 'Carmen' (718), by Gordon W. Nicoll, is a small, even slight, but very imaginative drawing; the crowd rushing out from the arena to see Carmen lying dead upon the ground. In 'The Nativity' (816), by Dorothy W. Hawksley, five angels, obviously female, stand upon the broken roof of the stable. One is so hidden from view as to make it impossible to say what she is doing; but the others are playing, one a viol, another a guitar, another a mandola, and the fourth a shophar. The style is very pre-Raphaelite, the drawing beautiful, the colouring lovely; and yet something is wanting. It may be unkind, it may even be untrue, to say it, but the spirit of Faith seems to be absent.

Two of the wood engravings (here again, of totally different character) must be mentioned. 'Music and Bells' (1014), by Alec Buckels, is quite delightful. Here are eight urchins, three of them with a bell apiece, and one with a trumpet or oboe: the others are clapping their hands. 'Armony' (1091), by J. G. Platt, is amusing in a different way. Two artists, standing not far from a cocoa-nut shy, are performing, the one upon a banjo and the other upon an accordion, and the former is adding his vocal efforts to the entertainment.

In the Architectural Room, 'New Church, Ampleforth Abbey, Yorks,' interior view (1246), by G. Gilbert Scott, includes a good organ-case, of flat design, on the south side of the chancel. 'Church at Gorton, Lancs' (1252), by Walter Tapper, also includes an organ case, this time on the north side, but it has the common fault of standing out too far from the line of the chancel wall. A 'Design for Proposed Concert Pavilion, Bournemouth' (1277), by A. G. R. Mackenzie, can only be described as unnecessarily ugly, even for a concert-hall.

It remains to draw attention to two pieces of sculpture. 'Pan' (1422), bronze statuette by G. A. Meredith Williams, is a figure of beautiful pose, playing the double-pipes. A 'Young Faun' (1452), bronze statuette by Harold J. Youngman, is a small figure, holding the double-pipes in the hands.

As regards the number of works, not to mention their importance from a musical point of view, it can hardly be said that the divine art receives its due share of recognition from modern painters and sculptors—not such a share as would be observable, I feel sure, in an exhibition of the works of the old masters.

THE PRAGUE FESTIVAL

BY EDWIN EVANS

Among the visitors to the Prague Festival the only subject of complaint was the superabundance of the musical arrangements. Everything was most efficiently organized. There was no hitch of any consequence, and the hospitality and attentiveness of our Czecho-Slovakian friends defied all praise. But thirty experiences of unfamiliar music, all within a fortnight, must have proved exhausting to those who stayed the course. For my part, circumstances involved me in the unintentional discourtesy of missing the greater part of the Smetana fixtures, which were the official core of the whole Festival. They occurred early, and I arrived late. Hence I heard only one of the Smetana operas, and that not the most interesting, and I missed the integral performance of the cycle of symphonic poems, *My Country*, by the joint orchestras of the Czech Philharmonic and the State Conservatoire, which, according to Mr. E. J. Dent, proved quite thrilling. My record really opens with the three concerts of the International Society for Contemporary Music, on May 31 and June 1 and 2. At these, fifteen works were performed under six conductors. The audiences were remarkable. Every seat had been allotted in advance, much to the consternation of some late-comers. There were present musicians from a dozen or more countries, some of whom must have looked with envy upon the music-lovers of Prague, for the almost complete absence of the usual trifling but irritating disturbances, whisperings, chair-shufflings, and programme-rattlings, was as remarkable as the receptivity displayed when the time came for applause. And in Czecho-Slovakia there is no need to plead the cause of native art. When the symphonic poem by Josef Suk was reached, quite forty scores made their appearance among the listeners. They take their music seriously at Prague.

The first programme opened with the Introduction and Polonaise which are the only completed portion of Smetana's *Prague Carnival*, followed by a *Sinfonietta* by Otakar Ostrcil, who conducts at the National Opera. Both works were directed by Václav Talich, the regular conductor of the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, to which the exacting task of mastering all this music had been entrusted. Despite endless rehearsals, and the obvious strain of adaptation to conflicting 'modernisms,' the playing was brilliantly efficient. There were differences in tone-colour. The Czech oboists, for instance, have a sound technique, but favour a less seductive tone than we expect at home. But the aggregate effect was rich and vigorous. Ostrcil's *Sinfonietta* has that kind of dryness which remains attractive. It is a scholarly work showing much skill. No doubt some would call it academic, but, if the word applies at all, it is only in its best sense.

The next conductor was Fritz Reiner, of Cincinnati, who took charge of two works for baritone with orchestra, with the Czech singer, Stepán Chodounsky, as soloist. The latter incurred some comment among the less internationally disposed Czechs for singing Karl Horwitz's *Vom Tode* cycle in the original German, but otherwise the work aroused little interest. It has some good moments, but is rather dull on the whole. Horwitz is a Viennese composer who has lately had the misfortune to lose his hearing. Ernest Bloch's setting of the 22nd Psalm was a singularly effective and convincing piece of passionate musical

declamation. It seems a little strange that the composer should have chosen the French version of the text. Apart from his having become an American, one would have thought Biblical English to be a more dramatic medium.

Between these Alfredo Casella conducted Vittorio Rieti's Concerto, in reality a *concerto grosso* with a wind quintet for its *concertino*. This is a breezy, open-airish work, in which scraps of diatonic tune jostle each other with an appearance of joyous irresponsibility. Though of slender importance if examined too closely, it provided a very welcome moment of exhilaration. Afterwards G. M. Witkowski, of Lyons, took charge of the first French instalment, consisting of the Bacchanale from Florent Schmitt's *Antoine et Cléopâtre* and Honegger's *Pacific 231*. Unfortunately Witkowski, a distinguished musician with some important works to his credit, is not equally proficient as a conductor. One could not avoid the impression that both works could have been made to sound far better than they did. Honegger's title refers to a locomotive, and the piece purports to idealise speed. It is a stimulating feat of *genre* tone-painting which could furnish a lively conclusion to many a too-sedate programme.

At the second concert Rudolf Schulz-Dornburg, of Bochum, conducted Eduard Erdmann's second Symphony, an exercise in the characteristically forbidding idiom which is just now regarded in German circles as the true expression of the modern spirit. It was doubtless very clever, but also tortuously wearisome. The conductor, who is an enthusiast, secured a good performance, and some of his countrymen professed to find more satisfaction in this ungrateful music than in any other feature of the Festival concerts. German musical taste is, however, passing through a peculiar phase. Its traditional *nil admirari* attitude towards the products of other nations is committing it to strange vagaries at home. Next followed Prokofiev's Violin Concerto, with Szigeti as soloist and Fritz Reiner conducting, a striking piece of modern *bravura* writing, technically very difficult, no doubt emotionally shallow, but extraordinarily brilliant in compensation therefor. Szigeti scored a great hit with his masterly performance. Half way through a string broke, and he borrowed a fiddle from the nearest desk. It proved a poor instrument; the effect for the time was scratchy, but we felt that the fiddle was having the time of its young life. Over the performance of Stravinsky's *Nightingale* which followed we will draw a veil. It really does not belong to the concert-room, and the only thing that reconciles one to its transfer from its right sphere is good conducting, which Witkowski was not able to supply. Then came Arnold Bax's Symphony, which had been entrusted to Fritz Reiner on his way through London less than a week before, and of which he gave a remarkably fine 'professional' performance, in the sense that nothing was missing that the conductor could contribute to its success. He was rewarded with the first real ovation of the Festival, he and the composer being recalled time after time, although the hour was late and the concert over. Here we had the opposite reaction to that of the Erdmann Symphony. In German opinion it was *passé*, but all other sections and the large Czech audience were enthusiastic, and performances elsewhere were arranged within a few hours.

The third concert was in a sense the most concise

of the three. Like its predecessor it brought four works, but of these only one was on the really large scale. This was Josef Suk's poem, *Ripening*, with which the programme opened, under Talich. A spacious, unashamedly romantic work, it is finely constructed and effectively scored. It was followed by Szymanowsky's Violin Concerto, admirably played by Alma Moodie under Gregor Fitelberg, who was in London during the run of *The Sleeping Princess*, and now holds baton-sway at Warsaw. The work would have made a deeper impression if most of us had not heard the same music as the composer had unconsciously in mind when writing it. The reminiscent flavour was too obvious to be ignored. Casella then took up the story with the third set of Malipiero's *Impressioni dal Vero*—direct, expressive music like that of the preceding sets, except that the third piece, embodying an ancient *Tarantella* from Capri, is of more definite character than is usually associated with musical impressions. Finally, Witkowski gave a straightforward performance of Roussel's comparatively short and fastidiously reticent Symphony, a work of almost aristocratic probity, which will never make a sensational, popular success, but gives much pleasure to musicians whose palates do not need artificial stimulants.

Not to be outdone, the German Philharmonic also gave a concert, consisting of two Bach Chorales orchestrated by Schönberg, and Zemlinsky's *Lyrical Symphony*, for two voices with orchestra. The former proved a complete disappointment. Doubtless the Schönberg followers, who have reasons for everything, will write pamphlets to show that this is the right way to score Bach, but we can remain content with Elgar. Zemlinsky's work was typical of German 'yearning,' and suggestive of Mahler, and, for those responsive to this order of ideas, remarkably well conceived. At the German theatre we also had the first performance of Schönberg's *Erwartung*, with Maria Guthheil-Schoder, from Vienna, as the solitary singer on the stage. This work calls for longer notice than is possible here, but it is not so satisfactory in its way as *Pierrot Lunaire*, and in its theatrical aspect is somewhat old-fashioned. The composer at one time regarded it as impossible of performance, which makes the achievement of those concerned the greater. But it seemed a pity that this valiant effort should be expended upon a nine days' wonder. It was followed by a German version of Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole*.

There was of course much more that would be equally worthy of report—e.g., the wonderful male-voice choirs of Prague and of Brünn, whither a few of us travelled at the close of the Festival; a performance of Czecho-Slovakian chamber music by the Bohemian String Quartet; operas by Dvorák, Fibich, Novák, Janáček, and Zich, the last-named developing a new application of the operatic convention; numerous other recitals and concerts, including at Brünn a fine performance by Zavrel and others of a remarkable song-cycle by Janáček. In short, the fare provided seemed inexhaustible; but space is not—and neither, to be quite candid, was the endurance of the listeners. I must confess that by the time I reached the lengthy programme offered us by the group of Moravian composers at Brünn, even my almost insatiable appetite for music was giving way. But, with that one reservation, the Prague Festival has been a great success. Especially does it reflect credit upon the organizers, who must have coped with an amazing amount of detail work.

Occasional Notes

The question of publicity for music is being pretty well thrashed out lately, but in one important respect no improvement can be effected until the editors of certain of our daily papers are converted. In the June *Musical Times* we gave an instance of the way musical criticism and discussion is squeezed out in order to make room for things that emphatically don't matter. The recent visit of Chaliapin led to some further examples. The *Daily Mail* began by devoting a fat paragraph to the death of the singer's pet monkey. Jacko (or whatever his name was) arranged his demise with more consideration than is shown by most eminent people, for he breathed his last a day or two before his master arrived in London from America. The *Daily Mail* was therefore able to give the singer's concert a little puff preliminary: 'The news has not yet been broken to Chaliapin, who arrives in this country on Wednesday for his concert at the Albert Hall on Friday.' First, however, it was thought necessary to tell us all about the illness of Jacko—we beg pardon: reference to our cutting shows his name to have been Boris, after all. Still, 'Jacko' ought to have been goudounov. The little fellow caught a chill when staying at the Savoy Hotel last year (probably he would have had more attention at the Ritz) and never really got the better of it. Too weak to travel, he was left behind while his master went to America; but he was not forgotten—'regular reports being sent to the singer as to his pet's health.' For a time he made fair progress—indeed, he seems to have recovered sufficiently to leave his bed of pain, though still confined indoors. At all events, we read that he 'became a familiar figure in the winter garden of the hotel.' Unfortunately the medical and other staff in whose care he had been left paid too little attention to his diet. We grasped something of the kind from the second of the *Daily Mail's* large cap. head-lines, 'DEATH FROM EATING TOO MUCH CHOCOLATE.' And sure enough, later on we read that Boris 'began to develop extravagant tastes, with a marked preference for anything containing chocolate.' His lickerish tooth was his undoing, for 'he died after two days' lethargic stupor, following a heavy meal.' Well, pleasure must be paid, by simians as well as by humans, and those of us who, after extensive meals, succumb to lethargic stupors (poetically calling them 'forty winks') may learn something from Boris his end.

This ridiculous obituary of Boris was merely a prelude to the stream of Chaliapinana which set in a day or two later and was in full flood up to the day of the concert. There were the usual interviews in which the singer expressed his delight at being in London again, and announced how many new suits of clothes and pairs of boots he was going to furnish himself withal. Chaliapin was nothing if not expansive, and no details seemed too personal or intimate for publication. In fact, it is odd that a man who as a singer shows such a towering personality should, as interviewee, talk so like poor Poll.

Even after his concert there was a slight and ludicrous aftermath, the *Daily Mail* once more distinguishing itself by giving a substantial bit of space to a fox-trot composed by the singer, including a music-type quotation (inserted in the wrong part of the paragraph, and with some of

the slurs upside down). It was, we were told, Chaliapin's 'first venture into the subtleties of syncopation.' But the cream of the paragraph was the news that he had 'achieved a distinctly fascinating effect by accenting the weakest part of every alternate bar.' Nothing very original in this, is there? Moreover, the quotation showed the accent, placed *not* on the weakest part of the bar, and not always in alternate bars.

Nobody would complain much of an important—or at least widely-circulated—daily paper giving space to Chaliapin's monkey and fox-trot if at the same time it did not overlook the needs of readers who want real musical news. But so long as journals can spare only a few lines for concerts (other than those given by prima donnas of both sexes) or for reviews of important new books or compositions, musicians have a grievance, and they will be well advised to air it.

They have been meek long enough.

In the June *Sackbut*, Miss Ursula Greville has an interesting article on 'Gesture in Song.' The subject calls for discussion, for no one can hear a string of aspirants in the vocal solo classes at competition festivals without observing that few singers know how to strike the happy mean between wooden impassivity and restlessness. We recently heard a small boy sing Schubert's *Hark! hark! the lark*. As he began the opening 'hark' he took a half-step forward and held out both hands towards the audience, as who should say, 'Just you listen to that lark!' He was so much in earnest that everybody forgave him—if there was anything to forgive, which is by no means certain. Even seasoned singers err at times in the matter of restlessness—for example, a well-known singer at the Albert Hall recently perambulated the stage to such an extent that we changed our irritation into interest by closing our eyes and guessing what part of the platform he would be occupying when we opened them a few moments later.

But this processional method is not gesture in the accepted sense of the term. What it is, and how it may be applied with good effect, was well shown in a concert notice in *The Times* of June 20. Speaking of Madame Giannini, the critic wrote:

'... she sings with her whole heart and with every part of her. Every movement of shoulder or finger, a step forward or back, each poise of the head, is a part of the song. You cannot call it acting; it is merely how anyone would look and stand and be who gave himself up wholly to the matter in hand.'

Chaliapin probably goes as far as a singer can safely go—which is a long way too far for most people. Yet we would not willingly miss that hint of a lurch he gives when singing a song about a drunkard, and still less would we forego the tiny movement by which in *The Song of the Flea* he suggests an urgent desire to scratch the least accessible part of his back. These gestures are so slight that they are as fine an art as subtle shades of vocal colour. Reading Charles E. Pearce's recently-issued book on Sims Reeves, we came across an amusing example of gesture carried to extreme. We had long since heard of it, but were never

sure of the details till we got them from Mr. Pearce. In the last verse of *The Bay of Biscay* Braham used to exclaim 'A sail—a sail—a sail!' at the same time devoutly dropping on one knee (and, we seem to have heard, shading his eyes while he peered at an imaginary horizon, but Mr. Pearce says nothing of this). At a Hereford Festival this 'gesture' led to a contretemps. The platform had a very high front, and when Braham (who was a small man) knelt, he disappeared from view. The audience was alarmed, thinking he had gone through a trap-door, but he popped up again, amid shouts of laughter, and finished the song.

In Felix White's *Mother, I will have a husband*, one of the latest additions to Curwen's 'Unaccompanied Song Series,' the composer directs the singer to 'stamp foot' at the asterisk: 'Mother, I will have a husband,* And I will have him out of hand.' This seems to us to be overstepping the limit. A little more of such gymnastics and the result will be an action song.

A good deal of musical discussion has lately been taking place in *English Mechanics*. Clearly these particular English mechanics have no sort of use for modern music. Here is the way one delivers himself concerning Elgar:

'I must demur when "J. G. B." speaks of the "sweet sanity" of Elgar, and calls him "the world's greatest composer." Truly there are a few pieces of Elgar's containing much beautiful melody and inspiration, but most of his compositions and all his later works to which I have listened are, to my ears, mere jumbles of sound. They remind me of a person idly improvising on the pianoforte with his thoughts elsewhere and without any definite idea of what he wanted to play. (Compare these compositions with the exquisite and spontaneous outpourings of melody which emanated from Rossini!) Elgar's compositions lack even the saving grace of striking and novel harmony which characterise much of the music of some other modernists... There are occasional short—very short—flashes of melody, as though the composer recollected that he had something definite to say, but they are mere flashes, and the [Violoncello] Concerto consists of truly Elgarish, drawing, aimless, meaningless meanderings... Surely it is time composers realised that their compositions are useless in any sense if they do not please the ear. What we want to-day is a composer who will wed modern harmony to melody... Could we combine, say, a Beethoven and a Holst we should have music to which the term "gorgeous" might aptly apply.'

Among the letters evoked by the above was one from which we quote a brief passage:

'The haggis-like stuff [we hear protesting noises beyond the Tweed] that masquerades as music but ignores melody, like the art of the cubist, may appeal to the few cranks who gush about it, but the appeal, such as it is, is on a par with that which gave comfort to the good old lady who muttered the word "Mesopotamia." The veriest commonplace composition executed by a jazz band is preferable to these examples

of how "a concord of sweet sounds" may by the art of the composer be degraded into noise, and worse than noise, because they owe much of their character, if the term may be used, to their studied employment of discord and complete ignorance of melody, the very soul of music.'

We resist the temptation to comment on these letters, especially as the correspondence is rounded off by an editorial note which puts the case in a nutshell—a chesnut-shell in fact: 'What is one man's meat is another's poison, or *chacun à son goutier* (*sic*) as regards music.'

The Propaganda Committee of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London asks us to remind readers of the Festival Service that takes place in Westminster Abbey on July 7, at 6.0. We gave some particulars of this service in our last issue, and are now able to add that the programme will include Purcell's *Remember not, O Lord, our offences*; Gibbons's *O Lord, increase my faith*; Samuel Wesley's *In exitu Israel*; S. S. Wesley's *Ascribe unto the Lord*; Weelkes's *Hosanna to the Son of David*; Byrd's *Sing joyfully*; and Parry's *I was glad*. Anthems by Bridge, Parratt, and Stanford will be sung *in memoriam*. As stated in our June number, the choir will be made up of singers from about twenty cathedral and collegiate churches. Admission to the Abbey will be by ticket only. Applications for tickets should be made to the Custodian, 2, The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, and should be accompanied by a donation to the Fund.

We have received the Music Catalogue of the Bethnal Green Public Library and the 'Quarterly Guide for Readers' of the Finsbury Public Library. Both show a surprisingly large proportion of fine music, modern, as well as old. Thus the enthusiast at Bethnal Green may borrow miniature scores of Scriabin's *Prometheus* and *Poem of Ecstasy*, Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, *Petrouchka*, and *Chant du Rossignol*, Holst's *Planets*, Debussy's *Petite Suite*, Goossens's *Five Impressions*, all Debussy's and Scriabin's pianoforte works, &c., pianoforte arrangements of Elgar's Symphonies, &c. There is also a capital selection of song volumes ranging from Bach and Purcell to Wolf and Vaughan Williams. The Finsbury Library makes a special feature of music for military bands, the choice being, with few exceptions, first-rate. Local bands are thus able to supplement their repertory easily and cheaply. We believe that few public libraries cater for bands in this way. They might well follow this Finsbury lead, which, we understand, is a popular success. Another feature at this Library deserving of notice is in regard to music by wireless. Every week the London programmes of the B.B.C. are examined and all available copies of music that is down for performance are placed in a conspicuous position, with the result that they are usually snapped up on the day they are shown. When all public libraries show a like spirit musicians will feel that the art is after all getting a measure of aid from the rates.

A reader draws our attention to the fact that although the *Musical Times* has been established only eighty years (only!) the May issue is numbered 975, whereas with twelve numbers per annum the number should of course be 960. How do we account for the surplus fifteen issues? We are

bound to say that the discrepancy had hitherto escaped our notice. The explanation, however, is simple. In eight months of the year 1854 and seven of 1855 the journal was issued twice—on the 1st and the 15th. In going into these figures we are reminded that we are now only twenty short of our thousandth number—an innings of unusual length in the history of musical journals.

The appointment to the Cambridge University Professorship has at last been made, the choice falling on Dr. Charles Wood. No worthier successor to Stanford can be imagined.

WILLIAM BAINES

(1899-1922)

A Tablet commemorating William Baines was unveiled at the Primitive Methodist Church at Horbury, near Wakefield, on May 28, by Mr. Frederick Dawson, who had been among the first to recognise the deceased composer's genius.

The inception of the memorial was due to Mr. Dennis Laughton, of York, who, with Mr. T. Bostock, of Horbury, collected the necessary funds among Baines's friends and admirers.

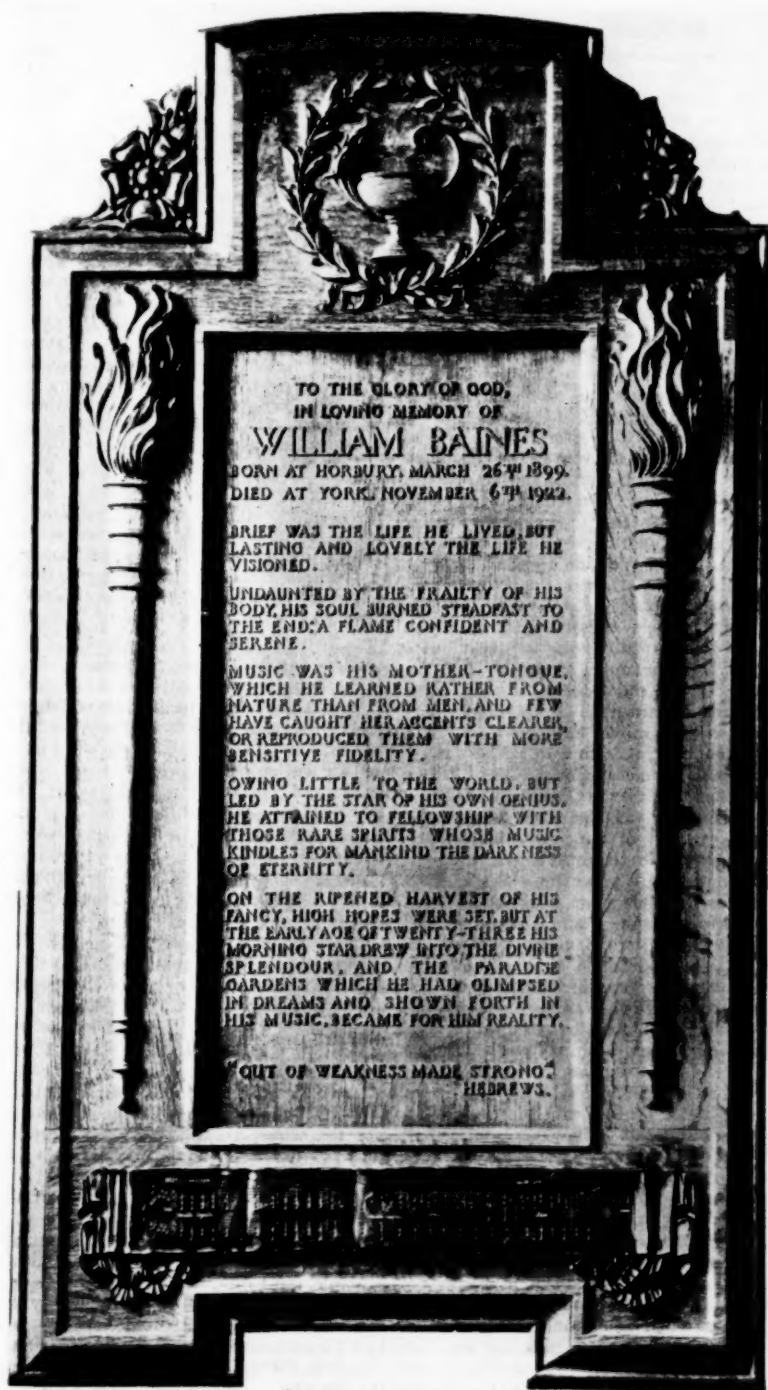
The moving inscription, which is in relief, was contributed by Mr. Edward C. Booth, the novelist. He also suggested the basis of the design of the tablet, which is of quartered oak, the scroll at the base, of solid bronze, having the *Amen Prelude* (in full) engraved upon it.

At the service which had been arranged for the unveiling and handing over of the Memorial to the trustees of the Church, eloquent addresses were given by the Rev. W. Fiddian Moulton and the Rev. W. Barton. The composer's father and mother, and many relatives and friends were present. Mr. Dennis T. Chapman played arrangements for the organ of Baines's *Dreaming*, *Angelus*, *Ave Imperator*, and *Amen Prelude*.

Mr. Frederick Dawson said that the Memorial was the outward symbol of the loving thought and devotion of many gifted and sympathetic friends and admirers of William Baines, and that it would associate Horbury with musical history for all time. Credit must always be given to Mr. L. Dunton Green for 'discovering' William Baines, and no praise was too high for Dr. Eaglefield Hull's unceasing propaganda. Mr. Dawson went on to say that:

Baines possessed an inexhaustible fancy and the truly enviable gift of translating into terms of sound his love of Nature and his joy in all that is beautiful. By hard work he acquired a technique which, when he had perfected his medium, enabled him to express his thoughts with certainty and completeness at fever-heat. No revision was ever necessary. . . . Without wishing to speak in superlatives or to use the language of exaggeration, I do not hesitate to say that William Baines's music—particularly the *Seven Preludes*, *Paradise Gardens*, *Silverpoints*, *Good-night to Flamboro'*, and the *Three Concert Studies*—will be known and played when most of the present-day music is not only forgotten but unprocurable.

The Tablet was carried out by Messrs. W. H. Fraley & Sons, of Birmingham. On the opposite page we reproduce a photograph of the Memorial.



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Wireless Notes

By 'CALIBAN'

Although the programmes sent out are being lightened according to plan during the summer months, they still contain a good proportion of first-rate music. I am not convinced, however, that there is so much need for this lightening of fare as some people think. It is a mistake to base a theory of the kind on the fact that concert-halls are practically closed during the summer months. Why are they closed? Chiefly because performers, like other folk, must have a holiday or at least a change of air. Moreover, although keen music-lovers are as fond of good music in the summer as they are in the winter, many of them object to spending summer evenings in the four walls of a concert-room. Good music heard in comfort at home is another thing. Even if we cannot transfer our wireless apparatus to a garden we can listen in a cool room by an open window, and be as receptive to good—even serious—music as at any other season. Personally, I have not found the feeble items in the wireless programmes any less irritating and boring during the recent hot spell than during the winter. There is no such thing as a seasonal change of taste in regard to quality, whether of food, books, clothes, or music. All we do is to change the type. We don't eat rubbish or wear shoddy just because the summer is come. We merely adopt a regimen less solid and heating. And if we are to forgo the symphonic joint during a heat wave, we want a substitute no less nutritious, albeit lighter. The programme from the London Station on June 20 just misses being a model light scheme. There are pianoforte solos by Chopin and Debussy, string quartet movements by Grieg and Borodin, Bach's Double Concerto with string quartet accompaniment, and some 'Syncopations' by a couple of players from the Savoy Orpheans. (Let me say here without shame that I frequently turn on the tap for ten minutes or so of dance music from the Savoy. There is a terrible sameness about it all, but a little dose now and then is good fun. It is all so slick and telling that one has some sympathy with the old lady who, according to the *Radio Times*, declared she could listen to these 'ere Savoury Orphans all night.) But this light programme suffers from some bad lapses in the way of cornet solos. I do not object overmuch to cornet solos as such, bearing in mind what I have heard done by the soloists of some of our crack championship bands. But I object strongly to *Little grey home in the west*, *The better land*, and Teresa del Riego's *O dry those tears*, whether sung or played. And I can foresee that on the 20th (I am writing this before the date) I shall have to do some dodging in order to escape Teresa without missing the start of the Grieg. As it is inconceivable that anybody wanting these cornet solos will also want Bach and Chopin, it is clear that a lot of my fellow-listeners will also be on tenter-hooks in their efforts to escape Chopin's Study in F without missing a note of Teresa. I hope this aspect of the case will not be lost on the director of programmes. We musicians don't in the least grudge other folk their simple pleasure, and we don't mind a moderate amount of mixing things up, realising as we do that a judicious blend of good and slightly less good is likely to bring on the laggards; but we protest against such maladroitness in programme-making as this.

However, let thanks be given to the B.B.C. for a capital move in their 'Hours with Living British Composers.' There is no better way of popularising a composer. A full concert programme of any one man is apt to be too much of a good thing, and a solitary item in a miscellaneous scheme is not enough. An hour of carefully chosen pieces gives a composer a chance to show his style and scope, and wears nobody. I have been able to hear only two of such 'Hours'—the Cyril Scott and the Frank Bridge—and both were thoroughly enjoyable. I am sure both composers made many new friends as a result. Among the best things of the past few weeks have been the flute playing of Edith Penville (June 1) and Gualtiero Voghera in the Cyril Scott programme. A good many listeners must have been surprised at the possibilities of an instrument usually regarded as a mere colourless tootler.

I expected much of the Windsor Castle Harmonists (June 3), seeing what excellent singers they are individually. But it was depressing to find them succumbing to the worst tricks of male-voice parties. Their *rubato* in an arrangement of *The Land of the Leal* had to be heard to be believed. There were several items later in the programme that I wanted to hear, including an old friend in *Quibbles' Cocoa*, but before *The Land of the Leal* had finished dragging its slow length along I closed down, not without temper. (Warm as I was, however, I remembered with gratitude that had I been listening to this rhythmless, over-sentimentalised performance in a concert-hall, I should have had to sit it out: it might even have been encored!)

There has been some first-rate orchestral playing by the Wireless Orchestra under Dan Godfrey, jun. (though I hope when next he plays Bennett's *Naiads Overture* he will make it a bit less meditative). The results from this Orchestra, even when not augmented, are far better than those obtained from the much larger and costlier force playing at Central Hall. The B.B.C. need not go hunting round for big concert-halls so long as they can give us such clear and telling results from their own studio.

I have just sampled enough of the B.N.O.C. performances from His Majesty's to note that the transmission is excellent.

There may be a good deal in Mr. Calvocoressi's contention that modern music of the type that depends upon extremely subtle effects of tone-colour would not have fair play if broadcast. But isn't that a sign of weakness, not in the broadcasting, but in the music? Doesn't it point to poverty of material when a work can be ruined by a slight failure to carry out every trifling intention of the score? It is true that so far neither the gramophone nor the wireless can give us certain instrumental colours (e.g., the drum is nearly always a failure) and that the bass in most combinations is rarely firm enough. But any little deficiencies of the kind are amply compensated by the advantage of being able to hear the music at home. And on many occasions there is no need whatever to make allowances. For example, the Frank Bridge programme came through so clearly and with such good sonority that I do not think I should have had appreciably better results had I been hearing the performance in a concert-hall. But then the works were genuine music, with definite themes and good texture. Had Frank Bridge been a composer with nothing to say he might have been reduced to juxtaposing sonorities and devising subtleties that look well on paper and come off only

once in a blue moon. Stanford used to say that the test of a piece of orchestral music was its ability to stand transcribing as a pianoforte duet. This was an over-statement, of course, but there was a good deal in it, and I am inclined to think that with the steady improvement of wireless and gramophone we shall eventually be pretty well able to rule out as unpractical failures any composers whose message cannot be recorded or transmitted without being much the worse for the journey.

Music in the Foreign Press

A GERMAN CRITIC ON MUSICAL ENGLAND

In the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (May), Adolf Weissmann expresses the following views on musical conditions in Britain:

In England . . . music plays a very small part in the life of the average citizen, whose liking for light, jolly music crosses the path of earnest music. Yet efforts are being made to create a genuine musical public, starting with the plebeian classes. But the upper classes of society put many obstacles in music's way. Music must pander to their longing for pleasure. Hence concert programmes devoid of logic and style. Even the programmes of the more important concerts are motley affairs, intended to satisfy the craving for variety. There is a good deal of hero-worship, which goes to a few artists of established [the original text has *patented*] reputation, but is withheld from others. In short, while acknowledging that music—and even new music—is progressing in England, we must make it clear that there can be no question of a general movement. . . . The Englishman puts little faith in his own music so long as he remains conscious of the difficulties in his way. He feels how very much the present tendency to level all things obstructs that freedom which alone may beget great music. But he is making headway.

A FRENCH CONDUCTOR ON THE UPPER CLASSES

In *Le Correspondant* (May 25), René Dumesnil publishes his interviews with various French conductors. The following remark by Rhené-Baton is worthy of attention:

Whenever I conduct concerts in halls where the majority of the public belong to the upper classes, I notice that only consecrated works prove successful. For instance, at the Opéra, the audience will enthusiastically applaud the *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune*, but remains indifferent to Debussy's *Nocturnes*. *L'Apprenti Sorcier* will be encored, but *La Péri* will be received coldly.

ZEMLINSKY'S LYRIC SYMPHONY

In the same issue of the *Musikblätter*, Rudolf St. Hoffmann describes this new work, calling attention both to its originality and to its affinities with Mahler's *Lied von der Erde*.

DO WE HEAR TONES AS THEY ACTUALLY SOUND?

This is the problem which Prof. Ludwig Riemann raises in the *Neue Musikzeitung* (May 1):

Every ear hears subjectively. There can be no pure tone when two different instruments play together, any more than there is in the tempered notes of the pianoforte. The ear, moreover, may gradually lose its sensitiveness to minute differences of pitch. This property may eventually enable us to enjoy circus-music and exotic tunes (*sic*). Art music utilises

concurrently three different orders of notes: natural notes, such as are produced on the trumpet and horn: notes determined by tuning in fifths (unaccompanied singing, open strings of bow instruments), and tempered notes (pianoforte, organ). So that the reply is: 'No; we do not hear notes as they actually sound, but merely as we conceive them, and we judge them according to the impression they produce on us.'

In the following issue, Hermann Keller considers cases when our linear conception of notes we hear gains the upper hand over our harmonic conception, or conversely.

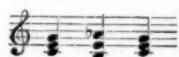
If we play the following upon the pianoforte:



first very slowly, then quicker, leaving out the pauses, we no longer hear this:



but this:



It is a case of harmonic *versus* melodic conception. Reger in his *BACH Fantasy*, Op. 46, adheres to the former. Wolf in the second section of *Penthesilea* to the latter.

Other similar instances are adduced.

NEW MATERIAL FOR WAGNER'S BIOGRAPHERS

In the *Zeitschrift für Musik* (May), Sebastian Röckl publishes letters written by Wagner to L. von Dufflipp which refer to the first performances at Munich of *Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*. Arnold Schering publishes three letters from Wagner to Robert Franz, written in 1852 and 1853.

BERNARD ZWEERS

A special number of *Cacilia* (May 10) is devoted to tributes from various Dutch composers and writers to Bernard Zweers on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

RONSARD AND MUSIC

The May issue of the *Revue Musicale* commemorates Ronsard's fourth centenary. It contains essays by Suarés, Laloy, de Nolhac, Prunières, Van den Borren, and Schaeffner. A musical supplement entitled *Le Tombeau de Ronsard* consists of settings of poems by Ronsard contributed by Dukas, Ravel, Roussel, Caplet, Aubert, Honegger, Delage, and Roland-Manuel.

SAINT-SAËNS

In *Le Correspondant* (May 10), Georges Servières publishes miscellaneous anecdotes and information relating to Saint-Saëns. Some are fairly amusing; most will prove useful to biographers in quest of fresh detail.

TOSCANINI

The June number of *Il Pianoforte* is a special Toscanini number, containing an essay by Pizzetti and tributes from composers and others of most countries.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

New Music

NEW STRING MUSIC

Sir A. C. Mackenzie's *Distant Chimes*, for violin and pianoforte (Novello) strikes us as one of the best specimens of its class, which is *Musique de Salon*. It is a class which apparently appeals to the widest public, for most of the music that is being published to-day, both in England and abroad, comes within its domain. But it is not often that its obvious object, *i.e.*, to combine distinction of workmanship with ease and fluency, is achieved as finally as in *Distant Chimes*. Sir Alexander does not set too difficult a task to his interpreters. All that he demands is a fair degree of technical skill, musicianly feeling, and average intelligence. His harmonic progressions have enough spice to make them interesting; he aims at effects of quiet pleasure; he does not want to astound us. And this is precisely what all such music should be.

Josef Holbrooke's *Danse Moderne*, for violin and pianoforte (W. Paxton), shows the gifted composer of some very charming, short violin pieces—not nearly so well-known as they should be—as the advocate of syncopation. It is written with that facility which is the most formidable and the most dangerous weapon in Mr. Holbrooke's armoury. In a work of modest dimensions such as the *Danse Moderne* we see only its advantages. The music flows easily from the first to the last bar, yet it is sufficiently piquant to retain an individual and characteristic flavour of its own. Louis Godowsky's *Menuetto* (same instruments and publisher) is a modest tribute to an old and ever-popular dance form. Neatly played it should answer the purpose of bridging over the gap between the *Adagio* and the lively concluding number in the customary group of short pieces in a concert programme.

Two short Trios for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, transcribed by Madame Anna Priscilla Fisher from the works of MacDowell (Elkin) will appeal to the admirers of the American composer's talent. The first, *To the Sea*, has little to commend it except its straightforwardness. MacDowell was certainly not the first ever to burst into that noisy sea of lyricism. It begins *fortissimo*, it continues *fortissimo*, which it increases 'steadily' to *fff*; the storm abates for a while (but 'full and sonorous' say the directions); three bars to a *pp*; then *fortissimo* again and *fff* to the close. There is, perhaps, just a touch of the ancient mariner also about the second trio, *Nautilus*. But this is by far the more modest and acceptable of the two.

Herbert Howells's *Lady Audrey's Suite*, for string quartet (Curwen), is very charming programme music. Mr. Howells does not describe closely and in detail the incidents of a story in the Richard Strauss manner, and his music does not need letterpress to elucidate it. The 'Golliwogs' Dance' would be as witty, the 'Girl and the Shepherd' as tender, even if we did not know the source of the composer's inspiration. But the episodes told at the beginning of each movement are a great help to interpretation. The third movement is the most 'programme-like' of the four. But the temptation was irresistible. For the little girl (whose impressions inspire the whole Quartet) is described at church, where with more solemn

impressions are mixed thoughts of the week's doing. What more natural than to plan the movement in variation form so that each day will be represented?

A 'Browning' for string orchestra, *The leaves be greene* of William Byrd, edited by Sir Richard R. Terry (Curwen Edition) is a capital example of the extraordinary ingenuity and unsophisticated charm of the great composer's music. It can be played by violinists who have little experience of higher positions, since, indeed, the only position that Byrd expects his players to know well is the first. The highest note in the first violin part is C; the second and third violins go so far as to avoid the E string altogether. Thus if the ideal performance can come only from experts, the 'Browning' can be studied with considerable enjoyment as well as profit by every string orchestra in the country. It also makes an ideal test-piece for festivals in which string orchestras need a technically easy test. B. V.

CHORAL MUSIC: UNISON SONGS

A big batch of new music for choirs shows the weak spot to be in the matter of unison songs for school use. As often as not the song is made quite unsuitable through a bad choice of words. For example, here is a song for boys by Alec Ashworth, *I loved a lass, a fair one* (Curwen). Is it reasonable to ask a choir of boys to sing Wither's well-known lines? Capital verses for an adult singer, with a touch of cynicism, but for youngsters . . . ? Two songs by Granville Bantock show a good and bad choice of text. *A Summer Night* is a pretty fancy that will appeal to imaginative children—that is, to almost all youngsters; but *Phoebe* is surely more suitable for singing to, or about, a child rather than by children. The charming verses are by Graham Robertson, who also wrote those for *A Summer Night*. Musically, the better of the two is *Phoebe* (Curwen). Two excellent specimens come from the Year-Book Press—*The Fairy Queen of the May*, an Irish folk-song arranged by Charles Wood, to words by George Darley—the very thing for a girls' choir; and *The Crew of the Albion*, a spirited setting by Charles Macpherson of lines by James Cobb (1795), apparently taken from an old opera *The Cherokee*. This will suit boys down to the ground. For boys or girls who can appreciate the thought in Robert Green's *Sweet Obscurity*, Ernest Walker's setting is first-rate—smooth and vocal, and interesting rhythmically (Oxford University Press). From the same house comes a setting by Frederick Delius of *What does little birdie say?*—rather square as to melody, and with harmonic touches that are sometimes crude, sometimes happy. Joseph Williams sends Felix White's *The New Moon*, and Adam Carse's *The Broomsquare's Son*, both excellently tuneful. (But Mr. White should have thought more about his accentuation—'Her two little horns,' 'We'd see the sun set,' 'I'd sit in the middle.') For massed choirs there is Vaughan Williams's *Let us now praise famous men* (Curwen), a characteristic setting of the well-known passage from *Ecclesiasticks*. It is decidedly plain-songy at times, and the descending bass figure is worked a little too hard, but a big body of voices, backed up by organ or orchestra, would make a finely impressive effect with it.

The Empire Song Book (Novello) is a collection of music suitable for children's festivals and other occasions, so arranged that the items may be sung with or without action. It opens with *Rule, Britannia*, and closes with the National Anthem, the body of the book being made up of three songs

of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and five interludes, by Percy E. Fletcher, who also contributes *An Empire Song*. The interludes are attractive medleys of national songs, and lead into each section. Thus, the three English songs (*Come, lasses and lads, With Jockey to the Fair, The Bailiff's Daughter*) follow an interlude on *The Vicar of Bray, Here's a health unto His Majesty, The Lass of Richmond Hill, Good-morrow, Gossip Joan, and The girl I left behind me*. These instrumental pieces are quite short, and well within the powers of the average pianist. The book provides excellent material for celebrations of various kinds, musical and national.

FEMALE-VOICE CHOIRS

So many songs for S.S. and S.S.A. have been received for review that it will be possible to mention only the outstanding examples. Ethel Boyce's set of two-part songs (S.A.) under the general title of *Four Birds*, are tuneful settings of her own words—*The Bullfinch, The Willow Wrens, The Peacock, and The Swallow*. They are moderately difficult; a neat and dainty accompanist is called for. Arrangements for S.S.A., with pianoforte, have been made of two songs already popular—Bridges's *The Goslings*, and John E. West's *John Peel*. For unaccompanied S.S.S. there is a smooth setting, imitative in character, by George Rathbone of a carol by Hilaire Belloc—*When Christ was four years old*. All these are published by Novello. From this house may also be obtained some part-songs for female voices by E. L. Voynich, published by H. W. Gray, New York. For S.S.S. there is a canonic setting of *Lenten is come*; some quaint Old English words, for S.S.A.A., *He that hath and a little tiny wit*, the Fool's song from *King Lear*, and *The School Boy*—an air with variations, the words being by Blake ('I love to rise on a summer morn'). In the first and third both treble parts call for a high compass. The writing is diatonic, and shows a good knowledge of choral effect. The songs are for unaccompanied singing, and need a skilful choir.

Too few choirs realise the effectiveness of two-part unaccompanied work. Here are three songs by W. G. Whittaker that give an excellent idea of its possibilities. *The cock has crowed an hour ago, The day grows hot, and The day's grown old* are settings of delightful words by Charles Cotton. They are for equal voices, so the usual difficulty of finding enough alto weight in female-voice choirs is avoided. These songs are among the best things I have seen for a long while, really original—even daring—but with a freshness that recalls the two-part work of Dowland, though, of course, far less simple harmonically. They are published by the Oxford University Press, which sends also some admirable two-part (S.A.) songs by Ernest Walker—*To an Autumn Rose, Sleep, and A Hawk's up, for a Hunt's up*, a three-part (S.S.A.) setting by the same composer of Ben Jonson's *Hymn to Diana* ('Queen and huntress, chaste and fair'), and Frederick Delius's *The Streamlet's Slumber Song*—over luscious and dissonant, surely. George Oldroyd's two songs for S.S.A. unaccompanied, *Spring, the sweet Spring* and *Sister, awake!* give good opportunities for skilful choirs the former being far the more attractive.

Choirs in need of a cantata for two-part chorus will find a tuneful, straightforward example in Sydney H. Nicholson's *Jackdaw of Rheims* (Curwen). There are passages for solo voices, which may, however, be sung by semi-chorus or chorus with good effect.

MALE-VOICE CHOIRS

Some effective songs for male-voice choirs have lately been published. Two by Elgar are *The Wanderer* (the words from *Wit and Drollery*, 1661, by an anonymous writer who was clearly a poet) and *Zut! Zut! Zut! (Remember)* (Novello). Both are moderately difficult. The second is a marching song with a fine swing; well done, it would bring the house down. From Curwen come three by Rutland Boughton—*Prospice* ('Fear Death? to feel the fog in my throat'), *Quick March*, and *Contentment*. All seem to suffer from the fault common to male-voice choral work—too much point-to-point setting. But there is fine serious and sonorous music in *Prospice*. *Contentment* is dedicated 'To the Sleepers at Glastonbury,' and the *Quick March* 'To Diehards of all opinions.' The last-named has a jolly tune in folk-song style and some capital words by Thomas Hardy. James Lyon's *Men of Eric* ('A song of the Skalds,' from Fougère's *Sintram*), is picturesque, but oversophisticated; Gerrard Williams's *Thou sent'st to me a heart* has real charm, and despite its harmonic daring (each of its two verses ends with a poignant discord) sounds, and is, really simple and homogeneous. It is all too short. A gloomy affair is *Slave Song*, for bass solo and T.T.B.B. chorus, by Chris. M. Edmunds. The words are from a traditional Turkish song, and the melody was taken down in Asia Minor by the composer. It is a good companion in colour to the *Volga Boat Song*. After these complications and depressions, Kenneth G. Finlay's *Ho, ro! my nut-brown maiden*, an arrangement of an old Highland melody, is refreshing in its healthy simplicity and heartiness (Bayley & Ferguson).

Martin Shaw has arranged an old song of Storace's, *Peaceful slumbering on the ocean*, for tenor solo and T.T.B.B. chorus, and the old drinking song, *I cannot eat but little meat*, for T.T.B.B. chorus (Curwen). Both are effective, especially the latter, which has the right rough and hearty smack about it. They are fairly difficult.

S.A.T.B.

Peter Warlock and Philip Wilson carry on their good work of transcribing the Lutenists. The latest numbers are John Bartlett's *When from my love I looked for love*, and three by the sprightly Robert Jones—*My mistress sings no other song, Farewell, dear love, and Sweet, come away*. All are as engaging as we expect such things to be. The songs may also be sung by solo voice (high), the lute accompaniment being arranged for such performance (Enoch). Choirs who wish to fly higher than four-part singing are usually held off by the excessive difficulty of the music. In E. T. Sweeting's six-part *Evening* (Novello), the music is of real beauty, and the composer has considered the practical side more than is usually the case. Thus the music is laid out for two trebles, alto, tenor, baritone, and bass, a convenient arrangement that most choirs will be able to manage. The words are by Henley, and the work is sufficiently long to enable it to stand alone as a bigish, separate item in a miscellaneous choral programme. It is only moderately difficult, the chief demands being on the expressive side. Three part-songs by Kenneth G. Finlay (Bayley & Ferguson) are notable for strong, diatonic harmony and interesting texture. *Autumn Song* is appropriately gray, and recalls Stanford in style; *Nocturne* makes its effect chiefly by vivid contrast between the rapid

pace of the opening and the slow stillness of the close; *Afton Water* is an arrangement of the familiar air, in the singing of which great care is needed in the matter of balance. (It is odd how often we hear otherwise excellent choirs failing to see the point of arrangements of this kind, where the melody is sometimes given to a part other than the treble.) Mr. Finlay shows a real feeling for choral writing, though he is inclined to use rather too many notes. Over-elaborate counter-themes in the treble, however lightly sung, are apt to detract from the *cantus*. The familiar Delius sliding dissonances are prominent in the composer's *The splendour falls on castle walls* (Oxford University Press). There is a good deal of *divisi*, eight parts being used at times. Effective use is made of a separate choir humming to represent the 'horns of elfland faintly blowing.' From Curwen comes a striking and difficult song by Rutland Boughton, *The Blacksmith*. A novel touch is the reverberating effect at times (something like the old *bebung* in keyboard music), and in the last chord some of the first tenors sing a high C sharp, *mf*, *falssetto*, over the *fff* of the rest of the choir. Vaughan Williams's arrangement for T.T.B.B. of *The Turtle Dove* is well-known: he has now made another version for baritone solo and S.S.A.T.B. chorus (Curwen). It gives fine scope for vocal accompaniment, humming and with words. Another very expressive arrangement of folk-song is Henry G. Ley's *The sheep under the snow*, a beautiful Manx song (Stainer & Bell). Gerrard Williams's *Whither runneth my sweetheart* (Curwen) is a first-rate little scherzo, mainly diatonic, with some changes of key that are as natural as they are striking. The treatment of the word 'stay' is particularly happy. Great pace is called for; the song would be a fine test for enunciation. Alec Rowley adopts the folk-song style in his *The sweet rose in June* (Arnold), and so suits his text. I wish he had kept up the diatonic simplicity of his opening; the modulation back to the tonic for the last verse is commonplace and out of the picture. George Dyson's *Thanksgiving* (Arnold) is described as 'a festal song,' and is evidently designed for massed chorus singing. It is a strong tune, tellingly harmonized, and with a rhythm that is an effective blend of duple and triple. But I have my doubts about the words. Will the average choir or audience rise to such archaisms as 'y'wis,' 'brides,' 'than' (= 'then')? If they will, so much the better, as the song altogether is a fine, wholesome bit of English stuff. It is short—one verse only, which should be sung as quartet or semi-chorus, and repeated full. Edgar L. Bainton's *The Tower*, for mixed chorus and orchestra, has just been issued by Curwen. It is one of the novelties for the forthcoming Hereford Festival, so the reviewer need not anticipate a verdict that will have the advantage of being founded on actual performance. H. G.

SONGS

Love songs there are in plenty, and we remember a certain *Hymn of Hate*. But a *Hate Song* is something new. However, it is only a very little one—a setting by Gerrard Williams of four lines by Shelley ('A hater he came and sat by a ditch'). It is appropriately dissonant, but whether the performers (and listeners) get full value for their trouble is another matter. Two songs by Piero Coppola—*There is a wheel inside my head* (W. E. Henley) and

Morn in May (Sir William Watson)—are so persistently dissonant as to become monotonous. I see nothing in the words of the latter to justify harmony that more nearly suggests evening in October. Similarly, need Felix White have been so elaborate and capricious in setting T. E. Brown's *I bended unto me a bough of May*? Grace Thynne's *The Crimson Poppies* (Max Plowman) is wholly delightful, with its folk-song like air and its spare accompaniment in which every note tells. Rutland Boughton's *Sister Rain* and *Foam Song* are more elaborate in every way, but always with good effect. A good singer (high soprano) and pianist could make a very picturesque thing of *Foam Song*. Maurice Jacobson has written a setting of *Jolly good ale and old* ('I cannot eat but little meat') that is funnily uncouth. Especially am I tickled with the cadence wherein the singer ends in D and holds that note with toperish obstinacy against the chord of E. (Haven't we often heard smoking-concert singers in the 'mellow' stage similarly distinguish themselves?) All the above songs come from Curwen's, who send also four more of the series of unaccompanied songs, started recently by Herbert Bedford. These are by Gerrard Williams (*Indian Cradle Song*) and Felix White (*Mother, I will have a husband, Desolation, and The Shepherd's Daffodil*). They do nothing to convert me to the form. Generally, the music is strong in harmonic implication and vague in rhythm. The only kind of song able to stand alone is one in which tune, rhythm, and words are so striking as to take the hearer's mind off any question of implied harmony. And the claim that the form makes for perfect verbal accentuation is let down in *Desolation* (a setting of Shelley's *Widow Bird*) by the composer's stressing—'There was NO leaf upon the forest bare.'

From Augener's come four songs by J. Maynard Grover—*If I had but two little wings, All things passing away, The Dove said, give us peace, and When mother sings*. The composer's chief lack is in the matter of rhythm, the worst example being the first song, Coleridge's delightful little poem being set to a pedestrian strain suggestive of a game leg rather than wings. And the occasional affectation of modernity (e.g., the consecutive sevenths in *All things passing away*) is irritating. The best of the four is *When mother sings*, thanks chiefly to the charming words of Isabel Butchart. Peter Warlock's dallying with strange chords is quite another thing. All the same, I wish he had used fewer of them in his *Candlelight*, a cycle of nursery jingles. Most of the little tunes are exactly right, and when Mr. Warlock is content to be simple in his accompaniments, we have perfect specimens of nursery rhymes. But few youngsters and mammas will have stomach for Mr. Warlock in his most Chelsea-ish flights.

Some good songs by Edgar Bainton come from Winthrop Rogers—*Dawn, Sanctuaries, and Spring comes*, the words of all three being drawn from Gordon Bottomley's *Chambers of Imagery*. The best, I feel, is *Dawn*, with its delicate bird-sounds in the pianoforte part. In *Spring comes* we are struck by the composer's neat avoidance of the commonplace. The G flat in the introduction leads us to expect some deadly harmonic clichés, but somehow the situation is saved. *Sanctuaries* is expressive, but there are ballad-y touches, especially in the melody and rhythm. Mr. Bainton has also provided a bold setting of Thomson's oft-set *Give a man a horse he*

can ride (Joseph Williams). Roger Quilter's *An Old Carol* (Winthrop Rogers) in a beautiful treatment of the exquisite 16th-century *I sing of a Maiden*. Simple as it is, it abounds in happy touches—e.g., the rich yet not far-fetched harmony at 'As dew in April that falleth on the spray.' It is issued for low and high voice, but would apparently be best suited by the former.

Nancy's Hair is an old Border love-lilt, arranged by Mrs. Kennedy Fraser—a delightful little march-like tune that a baritone can make a great deal of (Paterson). Four more of such airs have been arranged by John Connell, to words by Malcolm MacInnes—*Long the Way, Oh! happy he and scatheless, No more shall I climb, and Huill Horo* (Stainer & Bell). Mr. Connell has kept the right, simple harmonic feeling until the third, when he dropped into the snare of the augmented sixth, and enjoyed the experience so much that he uses the chord four times, which (in this song) is four times too many.

Eight songs, in two sets of four, by Hans Pfitzner (Fürstner, Berlin), are none the worse for reminding us of work in the same field by Richard Strauss. They call for a high dramatic soprano and a first-rate pianist. The text is in German and English, the latter being by Alfred Kalisch. There are one or two discrepancies between the English words as given at the beginning and in the settings. Thus, 'Pearly tears of sadness' = 'Pearly tears of gladness,' the first being obviously right; and 'A viper's form I'll take' = 'I'll change me to a snake,' where the singer, having paid his money, may take his choice. But the sentiments and imagery generally are such that the songs are far better sung in the original tongue.

A capital waltz song is Percy E. Fletcher's *The Shafts of Cupid* (Novello). One gives a good idea of its style and merits by remarking that it has a pronounced flavour of Edward German in happy mood. It is issued in three keys, but would perhaps be most effective sung by a high soprano. H. G.

The Musician's Bookshelf

Modern Music: Its Aims and Tendencies. By Rollo H. Myers.

[Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d.]

The Language of Music, or Musical Expression and Characterisation. By Frederick Nicholls.

[Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d.]

Music and the Plain Man. By Daniel Gregory Mason.

[H. W. Gray Co., 25 cents.]

Hearing. By Robert Morris Ogden.

[Jonathan Cape, 15s.]

Music and Mind. By T. H. Yorke Trotter.

[Methuen, 7s. 6d.]

Music Makers. By H. Ernest Hunt.

[Kegan Paul, 1s.]

The First Book of the Gramophone Record. By Percy A. Scholes.

[Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.]

Until very recently writers of books on music catered only for the professional musician and the skilled and enthusiastic amateur. To-day they are falling over one another in their efforts to help the general public to understand and enjoy music. As publishers are not in the habit of producing books

for which there is no demand, it is reasonable to assume that the general public is ready to be helped. Here is a batch of books in which the authors more or less have had in view the needs of other than the trained musician. Here and there they appear to have fallen between two stools, the material or its presentation being too elementary for the musician and a bit over the head of the neophyte, but on the whole the latter has the pull.

At first sight it might appear that Mr. Myers's little book is one for the advanced musician, and certainly such readers will find it full of interest and information. But the author's account of the rise of the modern movement in art generally as well as in music is so clearly written that it may be easily grasped by the average reader.

Mr. Myers states the case fairly as well as clearly, although there is no doubt as to where his sympathies lie. He gives typical examples of polytonality, atonality, and other fashionable complaints, and they interest even though they may not convince. A particularly good chapter is that in which Erik Satie is discussed; the quotation from *Socrate* is all that Mr. Myers claims for it ('tender and profound in its quiet simplicity and limpidity of style'), and raises a desire to hear more of a composer who has largely himself to blame for his small repute on this side of the Channel. He should give us more of such things as the *Gymnopédies*, and fewer or none of such childish japes as the *Morceaux en forme d'une poire*. Of a fearsome example of Schönberg's vocal writing from *Pierrot Lunaire*, Mr. Myers says that 'it [sprechmelodie] is an innovation in vocal technique, the importance of which it is impossible to ignore,' adding: 'It is of course too soon to be able to pronounce upon the question as to whether such methods are likely to be universally adopted in the future.' Is it? I fancy that most people who heard the recent performances of the work in London were able to make up their minds on this point, however doubtful they may have remained on others. Speaking of Schönberg's polyphony, Mr. Myers admits that the composer

'... pushes the doctrine of complete independence for each voice to such extreme limits that the result is abolition of tonality and thence (in some cases) to cacophony... It is probable that if our ears could ever be trained to follow each "voice" separately—and Schönberg's music really pre-supposes the possession of this faculty—much that at present sounds obscure or even cacophonous would then appear harmonious and clear.'

Never was there so much virtue in 'if!' And Mr. Myers is surely over-sanguine when he says that 'our ears will somehow have to adapt themselves to the new demands that are being made upon them.' Even if they are able to so adapt themselves, will the game be worth the candle? The limit of aural capacities may or may not have been reached, but it is certain that we have almost, if not quite, reached a point beyond which executants and hearers will refuse to travel, for the practical reason that life is not long enough. Mr. Myers's book is the best, clearest, and fairest statement for modernism that I have yet seen. He writes well, and incidentally shows that the subject can be discussed without the aid of polysyllabic jargon.

Mr. Nicholls describes his book as one of 'moderate, not excessive analysis'—a fair claim.

As he truly says, 'extreme analysis unbalanced by any strong unifying mental or emotional apprehension tends to obliterate all reality in the subject analysed.' In his eleven chapters he discusses clearly (albeit with far too many italics) the nature of music; expression; speech and music; expression through harmony, movement, and melody; variation of tone; musical dissertation; rhyme and alliteration; musical meanings and mysteries; and song. He has the right note of enthusiasm, and his book should be of service to many, especially perhaps to young musicians who need pointers in the matter of interpretation.

Mr. Mason's pamphlet is reprinted from *The Freeman*, and is a vigorous onslaught on certain aspects of musical life in America, and on the ultra-modern school:

'It may be true [he says] that we spend more millions of dollars on music than any other nation, but the question still remains: Do we get good value for our money?'

And he decides that the answer must be:

'... either a negative one or a highly qualified affirmative.'

He points out that

'It was the love of singing among plain people that sustained Bach; it was the violin and violoncello playing gentlemen of the Esterhazy and other courts who inspired Haydn's String Quartets; it was the wide diffusion of musical feeling among Austrians who themselves sang and played that made Beethoven possible... Among us the life-giving amateur spirit has largely succumbed to large-scale production under professional expert direction.'

Again:

'If we look candidly about us at our professional music, we shall see the hall-marks of decadence on every hand. First of all, or at any rate more striking than any other symptom, is the almost universal preoccupation with manner at the expense of matter.'

This bears out the observation of Mr. Colles and other visitors to the States. They found audiences far more concerned with the name of the conductor of orchestral concerts than with the programme. Mr. Mason is in flat opposition to Mr. Myers as to the 'worth whileness' of ultra-modernism:

'Not only has orchestral music become so difficult that only a few professional orchestras, after long and ever more expensive rehearsals, can play most of it, but pianoforte and chamber music, those parts of the art where in all great periods it has touched the amateur most closely, are hedged off from him to-day by well-nigh impassable technical barriers. Imagine college pianists and violinists, instead of navigating with some peril but endless delight, as we used to do, the varied and romantic seas of Grieg, Brahms, and Franck, venturing on the chartered wastes and engulfing billows of Florent Schmitt! Fancy a string quartet of young business men regaling themselves in leisure hours with Stravinsky and Schönberg!'

Of course we can't fancy it, and the failure seems to point to the fatal weakness of the extremists. As Mr. Mason says, there is no need for music to be so

difficult; such appalling technical obstacles are a sign

'... not of skill, but of complications not thought out, and of problems left unsolved.'

And there is little if any exaggeration in his summing up:

'Nine-tenths of our modern music is, in plain fact, needlessly, injuriously, and stupidly complicated. Let us stop gaping at it in an equally stupid awe. Let us laugh it good humouredly out of court.'

A stimulating pamphlet winds up with some commonsense observations on the question of nationality in music.

Much of Mr. Ogden's volume is beyond the scope of review in a musical journal, being concerned with the actual physiology of the ear. There are chapters on acoustics, the scientific aspect of sound, noise, language, phonetics, &c.—matters on which the author is evidently clearly possessed of profound learning. The purely musical side discovers some weaknesses, however. Thus, speaking of melody, he gives a Siamese 'Fan Dance' as an example of a tune notable for 'the complete absence of a tonic,' and, therefore, without 'harmonic possibilities.' But the tune is as clearly in the key of C as ever a tune was, starting and ending on C, with a cadence that might have stepped straight from a modern ballad, and with a clearly implied modulation to the dominant. The discussion of the principles of harmony is far too scientific, with liberal use of such expressions as 'fusion of tones and intervals,' 'simple, bitonal chords,' the latter being classified as 'symphonic, paraphonic, and diaphonic.' There is a thoughtful chapter on the aural side of musical education, with a description of the tonoscope, an instrument which enables us to obtain a visible record of the sound produced by the human voice or any other instrument. In fact, for the scientifically-minded musician or layman, this volume of over three hundred pages is a mine that may be dug in with enjoyment and profit.

Dr. Yorke Trotter perhaps covers too much ground in his *Mind and Music*. The book divides into three parts, dealing with Music and Mind; The Art of Music; and Music in Education, either of which parts might have been developed into separate treatises. To some extent they overlap. Thus, there are many pages in Part 1 that would seem to belong to Part 2. In fact, we feel that had Parry not already used *The Art of Music* as a title, it would have served well for this book. In treating of the ecclesiastical modes, Dr. Trotter tells us that

'... the type of scale that was chiefly used in the folk-songs [the Ionian] was condemned by the ecclesiastical authorities, and called *modo lascivo*. That this term had nothing to do with the intervals employed in the scale, but was used as denoting a scale found in dance music, is more than probable.'

But was the Ionian mode more used than others for secular purposes? Any collection of undoctored folk-melodies will, I think, show fewer melodies in the Ionian than in the Dorian or Mixolydian or Æolian. Dr. Trotter goes on:

'There can be nothing "lascivious" about the major scale, but to evoke memories of a certain kind might be considered worthy of the opprobrious epithet.'

But was not the ancient objection to the Ionian mode grounded on the feeling that the leading-note gave it a soft, effeminate character? Moreover, there can be no question that melodically it is the weakest of the set, and therefore likely to be less used at a time when music was mainly one-dimensional. That the scale was comparatively little used, even in secular song, was probably due to the fact that few primitive instruments could manage the leading-note. Even to-day one may hear itinerant musicians playing modern hymn-tunes and songs and flattening the seventh. No doubt these disabilities of early instruments were responsible for the frequent use of the 'gapped' scale in folk-song, though Dr. Trotter gives an elaborate explanation based on acoustics. There is a lengthy discussion of programme music which will meet with general approval, and a thoughtful and earnest section dealing with music in education. (By the way, we are surprised to find the Doctor speaking of *The Elijah*.)

Music Makers is a reprint of an address delivered at the Hastings Musical Festival last year. It deals with music as a universal language, inspiration, expression, and, above all, with the spirit of the ideal musical festival. Mr. Hunt aptly reminds competitors that *they* are the festival, and that the finest organization, the best test-pieces, and the pick of adjudicators are as useless unless the competitors have the right spirit.

Uncle already to hosts of school-children, teachers, and men in the street, Mr. Scholes now adds to his avuncular responsibilities by taking the gramophonist under his wing. In *The First Book of the Gramophone Record* he gives in true Scholesian style the results of a trial of hundreds of records. He has chosen fifty that on all grounds strike him as the best, has written descriptive notes on the music, with copious music-type illustrations, a glossary, a good deal of interesting general information, biographical and historical, particulars as to the price, &c., of the chosen records, and even publishers and prices of the scores of the music dealt with. The works discussed range from Byrd to Beethoven. Inevitably some readers will grumble that this or that work was left out, but they will, I think, be hard put to it to complain that any one of the chosen fifty was put in. They must have patience, seeing that the title holds out a promise of further blessings. H. G.

How to Become a Professional Violinist. By Oscar Cremer.

[London: *The Strad*.]

The 'Tips and Talks' of Mr. Oscar Cremer give us an insight into the lower branches of the profession but too often ignored by those who 'have arrived.' Mr. Cremer has as much to say about the theatre, music-hall, and cinema orchestra as about the concert and symphony orchestra, and the beginner will be grateful for such advice. Indeed it is not the student who, after having played his symphonies with his college or academy orchestra, is fortunate enough to secure an engagement with Sir Henry Wood, who needs assistance. It is the unlucky player nonplussed by the hardly legible MS. at a theatre or music-hall, who requires all the help that the experienced can give him. In the smaller provincial theatres the task of the 'band' used once to be easy enough. A little volume with a

dozen tunes labelled 'love scene,' 'storm music,' 'the fight,' 'reconciliation,' 'first murder,' &c., was all that was needed. Each tune consisted of a dozen bars or so, and was repeated until the conductor tapping his desk acquainted the players with the fact that the situation was about to change. Incidental music is now a more serious question, and even hardened professionals with no experience of the music-halls are apt to wonder at the quickness with which music-hall orchestras pass from one type of music to another. Some contretemps or other does happen often enough, and the beginner need not be cast down if anything should go wrong on his first attempt. The wonder is that things do not go wrong oftener than they do.

The little volume is particularly valuable in view of the fact that increased numbers of professional musicians will naturally result in closer competition and a higher standard. At any rate practice in music-halls and smaller theatres generally is invaluable to players and conductors alike. A first violin in a famous orchestra is, of course, expected to possess higher qualifications. Yet his actual task is less complex than that of his colleague of the music-hall, for his 'parts' are free from error and clearly printed.

We wish the wording of some paragraphs were a little more strictly logical. What is the exact meaning of, '*Hautbois* (French) means the oboe, and is always spoken of as such'? Does the author wish to say that we speak of the oboe as the hautbois or *vice versa*? Mr. Cremer advises orchestral players to use always 'Acribelle' or steel E strings, because they are cheaper and last longer. We have never risked the steel strings, but our experience of 'Acribelle' strings is that they never keep in tune. His distinction between *ritard* and *rallentando* is misleading. *Ritard* ought to be cancelled from the musical dictionary, because it lacks the final syllables which make the difference between present participle (*ritardato* as in *ritenuto*) and future participle (*ritardando* as in *rallentando*). If this were done, and terms based not on erroneous tradition but on simple grammar, it would no longer be possible to mistake *rit.* for both *ritardando* and *ritenuto*. B. V.

The Art of Counterpoint. By C. H. Kitson. Second edition.

[Oxford University Press. 10s.]

The Evolution of Harmony. By C. H. Kitson. Second edition.

[Clarendon Press, Oxford. 12s. 6d.]

Musical Groundwork. By F. H. Spera.

[Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.]

Ear-Training and Musical Dictation. By Ethel Home.

[Kegan Paul. 2s.]

Since the publication in 1907 of Dr. Kitson's *The Art of Counterpoint*, a very decided change has taken place in the outlook upon contrapuntal study in this country. Those who are acquainted with the author's views on this subject, as set forth in the above work, will probably not be surprised to find that in preparing a second edition he has welcomed

the opportunity now afforded him of carrying to its logical conclusion—as he himself puts it—what he had in mind in 1907, but felt at the time to be inopportune. Many revisions and additions have been made, and the second part of the book, dealing with modern or free counterpoint, is practically new. Many modal examples have been added, and there is a chapter on the English school of the 16th century.

In his prefatory remarks, Dr. Kitson argues that if the technique of strict counterpoint be deduced from the practice of the 16th century, it is only logical to employ the scalar system of that period. The atmosphere of 16th-century music cannot be obtained without using the modes. Further than that, the technique is bound up with the modes, so that if the modern scales be employed various difficulties in reference to unessential notes and harmonic progressions arise, leading to all sorts of false conclusions. Many new examples have consequently been written in the modes, but a fair proportion of the original examples have been retained.

In reply to those who inquire why Palestrina's work is taken as the standard authority, in preference, for example, to the work of our own Byrd, the answer is

‘... that whereas Byrd shows the spirit of adventure and enterprise—and this is true of the English school as a whole—Palestrina is not an innovator. He was content to apply the principles as he knew them. It is not that Byrd's work is inferior—in fact, it may be said to be superior in many respects—but the student primarily requires to know precisely what the principles are, and then to learn how to apply them.’

Bearing on this point, we read in the interesting chapter on ‘The English School’:

‘When we come to the question of harmonic resource, we see the spirit of enterprise and experiment marking a great deal of the music. It is impossible to formulate a theory from such a period, for it was transitional. It would be equally futile to attempt a theory of present-day harmony.... In all the points discussed in this short chapter we see that the English were not content to be mere imitators. Both in melodic idiom and harmonic progression they showed initiative. They went far beyond the bounds of *musica ficta*, and taken as a whole the music represents the transitional period between the counterpoint of Palestrina and that of Bach.’

Referring to the suggestion that there is a need for a text-book dealing with English counterpoint, the author considers

‘... it would seem impossible to draw up any definite theories as to technique for a period which was so experimental in its methods, no matter how successful these experiments may be. Nor is such an attempt desirable. The student should certainly study this music, and write some examples in the same style, but he must get his foundations in the Palestrinean technique.’

The second part of the book should be particularly helpful to students. As the writer points out in his Preface, Part 2 in its original form dealt in a broad way with modern contrapuntal technique. It gave examples of the technique, but provided no means of obtaining it. In this new edition the study of the

technique of free counterpoint is systematized just as is that of strict counterpoint in Part 1, while all the important examples of the original edition have been retained as illustrations. Dr. Kitson's masterly work in its new form should meet with wide appreciation from both teachers and students.

The same author's *The Evolution of Harmony* first appeared in 1914. There can be no doubt that it has done much to make the study of harmony vastly more profitable and interesting than formerly under the old system of endless figured basses. Not the least of its features was its insistence on the importance of ear-training. The figured bass was discarded as a means of teaching harmony. Its use was retained, however, as a basis for decorative work, and as an exercise in the manipulation of many parts. Form was discussed from the very first, and a noteworthy feature was the comprehensive treatment of the unessential. Differentiation of style was not ignored, and there were chapters dealing with writing for the pianoforte, the organ, strings, and voices. In short, from start to finish, the book was of high excellence, as all those who have used it have doubtless discovered for themselves.

In the new edition the changes are few and of only minor importance. Here and there exercises are omitted or new ones added, and the latter portion of the chapter on five-part harmony has disappeared. Even the closing chapter on ‘Modern Tendencies’—probably quite wisely—remains unaltered. Substantially, therefore, it is the same book as that which has already earned for itself so high a position in the esteem of serious musicians.

Two books on ear-training are—in their different ways—excellent. *Musical Groundwork*, by F. H. Shera, who is Director of Music at Malvern College, is specially intended for the use of those teachers whose time for the teaching of this subject is limited, and to whom a more exhaustive treatise might easily prove a stumbling block. Brevity has been the aim throughout. The lessons are planned to occupy approximately thirty minutes each. They have been grouped to cover the ground in eight terms, and are carefully graded, so that they may be spread over a longer period if desired. The scheme has been divided into compartments, both to facilitate reference and to enable the unfortunate teacher who may have even less than thirty minutes weekly at his disposal to omit one or more sections. An Appendix gives suggestions for recreative music or appreciation classes. Three courses are outlined, the selection of works being limited to such examples as are procurable in the form of gramophone records. It is a pity that in the lists of records both the name of the producing company and the price are omitted.

Those more fortunate teachers who have a minimum of one hour a week at their disposal will find an admirable scheme of work outlined in Miss Home's book. The writer is head-mistress of the Kensington High School, and we are told that this scheme has been tested with the average pupil for the last sixteen years, and has been found practicable not only by the experienced teacher but by the young beginner in the ‘art of teaching.’ The children taking the work have been for the most part pupils in high schools or in schools of a similar type. The course is divided into twenty-five lessons grouped in three stages. In the first stage (ages four to seven) short and frequent lessons are obviously to be preferred. A minimum of four

(Continued on page 630.)

How excellent is Thy mercy

ANTHEM FOR TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS FROM "THY MERCY, O LORD"

Psalm xxxvi. 7

Music by GEORGE GARRETT

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Andante non troppo. ♩ = 76.

ORGAN. *Sar.*

Ped. soft 16 ft.

TENOR SOLO. *There*

espress. **FULL.** *p*

How ex - cel-lent, how ex - cel-lent is . . Thy mer - cy, O God.

p

Sar. 8 & 4 ft. soft Stops.

Voices alone.

Org.

- - - fore the chil - dren of men shall put their trust un -

Ped. soft 16 ft. Sw. to Ped.

Copyright, 1924, by Novello and Company Limited

der the.. shad.. ow.. of Thy wings,
add Ob.

p

Gt. Gamba L.H.

Ped.

senza Ped.

there fore the chil - dren, the chil - dren of

Ob. off

men shall put their trust un - - - der the

cres.

cres.

Gt. L.H.

shad - - ow of thy wings.

FULL pp

How pp

cres.

cres.

ex - cel - lent, how ex - cel - lent

Voices alone.

cres.

They shall be sat - is - fied

pp

is Thy mer - cy, O God.

mf

is . . Thy mer - cy, O God.

Org. add to Str.

Ped.

with . . the plenteousness of Thy house, they shall be sat - is - fied

trquillo.

with the plenteousness of Thy house, and Thou shalt give them

Ch. Gamba.

drink of . . Thy . . . plea - sures, as out of the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. Performance markings include *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *Voices alone.*, *Sic.* (Siciliano), *Ch. Gamba.* (Chaconne/Gamba), and *Ped.* (pedal). The lyrics are:

riv - er, Thou shalt give them drink of . . Thy
 plea - sures, as out of the riv - er.
 How ex - cel-lent, how
 There - fore the chil - dren of
 ex - cel-lent is . . Thy mer - cy, O God.
 men put their trust . . un-der the sha-dow of Thy wings.

The score concludes with a final piano flourish and a *Ped.* marking.

there - fore the chil - dren of men put their trust, put their

f *Fl. 8 ft. R.H.* *Siv. 80 ft 8 ft.*

trust, put their trust . . . un - der the sha - dow

a piacere. *Siv.*

of . . . Thy wings. How ex - cel - lent

FULL. p *dim.*

How ex - cel - lent, how ex - cel - lent is Thy mer - cy, O God,

p *Voices alone.*

ad lib.

is . . . Thy mer - cy, O . . . God. . . .

rall. pp

1st & 2nd ALTO.

pp

is Thy mer - cy, O God. . . .

Thy

Siv. with 16 ft. & Ob.

Org. Ch. Dul. rall. *Siv.*

Ped.

(Continued from page 624.)

periods a week is advised, each period not exceeding a quarter of an hour. In the second stage (ages eight to twelve) the best results will be obtained from three twenty-minute lessons a week, which will gradually include extemporising and practical harmony at the pianoforte, in addition to sight-singing and dictation. In the last stage (ages twelve and over) one lesson a week of thirty to forty minutes is considered sufficient for ear-training. This stage comprises the last three lessons of the scheme, the advanced character of which may be gathered from the fact that the work contained in them can rarely be mastered in less than two years by the average pupil. Candidates for examinations, including those for diplomas, will find this book helpful in preparing for the aural tests. G. G.

On Tuning the Organ. By A. Hemstock. Revised by the Rev. Noel Bonavia-Hunt.

[Musical Opinion. 25.]

A. Hemstock's little work on organ-tuning was originally produced in 1876, and dedicated to the Royal College of Organists. It has now been revised and largely rewritten by Mr. Bonavia-Hunt. Much new matter has been added, including a fresh appendix which deals with elementary defects in the speech of organ-pipes and gives practical hints on their correction. G. G.

Précis de Musique Intégrale: La Mélodie. Tome I. By Maurice Touzé.

[Paris: H. Herelle.]

That melody in its evolution has closely followed scientific laws is the claim of M. Maurice Touzé. His book is a fascinating treatise, in many ways. The author begins with the primitive scale C F G C, which he rewrites so as to form two intervals of fifths: F to C and C to G. Then he takes into consideration melodies of five notes (giving as instances the 'Valhalla' theme in *Rheingold* and a Mongolian melody), and sets down the notes of the scale at intervals of fifths—A flat, E flat, B flat, F, C; other types he reduces similarly to scale (E flat, B flat, F, C, G; or again: B flat, F, C, G, D), and so on through augmented seconds and diminished thirds until we come to chromaticism 'intégral,' which runs by fifths from B double-flat to D sharp; then—B double-flat, F flat, C flat, G flat, D flat, A flat, E flat, B flat, F, C, G, D, A, E, B, F sharp, C sharp, G sharp, D sharp. It is an ingenious and an intriguing game. But M. Touzé does not claim to have reached the Ultima Thule, and he refutes very ably such contentions as those of the Russian writer Oboukoff who, intending to give a characteristic individuality to each half-tone, ignored the difference between C sharp and D flat. In conclusion the author asks how it is that melody, 'daughter of fancy,' has followed in the centuries so strict and scientific an evolution. He answers this with the assertion that our ideas, our very passions, depend on the laws of the universe.

We would humbly submit another solution. The 'spiral' development of the scale has provided only the materials of music. Melody may be the daughter of fancy just as is a great palace or a monument; but there is no real reason why we should credit fancy with the provision of the tools the composer uses any more than with the stone, bricks, and mortar of the builder. The musician must needs use the materials he finds at hand. The theory of music may be science; but creation is surely art. B. V.

The Evolution of Music. By Alfredo Casella.

[Chester, 7s. 6d.]

To trace 'the gradual formation and development, during the slow course of centuries, of the principal elements of our magnificent edifice of modern music' is a task that calls for a good deal more space than Mr. Casella has allowed himself. After setting forth his aim as quoted above, he goes on to admit the hopelessness of any one hand being able to do more than give a 'synthetic and, so to speak, cinematographic survey' of 'the majestic and incalculable profusion of a millennium of human effort,' and expresses the view that such a survey might best be managed by 'a judicious and chronological choice of certain short musical examples, rather than by so many pages of more or less theoretical text.' This is true, and he could hardly have done better than to compile his anthology from examples of a technical formula common to all ages and schools—the perfect cadence. Accordingly he has selected a hundred full closes from representative composers from the 13th century down to the present day, dividing them into three groups—the Diatonic Period (the Primitives, the Renaissance, the Classics, and the Romantics); the Transitory Period (Post-Wagnerians, Neo-classics, Precursors of the modern era, &c.); and the Present Period (Polymodality, Tonal Simultaneity, and Atonality). The result is certainly a most interesting collection of passages, some of considerable length, and many from unfamiliar sources. (Oddly enough, Handel is not represented; and—less oddly, perhaps—no English composer is considered worthy of quotation.) Each example is followed by a brief comment, generally enthusiastic, and sometimes explanatory or analytical. Occasionally the author seems to have been in a hurry, contenting himself (but not us) with merely observing, 'Same remarks as for preceding example,' or 'Same characteristics'—forgetting that the same remarks do not always apply. Thus, Ex. 4 is a cadence from Josquin des Prés which the author says is 'admirable in its polyphonic perfection,' adding that it gives us 'a glimpse, though only in passing, of an authentic chord of the dominant seventh.' The next example is from Francesco d'Ana, and we are told that the same remark applies. But the d'Ana passage is harmonic rather than polyphonic, and gives us no glimpse of the dominant seventh. We expect less casual methods in a text-book. Again, the choice of examples in one or two cases is hardly to the point. Casella quotes the beheading passage from Berlioz's 'March to the Scaffold' in the *Fantastic Symphony*. The reader will remember that as the scaffold is reached to resounding chords in G minor, and the victim puts his head on the block, the clarinet plays a strain in G major, the dramatic meaning of which is obvious. This is suddenly interrupted by a G minor chord, *fff*, *tutti*, followed by *pizzicato* notes on the lower strings (the dropping of the head) and a roll of three drums playing G, B natural, and D. Casella calls this 'very strange . . . curious musical consequences of a literary programme!' Maybe, but can the passage be described as a full close or cadence? Occasionally the author is prone to make things seem more elaborate than they really are. Thus he gives a long extract from Liszt's B minor Sonata and calls it 'the most evolved and developed cadence we have yet encountered,' on the ground that about twenty bars separate the six-four from the dominant seventh, 'a record beaten only by Wagner and Strauss.' But

there are two six-four chords, and the second is followed a few beats later by a chord which may be regarded either as a dominant ninth or as an ornamented dominant seventh, a progression that is repeated three bars later. Then come some abrupt departures from, and a return to, the original key. The real break in the cadence is after the dominant seventh in the sixth bar of the example. But the counting of bars between a six-four and its dominant seventh seems pedantic to-day. And is it necessary to explain the example from Debussy's *Soirée dans Grenade* as 'having its dominant based upon a hexaphonic scale [the whole-tone scale] instead of an Asiatic one'? Some of the explanations of the polytonic and atonic examples strike us as being very far-fetched. Surely such progressions stand or fall by their effect, not by their showing some strained relationship to more customary harmonic methods. I cannot resist quoting Ex. 94 from Casella (*Sonatina* for pianoforte):

Ex. 1.

9/8 Moderatamente mosso.

8 7 8 12

pizz f *allarg. molto.*

cres.

Here is the author-composer's comment on this:

'The fundamental dominant (C sharp) is resolved into the tonic (F sharp). In earlier days, the last bar but one might have stood thus:

but the date of 1916 could obviously not have tolerated anything so elementary.'

It should be added that Mr. Casella leads off with a very interesting discussion of 'The Nature and

Origin of Modern Music.' The book is beautifully produced, with a large page that suits the lengthy musical examples. It is in three languages—Italian, French, and English. The English version, however, is not first-rate. Generally it is too literal—for example, *giro* and *tour* are invariably translated as 'turn.' Thus when Casella describes a passage as a *giro armonico e melodico* (*tour harmonique et mélodique*), he obviously means a brief excursion (as we should say, 'taking a turn up the road'), and to translate it as a 'harmonic and melodic turn' is misleading. Again, why should *all' accordo di quarta e sesta* = *l'accord de quarte et sixte* be 'chord of the fourth and sixth' instead of the usual English 'six-four'? And, in the same paragraph, to speak of the 6-4 chord assuming 'that grandiose and "wilful" aspect, carried to the highest degree by Wagner,' is not illuminating. Does 'wilful' meet the case for 'voluntario' and 'voluntaire'?

H. G.

Gramophone Notes

By 'Discus'

Faithful are the wounds of a friend! In the *Observer* of June 15 Mr. Scholes 'went for' the gramophone companies on a variety of grounds, and with justice. The record that appears to have roused him specially was the H.M.V. of Mark Hambourg playing the 'Wedding March' from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Certainly no words are likely to be too hard for so meretricious a display. The poor old March is so overloaded with showy decoration that at times it is almost lost to sight, and at one point, in order to make the gruel thick and slab, a bit of the Overture is stirred into the mixture. To waste time and material on such vulgarity as this when there are stacks of fine pianoforte works unrecorded is a bad backsliding on somebody's part. However, the companies have a way of annoying us with one hand and pleasing us with the other. We may forgive and forget this 'Wedding March' *faux pas* for the sake of the complete record of Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony, conducted by Albert Coates (H.M.V. six 12-in. d.-s.). In this the fine standard set up by the Company's previous recording of big orchestral works is well maintained. The gramophonist need ask for nothing better than the brilliant parts of the Valse and the wind-up of the *Finale*. The whole set is first-rate.

Equally good is the H.M.V. 12-in. d.-s. of the *Egmont* Overture, played by the Albert Hall Orchestra, under Sir Landon Ronald. The best thing in the June Columbia list is Bach's B minor Suite for strings and flute, played by the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Hamilton Harty (two 12-in. d.-s.). Robert Murchie is the flautist. This wholly delightful music comes off well, partly because of its inherent clearness and directness, and also because the flute is one of the best of instruments for recording purposes. I wonder, though, whether the results would not have been even better had a string quartet been used in the solo passages. There is some cutting in the opening movement, but so far as I can make out without turning up the score, only some repetitions are sacrificed. Apropos of 'cuts,' there is a good deal of unreasonable heat shown by gramophonists. I agree that we should protest against hacking works so that their structure

is damaged. But in almost all large classical works there is a lot of matter that is almost, if not quite, as unnecessary to the balance as the 'repeats' which the early instrumental composers indicated in a purely conventional way. Shakespeare is 'cut,' so is Wagner, and we even find modern editions of literary classics issued in shortened versions. All that we gramophone users can fairly demand is: (1) That 'cuts' shall be the exception; (2) that they shall be made with as much care as would be shown by (say) Sir Henry Wood in preparing for a concert; and (3) that the label and catalogue shall state whether the record is complete or not. I am rather amused to see that the H.M.V. June Bulletin, speaking of the records of the Tchaikovsky fifth Symphony, says: 'There are, of course, no cuts.' I like that complacent 'of course.' 'Cut works?' it seems to say. 'What recording company would ever dream of such a thing?'

One would have expected the Columbia Company to have recorded the *Meistersinger* Overture long ago, but they have only just done it. It is a poor effort after some of their recent achievements. The orchestra seems small, and the anonymous conductor was apparently overcome by the importance of the occasion. The record gives us little of the music's brilliance and sonority. The *Meistersingers* are small shopkeepers, and even the apprentices are steady-going, subdued young fellows. There is some neat playing and reproduction in the wood-wind section, but the quiet string passages are sometimes unclear, and the bass of the famous three-themes-combined passage is practically inaudible until it gets well up the scale.

Two delicate movements from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*—the 'Minuet after Lully' and Intermezzo—played by the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Hamilton Harty, come out clearly (Col., 12-in. d.s.).

The question of 'cut' notification arises in regard to the Vocalion 12-in. d.s. of the Life Guards Band playing Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol*. The Bulletin says the record contains 'the most salient points'—which implies pretty drastic work with the axe. But, even so, the hewer left a longish dull stretch, which rather discounts an otherwise brilliant bit of work. Particularly fine is the effect of the wood-wind.

In the way of string music there are records of Tertis (his own arrangements of the familiar Bizet *Adagietto* and Schumann's *Slumber Song*, Æ.-Voc. 10-in. d.s.); Suggia (Henschel's *Gavotte*, *Au Temps Jadis*, and Glazounov's *Sérénade Espagnol*, H.M.V. 10-in. d.s.); Cedric Sharpe (the *Barcarolle* from *Tales of Hoffmann* and Glazounov's *Chant du Ménestrel*, H.M.V. 10-in. d.s.); Isolde Menges (Fauré's *Berceuse* and one of Sarasate's *Spanish Dances*, H.M.V. 12-in. d.s.); and Kreisler (a Paderewski *Mélodie* and Chopin's *Mazurka*, Op. 33, No. 2, H.M.V. 10-in. d.s.)—all excellent as to playing and reproduction, but in some cases a trifle thin in musical interest.

Chamber music is poorly represented this month by the Cherniavsky Trio, which plays a *Scherzo* from Beethoven's Op. 1, and then declines badly by giving us on the other side a poor piece called *At the Brook* (Col. 10-in. d.s.). It is a pity these players try to cater for two entirely different publics. A month or two ago they bracketed Boccherini's Minuet with the hopelessly feeble *By the Waters of Minnetonka*.

The Æ.-Voc. Bulletin announces a 12-in. d.s. of the Spencer Dyke String Quartet playing Nos. 1 and 3 of Frank Bridge's *Novelletten*. I pass on the information, but can say no more as the record was inadvertently left out of the review parcel.

John Amadio's brilliant flute playing scores as usual in a 10-in. d.s. of Terschak's *La Sirène* and Doppler's *Fantasia Pastorale Hongroise* (Æ.-Voc.). A large number of vocal records must be dealt with briefly. Olga Haley sings with fine dash in Rossini's *Tarantelle La Danza*; if she strikes us as being somewhat dull in the companion piece, M. V. White's *When the swallows homeward fly*, the fault lies with the composer (Æ.-Voc. 10-in. d.s.). Tenor singing far above to-day's poor average is that of Armand Tokatyan in 'Salut, demeure,' from Gounod's *Faust*, and 'Ah fuyez, douce image,' from *Manon* (Æ.-Voc. 12-in. d.s.). Dora Labette's voice sounds curiously tentative in *Cherry Ripe* and *The lass with the delicate air*, and in the latter the rhythm goes all to pieces owing to constant tricks with the time; the showing-off high notes at the close and the long *portamento*, like the vagaries of pace, are surely out of keeping in these simple, tuneful old ditties. Why does Miss Labette sing 'There's the land of cherry isle' when Herrick wrote 'There's the land, or cherry isle?' (Col. 10-in. d.s.). Another example of poor treatment of such material is Edgar Coyle's singing of *Early one morning* and *Sigh no more, ladies*; he is stilted in rhythm, chiefly because of his over-syllabic treatment of the words. Both singer and songs are hindered rather than helped by a fussy accompaniment played by string quartet (Col. 10-in. d.s.). A good contralto record is of Muriel Brunskill singing Brahms's *Mai-nacht*, unfortunately bracketed with a poor song in Frances Allitsen's *The Lord is my light* (Col. 12-in. d.s.). (Why is the Brahms song given an orchestral accompaniment? There is a growing practice of re-arranging pianoforte accompaniments for strings or orchestra, presumably because the pianoforte so often comes out badly. But it needn't. The pianoforte part of the above-mentioned Rossini *Tarantelle*, played by Ivor Newton, is first-rate in brilliance and tone-quality.) Best of all are two H.M.V. 12-in. d.s. of Galli-Curci (the Polonaise from *I Puritani* and 'Tutte la feste' from *Rigoletto*) and Frieda Hempel (Schumann's *Du meine seele* and Mozart's *Schlafe, mein Prinzchen*). The Polonaise is as brilliant as anything even Galli-Curci has done. Apropos of Frieda Hempel I wish to correct a slip in my June notes. I described her singing of Tchaikovsky's *None but the weary heart* and the old song *Phyllis has such charming graces* as being 'not a very good effort.' How the slip happened I don't know, but I revoke heartily: the record is well above the average. But slips are not confined to reviewers. The label says that *None but the weary heart* has a flute obbligato played by Louis Fritzi. It hasn't; there is a violin obbligato, very effectively played, presumably by the Louis aforesaid.

With deep regret we hear that Mr. Cecil Sharp died on June 23. We are asked to state that in consequence the Annual Festival of the English Folk-Dance Society, arranged for June 30 to July 5, is cancelled.

THE 'WHY AND WHEREFORE' OF THE RULES OF HARMONY

BY R. T. NICHOLSON

Some explanation of the 'why and wherefore' of the harmonic rules is badly needed. There is altogether too much of the *ipse dixit* tone about the text-books. 'Because I say so' is no basis for legislation. The pupil resents the arbitrariness of the harmonic fiat as much as the teacher regrets it. Both would like to know the reasons underlying the rules.

Efforts have from time to time been made to show that harmonic practice is founded on physical acoustic facts; but I do not propose to make any such effort here. In truth, such efforts carry little conviction, and do not pretend to explain a great deal. Moreover, the science of acoustics has little appeal to musicians, whose ears are deaf to its syren notes. While, in course of my remarks, I may have to make occasional reference to certain very simple acoustical principles, my appeal will be made mostly *ad aurem*, and will be based upon certain common-sense facts which can be readily appreciated.

THE PRACTICE OF THE GREAT MASTERS

Why, then, the rules of harmony? It is, of course, possible to account for them as generalisations based on the practice of the great masters; and that is the usual justification given for their existence. But when that justification has been admitted, the question still remains: Why did the great masters on the whole so regularly acknowledge the rules?

The reply may be made that the great masters 'knew their theory' as it had been developed in their day, and that they themselves had learnt it from the text-books of their times; but this reply tells us little, for we have still to account for the appearance of the rules in *their* text-books.

Moreover, the fact that the great masters 'knew their theory' will by no means account for their almost unflinching application of the rules. We are apt to get the impression from modern text-books that the great masters wrote with a clear-cut harmonic code consciously in mind—that they analysed each chord as they committed it to paper, worried over the avoidance of prohibited consecutives and false relations, and saw to it that every discord was duly resolved. Admittedly genius, every now and again, played havoc with the rules, but that, we are assured, was attributable rather to carelessness than to any sacrilegious desire to fly in the face of law and order.

Prout, in particular, gives us this 'infinite capacity for taking pains' idea of the procedure of musical genius. He surmises, for instance, that certain unusual treatment of the diatonic discords at odd times by the great masters was due to their looking at them 'according to their true derivation,' as opposed to the old-time conception of them implied in the text-books of the period. He tells us—as another instance—that Schubert evidently looked upon a certain note as being, not a pedal-note, but an essential part of a certain chord, because otherwise 'the B in the bass would have fallen, instead of rising.' And so on.

Now, it is inconceivable that the old masters were thus analytical, because, in the first place, they knew nothing of the modern theories of chord derivation. Few of them worked 'in the light of Day'—that

modern writer who built a highly complex harmonic structure on the simple acoustical facts enunciated at the beginning of the 18th century by Rameau.

And, in the second place, even if the old masters had been able to anticipate the modern developments of harmonic theory, and had determined to live up to them, it is doubtful if any one of them would have got farther than his first incidental 'chord of the 13th.' The rest of his life would have been spent in analysing it! Clearly, the great masters had no time for such minute analysis. The claims of practical composition were too insistent to permit constant efforts in chord derivation, and regular reference to a set of rules—even if mental. It would be as sensible to regard Shakespeare as writing in the light of Lindley Murray.

The great masters wrote as they felt; and they wrote thus and so because they were saturated with the musical spirit of their times. Their acoustical principles (if any) were mostly subconscious. It is to my mind doubtful if any great musician ever consciously avoided breach of a rule as such.

Rightly regarded, the laws of harmony are but descriptive of the ways in which master minds expressed themselves. The science of harmony is purely analytical: it has little or nothing to do with composition synthesis.

We are thus once more brought back to our original problem—the question why musical procedure has been so nearly uniform.

THE REASON WHY

The explanation is, I think, a simple one—one, moreover, which will account for nearly all the rules in the text-books, past and present, and which will also account for their modification in successive stages of musical evolution.

In the first place, the explanation lies in the fact that music is, and always has been, written mainly for vocal reproduction—that the great masters thought in terms of, and in sympathy with, vocal reproduction, and that the notes they committed to paper were therefore those which they knew the human voice, aided by the human ear, could most readily reproduce, whether in melodic sequence or in harmonic combination.

It may, however, be objected that much music is not written for vocal reproduction—that there is such a thing as instrumental music, and that such music is also governed by the harmonic rules.

Agreed: and I believe that if all music had been written for instruments with fixed notes, our harmonic code would have been altogether different, inasmuch as all progressions whatsoever are possible for performers on such instruments. But however that may be, it is a fact that, historically, vocal music came first, and that long after instruments had been invented, composers concerned themselves chiefly with the voice parts. Further, use of musical instruments with variable notes (like most of the strings, and some of the wind instruments) is conditioned by exactly the same considerations as apply to vocal music. If, *e.g.*, you ask a violinist to play a certain interval, you appeal to his ear in just the same way as you appeal to the ear of a vocalist when you ask him to sing it. Ease and difficulty of reproduction are the same in both cases. The reason why the rules of harmony are the same for both vocal and instrumental music, is that instrumental practice has necessarily had to follow the lead of vocal production.

There is a second consideration. The composer desires to please a prospective audience. Usually, this second consideration does not—or need not—conflict with the first, though it sometimes does, as we shall see later.

Let me now show how this two-fold, basal explanation applies to the more important rules governing composition. I do not claim that it will cover every rule, or all the minute exceptions to the rules, found in the text-books, but I do claim that, broadly applied, it will cover most of them.

THE INTERVALS OF MELODY

Granted recognition of a scale,* it is obviously easier for a singer to step than to leap from one note to another, for the simple reason that a scale is a series of intervals which—whatever the reason may be—‘come natural.’

If a leap has to be made, it is obviously easier for the voice to leap by a consonant interval than by a dissonant interval, for exactly the same reason that it is easier to sing a ‘smooth’ consonant note in harmony than a ‘rough’ dissonant note. Whatever account we may have to give of such ‘smoothness’ and ‘roughness,’ it is a fact that dissonances are relatively difficult—whether melodic or harmonic.

If leap by a dissonant interval is called for, it is easier for the voice to leap by a diminished interval than by an augmented interval, because, with two exceptions, all augmented intervals take the singer out of the series of over-tones related to the tonic.†

FALSE RELATION

Prohibition of chromatic variation of the same note by two different voices in the same chord is obviously due chiefly to consideration for the comfort and convenience of the singers concerned. It is but a musical version of the cautionary moral, ‘Don’t contradict’; and such contradiction is particularly rough in harmony.

Prohibition of chromatic variation of the same note by different voices in two successive chords (or even in the first and last of the three successive chords) is obviously based on the same fact. A singer finds it difficult to ‘contradict’ a note at all recently sounded by another voice, for the memory of the first note remains to confuse him.

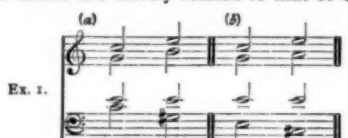
Moreover, chromatic contradiction means departure from the ruling scale—always attended with some difficulty for the vocalist.‡ In cases in which such chromatic variation is considered not to amount to false relation (e.g., when the 3rd of the first chord is the root or 5th of the second chord), it will be found

* It would carry me too far from my present purpose to try to account for our scales. We must start with the assumption of their existence as a heritage from the Greeks.

† The two cases in which augmented intervals taken by leap are diatonic are the augmented 4th between subdominant and leading-note of major and minor scales, and the augmented 5th between mediant and leading-note of the minor scale. As regards the first of these, it may be said that the 4:3 subdominant is doubtfully a scale-note at all, the harmonic series calling for an 11:8 subdominant. As regards the second, it is generally realised that the leading-note of the harmonic minor scale is doubtfully diatonic. Use of a minor 7th in descending passages indicates this. Discussion of these abstruse points would, however, take us too far from the subject in hand.

‡ That ‘doctors disagree’ widely as to this matter of false relation is apparent from the fact that Macpherson (*Practical Harmony*, p. 40) gives the following as a ‘bad’ instance of false relation, though Macfarren (a veritable stickler) would have passed it on the ground that the 3rd of the first chord is the 5th of the second chord (a fundamental discord withal!).

that the progression made, while it implies use of a new scale, also implies use of one closely related to the first. For instance, change of scale from C major to A minor is implied in the first of the following examples, and change from C major to D minor is implied in the second; and the scales of both A minor and D minor are closely related to that of C major:



Ex. 1.

(Quoted from Prout.)

Chromatic variations of notes by different voices in successive chords are allowable when the chromatic note is part of a fundamental discord. This again is because such chromatic variation implies change only to a nearly related scale. Any chromatic note entering into the composition of such discords must belong either to a tonic, a superdominant, or a dominant harmony: e.g., the major 3rd of the chord of the supertonic in C suggests change of key from C to G, while the minor 9th of the dominant chord suggests change from C major to C minor; and the scales of G major and C minor are both closely related to that of C major:



Ex. 2.

THE TREATMENT OF DISSONANCE

Dissonance means roughness and instability: it is indeed these qualities which distinguish a discord from a concord; and while (as Helmholtz has shown) there is no hard and fast line to be drawn between dissonance and consonance, it remains a fact that the essence of dissonance is roughness and instability.

It is difficult—in varying degrees—for the singer to ‘hit’ a dissonant note by leap; and it is equally difficult for him to make a dissonance the ‘jumping-off point’ for any other scale-note by leap. To minimise difficulty of approach, we are told to prepare our discords: to facilitate departure, we resolve them.

PREPARATION

It was at one time laid down as a rule that every discord whatsoever must be prepared—i.e., sounded as a consonant note in a chord immediately preceding that of the dissonance. The preparation was meant to help the singer to get on to the unstable note with certainty, and he would be already on it if he sounded it in the previous chord. Such rigid preparation is no longer considered necessary in approaching fundamental discords, because we have accustomed ourselves to other methods of approaching them, but it is still regarded as essential in suspensions, and in approaching all ‘inessential’ discords.

But not all preparation is of the kind described—the carrying over of a note from a consonant to a dissonant chord. The nature of the preparation required depends partly upon the nature of the dissonance in question. If relatively stable, the dissonance may be approached in other ways.

SECOND INVERSIONS

All inversions—even of common chords—have the elements of dissonance, inasmuch as they are relatively unstable, as compared with root positions. Even first inversions have some element of instability; but second inversions have much more of it. They are pyramids on their points—'all topsy-turvy.' They distribute the notes out of their 'natural' order—the order in which they arise in the harmonic series, or in the scale.

It is therefore ordained that they must be approached in certain ways—in ways not involving a risky leap from one unstable chord to another. You cannot without risk leap from one flying trapeze to another: you must leap from a solid foundation, or you may not 'get there.' Hence the rule that the bass of a second inversion must not be approached by leap from an inversion of another chord. (Leap from an inversion of the same chord is easy enough for the singer, as he is then only 'changing places.') In any other case, he must step, or stay where he is till the rest of the second chord comes to him.

This is really a form of preparation—avoidance of the difficulty of 'hitting' a dissonant note.*

RESOLUTION

The resolution of a dissonance is the method of quitting a dissonant chord. A dissonance being essentially an unstable state of things, the method of resolution must be as easy as possible; and in practice it always is so. The dissonant note either remains stationary to form a component part of the next chord, or it steps up or down; and when it steps, it regularly steps to the nearest note of the next chord, as being the easiest to reach.

In the case of a second inversion, the unstable note is the bass, and it follows this rule: but the unstable note also follows it when it figures as the 7th of a diatonic discord, or any dissonant note of a fundamental discord, or in a suspension.

It should be specially noted that omission of one of a pair of dissonant notes from a chord in which both might be expected to be present, *ipso facto* frees the other from the necessity for fixed resolution. Thus, in a second inversion of a fundamental discord of the 7th, the 7th is dissonant with the root; but directly the root is omitted, the 7th is free to quit as it pleases. This simply means that in such circumstances the sense of instability being gone, the singer finds it perfectly easy to make his way to any note whatsoever of the following chord.

'CONSECUTIVES'

We have now to deal with some cases in which the composer is concerned rather with the gratification of his prospective audience than with the comfort of his vocalists. Such cases are those of the prohibited consecutives.

Now, it is perfectly easy for vocalists to sing in the prohibited consecutive intervals. Their avoidance by the composer is therefore not an effort made to assist the vocalist. In actual fact, we know that singing in octaves is the 'natural' method of singing, and that untrained singers will readily learn to sing in consecutive 5ths—even 4ths.

But as a rule, an audience does not care for such singing.

* There is perhaps another reason why a second inversion is treated as a dissonance. The interval of the perfect 4th has always been more or less suspect as a consonance, and it is the characteristic interval of a second inversion, lying, as it does, above the bass. Hence the need of modified preparation of the bass.

It sounds incomplete and amateurish. Consecutive octaves are naturally prohibited in part-singing, because there is no part-singing in such progressions: they therefore disappoint expectation, and an audience wants its money's-worth! Moreover, they are crude, because of the elementary relationship existing between a note and its octave—a relationship amounting almost to identity.

Consecutive 5ths are also crude, 5ths being closely related to the fundamental note of the harmonic series—next after the octave. Octave and 5th are the 'raw materials' of all chords. Their repeated use, therefore, is like a course of uncooked meat, or an association of primary colours. These 'raw' effects are characteristic of all primitive art, but they are too barbaric and barbarous for cultivated taste.

'No part may move in 4ths with the bass.' This rule stands, I think, partly because a 4th is an inverted 5th, and accordingly shares its crudeness, which becomes specially obvious when the 4th stands above the bass.*

There is another reason why both 5th and 4th have been barred in consecutive progressions. Mediaeval musicians worked them to death, using them—with the octave—to the exclusion of all other intervals. The monotony of such lack of harmonic variety doubtless suggested total abolition of such progressions as being amateurish, crude, and commonplace.

In the prohibition of consecutive 2nds, 7ths, and 9ths, we have other instances of a composer's concern for the comfort and convenience of his vocalists, mingled with a desire to avoid torturing his audience.†

I have indicated that there are cases in which the two desiderata may clash, though, generally, that which satisfies the singer will also please an audience, and *vice versa*. There is, however, one historic case in which a great composer regularly sacrificed the comfort and convenience of his vocalists to the gratification of his audience. Bach hated resolving the 3rd of a fundamental discord upwards when such progression would leave an incomplete common chord to follow: he carried the 3rd (awkwardly enough for the vocalist concerned) down to the 5th of the concord, as in:



(Quoted from Prout.)

In conclusion, let me admit that I fully realise that I have not covered all the rules and all the exceptions by application of my two main principles. This failure has, however, been due partly to the fact that I do not own this journal, and—to be quite frank—also partly to the fact that I do not think that they account for all the rules. If, however, they account for four-fifths of them—as I think they do—perhaps I may be pardoned for my indiscretion!

* Let it again be remembered that the consonance of the 4th has always been suspected, and that consecutive dissonances are always questionable.

† When detected in a breach of the elementary rules, a pupil may excuse his aberration by urging that 'it sounds all right.' There is no harm in agreeing with him that it may 'sound all right' when the notes concerned are played on the same instrument: but if they were sung, or played on instruments of different timbres, the offending intervals would ring out their falsity.

Church and Organ Music

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

DISTRIBUTION OF DIPLOMAS

Members and friends are cordially invited to attend the distribution of Diplomas to successful candidates at the Fellowship, the Associateship, and the Choir masters' examinations, by the President, Dr. Alan Gray, on Saturday, July 19, at 11 a.m. After the President's address, Dr. Harold E. Darke, organist of St. Michael's, Cornhill, will play upon the College organ the three Fellowship organ-work pieces selected for the January examination, 1925, viz.:

- Prelude and Fugue in C major (Prelude in $\frac{3}{4}$ time)
Book 9 (Novello) J. S. Bach.
Fantasia only from Fantasia and Fugue C. H. H. Parry.
No. 22, Original Organ Compositions (Novello)
'Adagio espressivo' from Symphony in C,
No. 5, Stainer's arrangements (Novello) Schumann.

No tickets are required. The Annual General Meeting will also be held on the same date at the College, at 11.45 a.m.

The following were the successful candidates at the May Choir-Training Diploma Examination: S. H. Baker, Hove; H. H. Sykes, Huddersfield.

H. A. HARDING, *Hon. Secretary.*

NEWCASTLE BACH CHOIR

There is no more enterprising or intelligent body of singers in the country than the Newcastle Bach Choir; no work is too new, too old, or too difficult for them. They added to their already high repute on May 31 when Byrd's 'Great' Service was sung at Newcastle Cathedral before a crowded congregation. It was claimed that this was the first performance of the complete work for nearly three centuries, and the claim is well-founded, seeing that the very existence of the Service was unknown until its discovery at Durham Cathedral by Dr. Fellowes a few years ago. The programme contained an account of this discovery, and of the subsequent unearthing of the remaining parts at Peterhouse, the British Museum, and elsewhere. It was fitting that the revival of the work should thus have taken place within a few miles of the spot where it was probably last heard three centuries ago. All honour to Dr. Fellowes, and to the Newcastle singers, who, conducted by Dr. Whittaker, gave a fine performance of this glorious music. Mr. William Ellis added to the historic and musical interest by playing English organ music, old and new, by Orlando Gibbons, Blow, William H. Harris, and Parry.

SCOTSON-CLARK AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL?

When the new organ was being installed at Westminster Cathedral there were those who looked askance at the instrument—not for itself, but for what it might portend. The Cathedral had come to be regarded as a centre of a *cappella* singing of the finest Church music; would not the introduction of a big organ, with its corollary of brilliant solo playing, clash with the austere beauty of the vocal music? We have heard this question asked, and our answer was that the addition of a worthy organ need mean no more than that two types of musical beauty were to be available where so far there had been but one; there is no finer contrast than that of organ music and unaccompanied singing. But we hear that a Scotson-Clark March was recently played at the Cathedral, so perhaps the head-shakers were right after all. We can only hope that the report is much exaggerated, and that it was not really a Scotson-Clark March but merely something that sounded like one. Perhaps some of our readers who attend the Cathedral will kindly set our mind at rest.

The City Temple Choral Society wound up its season's work on May 22 and 29 with Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and selections from *Judas Maccabaeus*, *Samson*, &c., Mr. Allan Brown conducting.

WIDOR RECITALS

We commented recently on the comparative neglect of Widor's Symphonies as a whole in this country, and added some particulars of a Widor Festival given at New York last winter, at which about half of the Symphony movements were played by Dupré and Lynnwood Farnam. We now hear that Mr. Edwin Stanley Seder, organist of First Congregational Church, Oak Park, Chicago, has given the whole of the ten Symphonies at a series of recitals at his Church between October and March last. The works had the advantage of performance on a fine four-manual Skinner by a concert-player of whom report speaks very highly. Is it too much to expect similar performances from one of our numerous brilliant players on this side? The Toccata in F has surely earned a rest in favour of some undoubtedly far finer movements from Symphonies Nos. 6-10.

During Mr. Royle Shore's recent visit to Portugal his services were requisitioned by the British Chaplains at Lisbon and Oporto for some demonstrations in Church music, to acquaint members of the British communities with current movements in England. Opportunities were also afforded him for giving native Church musicians some private demonstrations of the modern revival in Plainchant under the Solesmes Fathers—hardly understood in Portugal—and the art of training the singing voice of the boy, of which almost the entire country appeared to be ignorant. Mr. Shore was struck with the general lack of knowledge of English music of any kind in Portugal, as in Spain, notwithstanding England's age-long alliance with the former and her close Royal associations with the latter country. Through the introduction of his cousin, Dom Luiz de Freitas Branco, he had the privilege of meeting Dom José Vianna da Motta, the Director of the National Conservatoire of Music at Lisbon, now of some ninety years' standing, with a student roll of about eight hundred. He is Portugal's great pianist, and, as such, happily is not unknown in London. Mr. Shore discussed with him the situation and the best means of counteracting this unfortunate lack of knowledge, particularly of England's modern and younger composers. Dom Luiz, the vice-director of the Conservatoire, is the outstanding composer of the country, and a leading musical critic and author. He is, it is interesting to note, a direct descendant of Duarte Lopo, Portugal's great polyphonist of the 16th century. After his return to England, Mr. Shore proposes to make some urgent representations on the subject to the leaders in the world of English music.—(Communicated.)

The London Society of Organists visited St. Anne's, Soho, on May 31, when a Bach recital was given by Mr. Albert Orton (E flat Prelude and Fugue, the C minor Trio-Sonata, Prelude and Fugue in D, Concerto in C, and four Chorale Preludes). Members were entertained to tea by Mr. and Miss Orton, after which Mr. Orton gave a pianoforte recital in the Church, his programme ranging from Bach and Scarlatti to Debussy. The Rector addressed the gathering on 'St. Anne and its associations.'

Three special services were recently held at High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham, when addresses were given by the Rev. Simon Jones on 'Religion in the Greek Drama,' with musical illustrations by the choir, under the direction of Mr. C. E. Blyton Dobson. For *Antigone* Mendelssohn was drawn on, Gluck provided for *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and for *Alkestis* Rutland Boughton's music-drama of that name was used.

A new organ has been erected by Messrs. Harrison & Harrison at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, as part of the Cathedral War Memorial. Mr. R. C. Young gave opening recitals, with excellent programmes (Franck's Choral No. 3, Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor and Toccata and Fugue in D minor, and works by Darke, Karg-Elert, Harwood, Jongen, Hollins, d'Evry, Cyril Scott, &c.).

Under the auspices of the Berkshire Organists' Association a Bach recital was given by Mr. W. C. H. Pearse at Binfield Parish Church on June 4. Mr. A. S. Allnatt played violin solos. There was a collection for the Organists' Benevolent League.

Mr. J. G. Macdonald has resigned the post of choir-master and organist at St. George's Presbyterian Church, Brondesbury, after thirty-one years' tenure.

LONDON SOCIETY OF ORGANISTS

The annual dinner was held at the Café Monaco on June 14, when an enjoyable evening was spent by a large number of members, the president for 1924, Dr. J. E. Borland, in the chair. A splendid programme of music was provided by students of Trinity College of Music and Mr. T. C. Sterndale Bennett. Visitors from the North included Dr. Alfred Hollins (Edinburgh) and Mr. S. W. Pilling (Yorkshire).

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. H. H. Wintersgill, Christ Church, Skipton—Fantasia on 'Come, Holy Ghost,' *Back*; Pastorale and Finale, *Frank*; Prelude on 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' *Charles Wood*.

Mr. Philip Dove, Queens' College Chapel, Cambridge—Trio-Sonata in G, *Back*; 'Grande Pièce Symphonique,' *Frank*; 'Epikion,' *Rootham*; Passacaglia, *Back*; Prière, *Frank*; Pastorale, *Ducasse*; Final in B flat, *Frank*.

Mr. D. Rayner-Smith, St. Clement Danes—Rhapsody—No. 3, *Howells*; Lento (Symphony No. 4), *Widor*; *Musette*, *Bossi*; Adagio (Symphony No. 3), and Allegro con brio (Symphony No. 1), *Vierne*.

Dr. William Prendergast, Winchester Cathedral—Benedictus (Sonata Britannica), *Stanford*; Variations on 'O filii,' *John E. West*; 'Laus Deo,' *Harvey Grace*; Prelude to 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day,' *Alan Gray*.

Mr. J. T. Horne, St. Finn Barre's Cathedral, Cork—Prelude in A minor, *Rheinberger*; Introduction and Fugue, *Reubke*; Toccata-Prelude on 'Pange Lingua,' *Bairstow*; Carillon, *Vierne*; Fantasy-Prelude, *Macpherson*; Lament, *Harvey Grace*.

Mr. Allan Brown, City Temple—Finale (Sonata No. 20), *Rheinberger*; Fugue in C minor, *Back*; Grail Scene ('Parsifal'), 'Question' and 'Answer,' *Wolstenholme*; Toccata-Prelude on 'Pange Lingua,' *Bairstow*.

Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Stephen's Walbrook—Tragic Overture, *Brahms*; Air with Variations in D flat, *Noble*; Sonata in G minor, *Tinel*.

Miss Lilian Coombes, St. Lawrence Jewry—Rhapsody No. 1, *Saint-Saëns*; Choral Preludes, *Vaughan Williams*; Moderato Cantabile (Symphony No. 8), *Widor*.

Mr. Richard B. Hamilton, All Saints', Hoole—Fantasia-Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Fugue in G minor, *Back*; 'The Curfew,' *Horsman*; 'Carillon,' *Faulkes*.

Dr. E. Bullock, Parish Church, Dawlish—Programme of Choral Preludes by *Pachelbel*, *Back*, *Karg-Elert*, *Stanford*, *Brahms*, *Farrar*, *Wood*, *Parry*, and *Darke*.

Mr. Harry Wall, St. Matthew's, West Kensington—Finale (Sonata No. 18), *Rheinberger*; Menuet (Symphony No. 4), *Vierne*; Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Stanford*; Meditation, *Harvey Grace*; Madrigal and Cortège, *Vierne*.

Miss Marjorie T. Renton, St. Lawrence Jewry—Toccata (Dorian), *Back*; Variations on a Ground Bass, *Handel*; 'Chant de Mai,' *Jongen*; Prelude and Fugue in G minor, *Dupré*; Allegro Appassionata (Sonata No. 1), *Harwood*.

Mr. Philip Miles, St. John the Baptist Parish Church, Southend-on-Sea—Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Sonata No. 8, *Rheinberger*; Canon in B minor, *Schumann*.

Dr. M. P. Conway, St. John's, Glastonbury—Adagio (Sonata No. 5), *Rheinberger*; Trio-Sonata No. 3, *Back*; Pastorale Pensive, *Jacob*; Scherzo in G minor, *Bossi*.

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Allegro Agitato and Cantilène (Sonata No. 11), *Rheinberger*; Rhapsody No. 3, *Howells*; Overture to 'Otto', *Cantabile*, *Jongen*.

Mr. John Lomas, St. John's, Territet—Sonata No. 20, *Rheinberger*; Allegro and Finale (Symphonie Pathétique), *Tchaikovsky*; Fugue in G, *Krebs*.

Mr. W. Hunt, St. George's, Belfast—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Back*; Variations on a Ground Bass, *Farrar*; Pastorale, Recit., e Corale, *Karg-Elert*.

Mr. W. Wallace Thompson, St. James's, Garlick Hill—Laus Deo, *Harvey Grace*; Voluntary in A minor, *Boyce*; Madrigal, Berceuse, and Carillon, *Vierne*.

Mr. A. M. Hawkins, St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe with St. Anne, Blackfriars—Alla marcia, *John Ireland*; Two Hymn-tune Preludes, *Vaughan Williams*; Two Trios, *Rheinberger*; Chorale Improvisation, *Karg-Elert*.

Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. John's, Mortimer, Berks—Prelude in B minor, *Back*; Allegro moderato (Sonata No. 1), *Back*; Prelude and Fugue in D, *Back*; Festal Commemoration, *West*.

Miss Christina Chalmers, St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Back*; 'Sonata Britannica,' *Stanford*; Chorale No. 2, *Frank*; Berceuse and Postlude, *Vierne*.

Dr. G. J. Bennett, Andover Parish Church—Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; Prelude to 'Sigurd Jorsalfar,' *Grieg*; Fuga alla Giga, *Back*; Berceuse and Pastorale, *Vierne*.

Mr. H. J. Timothy, St. Vedast Foster—Largo, *Dvorák*; Lied, *Vierne*; Imperial March, *Elgar*; Easter Melody, Variations on 'O filii et filiae,' *West*.

Mr. Wallace G. Breach, St. John's, Clapham Rise—Allegro pomposo, *West*; Sketch in F minor, *Schumann*; Scherzo, *Lemare*.

Mr. Paul Rochard, Kendal Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Back*; Variations, Andante cantabile, and Toccata (Symphony No. 5), *Widor*; Introduction and Fugue, *Reubke*; Variations, *Bonnet*.

M. Marcel Dupré, Lincoln Cathedral—Toccata, Adagio, and Fuga in C, *Back*; Prelude on 'Christe, Redemptor omnium,' *Parry*; Final in B flat, *Frank*; Variations on an old French Carol, *Dupré*.

Mr. Wilfrid Greenhouse Allt, St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh—'Pilgrim's Progress' (Parts 3, 4, and 5), *Austin*; 'Consolation,' *Reger*; Prelude and Angels' Farewell ('Gerontius'), and a *Hollins* programme.

Mr. Gilbert A. Sellick, St. Stephen's Walbrook—Fantasia and Fugue in D minor, *Stanford*; Prelude on 'La Demoiselle Elue,' *Debussy*; Andante in D, *Hollins*; Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, *Frank*; Sonata in F minor (first movement), *Rheinberger*.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. Harold Burgess, choirmaster and organist, St. John's, West Streatham.

Mr. Cyril Fogwell, choirmaster and organist, Holy Trinity, Winchester.

Mr. Frederick Green, choirmaster and organist, Egremont Presbyterian Church of England.

Mr. E. A. Moore, choirmaster and organist, St. Luke's, Manningham, Yorks.

Mr. John Nicholson, choirmaster and organist, St. George's Congregational Church, West Hartlepool.

Mr. J. S. Robson, choirmaster and organist, Grimsby Parish Church.

Mr. Herbert Strudwick, choirmaster and organist, St. Anselm's, Streatham.

Mr. Leslie Wilson, choirmaster and organist, St. George's Presbyterian Church, Brondesbury.

Letters to the Editor

MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR.—It might appear almost ungrateful to Mr. Alban Claughton to criticise his diagnosis of the state of music in public schools, were it not that one is forced to take another view of the question—one with a more hopeful outlook.

Every one will concede the importance of his plea for producing a class of intelligent listeners, yet, surely, to suppress instrumental study to the extent he advocates must be to frustrate rather than to realise this aim. Granted that a certain standard of intelligent listening can be attained among boys who are not actively musical, how much more intelligent must be the appreciation of those who have already formed a more intimate acquaintance with the art by having learned to express themselves in it, though it be in quite a small way! It is in the matter of *quality* and not of *quantity* that the value of musical culture counts, and a boy who can do only a little, and yet that little with full

musical and artistic realisation, has done an honourable thing; he can build further on it, and is 'one up' on the boy whose musical culture has stopped at listening. This quality is in the hands of the teachers to mould and develop. Teaching, to be worthy the name, must be a creative art from beginning to end. Regarded thus, teaching music is certainly not a matter of 'free-wheeling down a well-worn traditional track.' Real teaching in itself rules out of the question any fear of the 'exploitation of the active to the exclusion of the receptive,' for, provided that teachers can do as well as teach, it is in their power to develop the receptive as a stimulus to the active. Each, in fact, acts and reacts on the other to a degree that no amount of passive listening, *per se*, can ever aspire to. Boys who, e.g., are encouraged to join in chamber music among themselves, appreciate, beyond any comparison with passive listeners, the school chamber concerts, and with more understanding.

Of course every music-master has at some time or another encountered the four types of boy instanced by Mr. Cloughton. Let us at once admit that there are a certain number who have absolutely no aptitude for music, and who, in nine cases out of ten, don't care for it. With these there is little to do; but to take as final the states of Mr. Cloughton's four examples would be a depressing outlook. Yet can one hope to form a finished artist at school? Very rarely, if at all; nor should it be expected. But provided No. 2—the unpromising performer—is keen, a discerning and expert teacher could probably find the reason for his lack of improvement as a performer, and if so, possibly make something of him. But why, one may ask, should No. 3 with his skill in reading and his accuracy, perforce have a leaning to low-class music? There is, too, more to hope for in No. 4—'the earnest plodder'—than Mr. Cloughton sees fit to give him credit for; it is no wise follows that the music he plods at should be below the level of his receptive faculties. It is this type that often blossoms forth when least expected. Intellectuals, in the making especially, are not all constituted alike; the very earnestness of such a type may be the spur to his intelligent focussing, bit by bit, of technical and musical principles to his ultimate self-expression. There is no 'forced labour' about it, nor need any of Mr. Cloughton's four types be summarily dismissed as 'just worth while on account of the good he may get out of it,' although by my use of the term 'self-expression' it may be inferred that this is the sort of good I may have in view for a boy. Not at all. A boy at school finds wider scope than this for his work in serving the good of the community, and at house gatherings, in house singing, and accompanying, he can make himself useful. Not only does his responsibility as a leader have fresh demands made upon it; his musicianship also is tested. But his teacher must be his *trainer*, nothing less, and often in the matter of *morale* as well as musically; and it rests with his teacher whether he be trained as a musician or allowed to run to seed as a 'pianoforte typist.' As to a boy being turned down as having 'missed his vocation' as a musician, nothing is easier to say, nothing can be more triumphantly discouraging! Many Continental teachers in particular have a way of threatening a pupil with no lessons unless he have talent. How can one tell whether a pupil has talent unless he is first given the fair chance of really sound musical instruction coupled with a certain amount of sympathetic insight? One is reminded of a teacher despairing over a new pupil because he *knows nothing*. Of course not; he comes to be *taught something*. A teacher cannot expect a boy to understand him at his own level; he has to gauge the boy's potentialities, making his own ideas sufficiently lucid and simple to be grasped; not talking above the boy's head, or he will never prove receptive.

Now, surely, no 'live' teacher would dream of making a 'wonderful occult mystery' of the elements of music. I can conceive no object in this, nor do I agree with Mr. Cloughton that elements, position of notes, scales, time-signatures, rhythm, &c., are any more easily learned away from the pianoforte than at it—by boys at any rate. They are part and parcel of a pupil's equipment, to be made use of—his tools in fact; and when a boy is shown how they serve him, he naturally wants to put them to practical use. Would any teacher of carpentry explain wood, hammer, plane, and saw, and expect a boy to remain content to

look on and see someone else use them? No; he rightly wants to handle them himself. And Mr. Cloughton fails to convince me that the mere knowing 'something about music' is more important to a boy than that 'he should play the game himself.' I know plenty of boys whose pleasure in the holidays is doubled by their being able to participate in chamber music-making with their family and friends, as well as in hearing concerts. Their taste as listeners, and their criticism, are more eclectic, and 'what there is to show' for their work at school is more real and far-reaching in its value than Mr. Cloughton's somewhat sordid assessment as an 'important asset from the school-master's and parent's view.'

Naturally, it is a din indescribable (and inevitable) to hear a dozen or more pianofortes in full practice at once, with perhaps a violin and 'cello or two thrown in. For all that, the pianoforte need not, in a reasonably well-appointed music school, be in the pathetically unusable condition we are asked to believe that it generally is, nor is there any reason to assume that this din of simultaneous practice represents little else than 'eyewash.' Just as reasonably some amount of work may be in progress, and there are teachers who realise that one of the greatest needs of a pupil is to be taught *how* to practise. Supervised practices, too, are not unknown, but it depends on the system in vogue, and on the co-operation of the whole staff in carrying it out. It need not follow that this 'active side is being exploited to the exclusion, and, at any rate, to the paralysing of the more receptive side.' The two sides can and should co-exist and stimulate each other.

It may have been my fortunate lot to have served as assistant to an exceptionally inspiring and sane director of music, and in my experience of public school musical life I have not come across the dry-as-dust pedantry which Mr. Cloughton laments. It exists, no doubt, and it certainly has existed in the past, but it is up to the teachers themselves to bring a vital meaning into the music studies, and to create a living interest among the boys, giving of their best in their demonstrations, not as of a pompous, exclusive, or awe-inspiring mystery, but an art directed to awaken a feeling for a sense of beauty natural to the boys, who in turn are within their right in wishing to express it in their own way. So once again it rests with the teacher to replenish the receptive and to train the active to expression. Give a boy, then, a lively conception of the principles which constitute the language of music, and the simplest air he may play with full realisation—technically, grammatically, and artistically—is something worth while, and on which he can build. But even the little he may do must be conscious effort of his own. The teacher must train the boy to think, and give him the principles on which he can think for himself, and then the hack term, 'learning music,' in the sense which Mr. Cloughton rightly condemns, will give place to another synonymous with artistic musical training. If the former term were applied universally to public school music then Mr. Cloughton would find no adverse criticism of his plea or outlook. But I am able to vouch for the achievement of the latter in more than one public school I could name. In one of these the gramophone library contains an excellent selection of records, carefully chosen by the director, not only from examples of the musical culture of our own times, but also from the principal works of the great masters. Boys are free to choose their records for house and private gramophones, and it is interesting to inquire whether this freedom tends towards the 'merely frivolous,' that of 'least resistance,' or to the 'yokel or street-boy taste.' Not in the least. For one reason, school-boy nature is not universally perverse; and the system of showing how the best is the more attractive, is another. With school chamber concerts in addition, organ recitals, lectures on music, musicians and their methods, I cannot see how reproach for neglect of the receptive side can be merited. That active work is stimulated by all this goes without saying, and the school is able to produce from among the boys the public performance at annual competitions of such standard works as the '48' of Bach, Sonatas of Beethoven, Etudes, &c., of Chopin, Rhapsodies, &c., of Brahms, Violin or 'Cello Sonatas of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg, &c., to say nothing of chamber music (including wind) and original instrumental

and madrigal compositions. I contend that these boys must have developed a certain standard of musical intelligence, which embraces intelligent listening, and why they should be forcibly superannuated as listeners, and their creative music-thinking and music-making restricted on that account, I fail to see. The pessimistic tone of Mr. Claughton's one-sided view of the question, which I trust I have not misinterpreted, seems to call for some sort of protest, and an plea for a wider outlook.—Yours, &c., FRANCIS J. HILL.

Marlborough, Wilts.

SIR,—Will you allow me to express my hearty appreciation of Mr. Alban Claughton's article in your May issue. As one who has taught music for ten years in three important public schools, I hold that there is a crying need for more to be done in the way of cultivating musical appreciation, and thereby producing intelligent listeners. It must not be forgotten that the average boy who learns an instrument knows little or nothing of music beyond the pieces that he can play, or tries to play, and even the average boy is in a minority.

As Mr. Claughton says, for one boy who can perform, there are hundreds who can listen, and who would listen, if they knew something about it.

I sincerely hope that his article with its suggestions (particularly that of the employment of the gramophone for illustration purposes) will be widely read and pondered over by parents as well as music masters.—Yours, &c.,

Wellington College.

L. H. OVENDEN.

May, 1924.

THE DOH-MINOR

SIR,—Recently reading Parry's study of Bach, I was much struck with the original wording of the title-page of the '48,' which appears on page 145:

'Das wohl temperirte Clavier oder Praeludia und Fugen durch alle Töne und Semitonia sowohl tertiam majorem oder *Ut Re Mi* anlangend, als auch tertiam minorem oder *Re Mi Fa* betreffend.' (The underlining is mine.)

Clearly Bach was no *Doh*-minorist. Incidentally, too he evidently believes in Moveable *Doh*. The fact that he uses *Re Mi Fa* instead of *La Si Ut* may be accounted for by the custom, in his day, of writing works in the minor mode with a flat less in the signature. For instance, a Prelude in C minor would have the signature of G minor—B flat and E flat.

Why this should not apply to sharp keys, I am ashamed to say that I cannot explain, but perhaps some reader can enlighten me.

I think it is a pity that the *Lah*- or *Doh*-minor question should be left unsettled. As in the case of *pitch*, there will always be found some who will grumble at 'low' pitch, but the French diapason normal is slowly becoming standardised and people are beginning to accept it, and to understand that it is more satisfactory to the majority of performers to have a standard pitch, in spite of the tears of the prima donna.

Speaking personally, I can see nothing more inconsistent or illogical in the *Lah*-minor method, than there is in the fact that in the Staff notation we use the signature of the *relative* major for the minor mode; and we expect our pupils to use their wits to discover the mode in Staff notation. *Lah*-minor teaches the relationship, and psychology teaches us the value of relationship and association.

Moreover, any Sol-faist will tell us that if we sing *Lah Te Doh*, *Ray Me Fah*, and *Doh Ray Maw*, on the same group of three notes, the *Te Doh* and *Me Fah* will be properly tempered and in correct tune, while the *Ray Maw* will be flat.

My experience is that—leaving aside musicians of professional attainment—the only people who understand tempering major thirds, minor sixths, and leading-notes (in fact, all and every interval of the scale) are those trained on the Sol-fa and *Lah*-minor methods applied to the Staff,

because singers have to temper their intervals according to the laws of *unequal* temperament, whatever key they are in, and not merely to copy what keyed instruments, tuned to equal temperament, give them. One must learn to recognise the *mental* effect of scale-intervals. A great many musicians of professional attainment would reap considerable benefit if they would bend their minds to such simple first principles. 'Teach us delight in simple things,' writes Kipling in his *Children's Song*, which might well be taken to heart by children of older growth. We are never free from, or done with, first principles in any walk of life. Every choral and orchestral conductor will recognise the difficulty, even at the present time, of getting singers and string players to, e.g., sing and play major thirds, in tune and with correct 'chording,' because teaching methods have not been sound, and/or people think this kind of thing to be beneath their notice.

In teaching people to sing the minor scale I have found it satisfactory to teach *Me Fah Se Lah* for the upper tetrachord of the harmonic minor, because they get the *Fah* sufficiently flat and the *Se* sufficiently sharp to accentuate the augmented interval. Similarly, in the melodic minor, *Me Bay Se Lah*, has some subtle difference which stamps it as minor (*Bay* is surely sharper than *Fe* or *Lah*), although the notes on the keyboard are the same as *Soh Lah Te Doh*.

The *Doh*-minor is simply a survival of or an offshoot from the old fixed-*Doh* method, which was all right in the days of ecclesiastical modes, and is necessary for those who wish to use the modes nowadays; but now that we have equal temperament, and only major and minor modes, the fixed-*Doh* is as dead as the dodo.

The *Doh*-minor will die as natural a death, because it is illogical and artificial; and those of us who say so have Bach on our side—a man who could see centuries beyond the end of his nose.—Yours, &c., W. J. COMLEY.

Ware Road,
Hertford, Herts.
June, 1924.

SIR,—Your correspondent in the June issue seems to think that the subject of the signature in Staff Notation has been shirked. As a fact I had touched upon it in my first letter, but, for fear of being too lengthy, had at the last moment eliminated the paragraph.

The existing method of borrowing the signature from the so-called 'relative' major is obviously unsatisfactory, for it represents neither the harmonic nor the melodic forms correctly. I cannot do better than quote the following passage from Part 3 of *Aural Culture based upon Musical Appreciation*, by Messrs. Macpherson and Read:

'The evolution of the key-signature of the minor scale has not kept pace with the evolution of the scale itself from the medieval modal system. As a consequence, it is to this day the custom to make use of the signature of the so-called "relative" major key, an accidental being inserted for the leading-note of the minor key whenever that note occurs in the course of the music. This curious anomaly is responsible for not a little of the notorious confusion in pupils' minds between the two tonalities, and moreover constitutes a real stumbling-block in the path of clear "key-thinking" to many whose sense of key is as yet not fully developed.'

I can only add that the evils stated to accrue from such a method in the Staff Notation must necessarily exist in the *Lah*-minor method of Sol-fa.

In answer to the question as to how the pupil is taught to find the place of *Doh* on the Staff, I mention my own plan: (1) By looking for the accidentals, especially at the beginning and end of the tune, in order to find *te*; (2) in pianoforte music, by looking at the last note in the bass to find *Doh*; (3) by the training of his aural perception (this last but not least).—Yours, &c.,

339, Romford Road,
Forest Gate, E.7.
June, 1924.

LOUISE DUGDALE.

THE ACT OF TOUCH

SIR,—Dr. Percy Rideout asserts that my *Act of Touch* is criticisable, and then proceeds to fill a page of your valuable space with quibbles to prove that in two instances my terminology is wrong. The *Act of Touch* was published just on a quarter of a century ago. It may be a satisfaction to Dr. Rideout to know that I myself have adversely criticised its terminology ever since, but the facts have remained unshaken—"the laws of nature never apologise"! Dr. Rideout contends that I have no business to speak of the finger, hand, and arm as 'levers,' and this on the ground that their fulcrums 'are movable.' He cites as an instance of the true lever the bar of a pair of scales. Does Dr. Rideout seriously contend that if I use a pair of scales on board a moving train the lever is therefore no longer a true lever, as its fulcrum is moving, say, at sixty miles per hour, and that the scales are no longer scales, but should be called, say, a mangle or garden-roller? My motor-car has lots of levers, but when I start the engine the fulcrums are all on the move, and therefore the levers cease to be levers, and the car then should be called, say, a boat. The sheer muddle he makes of the rotational element is a natural consequence of such perverseness of outlook and obvious ignorance of the requirements of pianoforte technique.

Seriously, however, I must protest that I have nowhere in my writings ever made the idiotic statement that the fulcrum of the finger is 'at its tip,' nor have I ever said that the knuckle of the hand or the wrist-joint should 'move upwards' during or 'after' the 'Act of Touch.' Such mis-statements show the true character and spirit of Dr. Rideout's attack, and I leave it to your readers to apply the correct terminology.—Yours, &c.,

Haslemere.

June, 1924.

TOBIAS MATTHAY.

[We sent a proof of the above to Dr. Percy Rideout, in order to expedite the discussion. His reply is given below.—EDITOR.]

SIR,—Clearly Mr. Matthay should read my letter again, and he will then see that I made none of the assertions he ascribes to me. The question I asked was, 'Where is the fulcrum of the leverage system employed in pianoforte touch according to his directions for performing the "act of leverage"?' No system of leverage can exist without a final stationary fulcrum, since no force can act against nothing. Mechanical force can be either applied pressure or released weight, and the question at issue is as much the nature of the force as the nature of the machine. If it is applied pressure, then the machine employed is a lever; if it is released weight the mechanism responds to the attraction of gravity. In each case the work done may be identical, and widely varied in degree, but the mechanisms are essentially distinct. Leverage by applied pressure is only a modification of the hammer-stroke. Many acts of leverage are carried out by released weight, such as when a boat rocks if the occupants move. As Mr. Matthay particularly discriminates between arm weight and the actions of the finger and hand, it is clear that the latter are not due to released weight. They must consequently be due to applied pressure—that is, a modification of the hammer-stroke, which, however, he excludes. What, therefore, is the nature of the force he applies to the key? And if it is inconsistent to apply hammer-stroke to impel the pianoforte hammer, why is it consistent to apply a hypothetical system of levers, without any final stationary fulcrum, to a key-lever which already exists in the instrument?

I trust when Mr. Matthay starts his motor-car engine the fulcrums are not all on the move, as it would indicate that he had the clutch and gears engaged, and his next journey would most probably be in a motor-hearse. When his car starts leverage certainly moves it, but the final fulcrum of the movement is the resistance of the stationary ground. Without such a fulcrum his rear wheels would merely revolve to the detriment of his tyres.—Yours, &c.,

June, 1924.

PERCY RIDEOUT.

THE FINGERING OF SCALES ON THE PIANOFORTE

SIR,—I have been reading with interest the correspondence on the subject of scale-fingering, and perhaps a few notes on the system I have adopted may prove useful. It is taken from J. A. Johnstone's *Scales, Chords, and Arpeggi*, and published by Messrs. J. Williams.

(a.) The scale consists of eight sounds, but as the 8th is the 1st an octave higher, it will need the same finger again if playing more than one octave.

(b.) The little finger is used for the outer extremes of the scales.

(c.) This leaves seven different notes to be played with four different fingers, and the most orderly arrangement will be a 1 2 3 group, and a 1 2 3 4 group.

(d.) From this we see that the 4th finger is used only on one note. If then the position of the 4th finger be memorized the rest is easy.

Now we come to the actual grouping (major scales):

I.—Scale of C and up to four sharps (C G D A E):

R.H.—4th on note below key-note.

L.H.—4th on note above key-note.

II.—Scales with five black keys (B or C♯; F♯ or G♯; C♯ or D♯):

R.H.—4th on A♯ (or B♯).

L.H.—4th on F♯ (or G♯).

III.—Scales up to four flats (F, B♭, E♭, A♭):

R.H.—4th on B♭

L.H.—4th on 4th degree of scale.

(Exception: F, L.H. 4th on G.)

The *Harmonic Minors* are fingered in the same way, with the following exceptions:

R.H. of F♯ and C♯—4th on 2nd degree of scale.

L.H. of B♭ and E♭—4th on G♯

In the *Melodic Minor* the exceptions are:

F♯, C♯, R.H. 4th on { Ascending 6th degree.
Descending 2nd degree.

B♭ L.H. 4th on { Ascending G♯
Descending G♯

E♭ L.H. 4th on G♯

A♭ L.H. 4th on { Ascending D♯
Descending G♯

This system I have found particularly useful. The same author has also a system of fingering arpeggi, but as this does not enter into the discussion it need not be quoted here.—Yours, &c.,

J. C. BRYDSON.

Kegworth, nr. Derby.

June, 1924.

SIR,—The rules advanced by various correspondents for memorising the fingering of the major scales are interesting. I am in the habit (have been for years) of using the following, which seem simpler than any so far given:

Sharp scales—4th finger next to key-note; flat scales—R.H., 4th on B flat; L.H., 4th on new flat.

The exceptions to these rules are obvious and easy: B in left, F in right, and F sharp (both).

Like Mr. Swinburne, I am not sure that I evolved this myself, though I fancy I did. I think, however, that I have seen something like it in a pamphlet since I used it.—Yours, &c.,

C. STANLEY PARSONSON.

Launceston, Cornwall.

June, 1924.

A REPLY TO 'THE TRAVELLER'

SIR,—'The Traveller' is evidently labouring in ignorance. I do not blame him—perhaps it is not entirely his fault. I, too, was once such as he, and keenly interested in any bad music. Somehow, I changed. I do not know the exact reason; I am too happy in my present state to wish to inquire. I do know that I began to think about and to probe into my taste. I found that my interest in bad music was the result of bad environment. I was made to believe that jazz music was the only music worth hearing. That was at the age of twelve; I am now only sixteen.

The real turning-point was reached when I had a volume of all Beethoven's Sonatas given to me. I mustered up

sufficient interest in them to begin their analysis, and found they contained high and noble thoughts, whereas in jazz I realised the absence of such sentiments.

I determined to follow up this analysis with some more good music. Saving every penny I got, I bought—after weeks of waiting—a volume of Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words* and Liszt's *Liebestraume*. It seems a pity that I was never encouraged in the betterment of my taste. Not, however, that I wanted much guidance—I found enough in this music to encourage me to further effort.

Since then I have gone forward, never once regretting the change in my taste. I familiarised myself with more of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. I was given a score of *Lohengrin*, which resulted in an immediate investigation of Wagner. From the libraries I borrowed *Rienzi*, *The Flying Dutchman*, and the rest, to the *Ring* and *Parsifal*. I found them wonderfully engrossing—so much so that now I can play quantities of any of these music-dramas from memory.

My interest in Wagner's views made me study Gluck and French opera, which afterwards led on to Italian opera and other German opera, terminating with Strauss's *Electra*.

Thus in four years I have made a study of music from the theories of Aristoxenus to the extremist views of Stravinsky. There is not a branch into which I have not inquired. Surely this account will make 'The Traveller' think? I may add that classical music has been more than a pleasure to me, for it has inspired a critical and saner view of the ways of man, a profounder sense of religion, and—what is worth a great deal—common sense.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE F. Linstead.

Clarkson Street, Sheffield, June, 1924.

A BACH COURSE

SIR,—I have read with interest the articles in your journal by Mr. Harvey Grace, on 'Bach's Organ Works,' and also the book containing these articles as published by Messrs. Novello.

Speaking of the *Eight Short Preludes and Fugues*, Mr. Grace suggests that it is a pity so many pupils are made to waste time over them. Would it be possible for him, through the medium of your paper, to indicate a progressive course of study from the organ works of Bach.

Such a course would be of the greatest possible value to those amateurs who wish to learn and play the best in Bach without wasting time over the inferior works, particularly those who are situated in places where it is impossible to obtain professional guidance.—Yours, &c.,

Khartoum (Sudan), May, 1924. P. F. WILLIAMS.

[Our correspondent appears to have read the book hastily. The author praises the *Fugues*, saying that they have taken 'a high place in the curriculum, and are hardly likely to be superseded.' The reference to 'wasting time' applies only to the *Preludes*. We will consider the feasibility of an article on the lines suggested.—EDITOR.]

WAGNERIAN CALUMNIES

SIR,—Is it not time that some protest should be entered against the campaign of calumny which has been carried on for the last twenty-five years in a certain section of the English press against the personal character of Richard Wagner, and, what is worse, against certain ladies of spotless character, now long dead? Again and again we have heard such epithets as 'cad', 'liar', 'amorist', and others worse, which I do not care to quote, bestowed with such assurance that the uninformed public has learned to look upon him as a dishonourable and very disagreeable character. He was nothing of the kind. The authors of these charges, when challenged, appeal to writers of the class of Ferd. Praeger, Max Nordau, and Julius Kappas, who belong to the slums of the German press, who have earned a certain notoriety by spreading scandalous gossip, but are in no sense whatever authorities on Wagner.

Foreigners have not treated our great poets in this way, and for the credit of the English nation and of the English press such practices ought to be suppressed.—Yours, &c.,

Oxford, May, 1924.

GEORGE AINSLIE HIGHT.

RECOVERY OF THE VOICE

SIR,—As biographer and for four years pupil of Manuel Garcia, I hope you will permit me to protest against the sentence 'Garcia's discovery of the laryngoscope did incalculable harm to singing and singers,' in Miss Aubrey's letter in the May *Musical Times*.

Garcia had formed the theory that the glottis alone had the power of engendering sound, and that the different positions taken by the larynx had no action in the actual formation of sound. His desire to confirm this theory by direct observation of the throat during the process of singing led to his inventing (not discovering) the laryngoscope. By his examination of the glottis he had the satisfaction of proving that all his theories with regard to the emission of the voice were absolutely correct.

How can discovery of truth cause incalculable harm? Garcia did not teach with the laryngoscope, neither did his pupils. During twenty years as a teacher I have never used it, neither did Garcia use it while I was under him.

When there is reason for supposing that there is anything the matter with vocal cords or throat, pupils are sent to laryngologists, who by means of the instrument can discover the condition of the larynx.

Is this doing incalculable harm? Three per cent. of the human race has benefited from the invention, according to statistics.

The larynx is as it were a barometer of emotion. If it remained in a fixed position—either high, low, or at any point in between—emotion and tone-colour would remain fixed. This would be neither art nor nature.—Yours, &c.,

STERLING MACKINLAY.

PRIEST-ORGANISTS

SIR,—As an organist, I should like to dissent from the resolution of the Bournemouth Association of Organists, as reported in the June issue of the *Musical Times*. The resolution protested against the appointment of clergy to fill the position of organist and choirmaster.

Now if a merely 'musical parson' were chosen, professional organists might be justified in objecting; but when the priest-organist is (as are those to whom the resolution somewhat pointedly referred) equal in attainment to any Cathedral organist, and better qualified than some, organists have no right to criticise at all. A man having been appointed who is fitted for the post, his being a priest—or, for that matter, anything else—is no concern of theirs.

The whole thing savours of pique, which would be an unworthy feeling for any body of Church workers (as are organists) to harbour.

Points 2 and 3 of the resolution are clearly outside their province. If a gifted professional organist receives a call to the priesthood, certainly no body of laymen has the right to demand that he shall on that account make no further use of his musical gifts. He has doubtless been chosen to exercise both functions, and no one should try to prevent him. The supply of such priest-organists is bound to be limited, owing to the fact that to be thus doubly gifted and called to the dual office is rare.

A clergyman with a mere smattering of musical knowledge, who interferes with and hampers his organist out of ignorant prejudice, is perhaps deserving of criticism by organists; but the talented priest-musician, exercising all his gifts, whether in a Cathedral or other church where they can be used, ought to be regarded by his fellow-organists as a brother.—Yours, &c., L. M. GORDON.

Callington, Cornwall.

MR. F. J. CROWEST: AN APOLOGY

In our issue for May appeared a letter in which reference was made to 'the late' Mr. F. J. Crowest. We hear from Mr. Crowest that, so far from being dead, he is very much alive at Moseley Village, Warwickshire, where he is busy as a teacher of singing. We desire to express our regret for the publication of the letter, which we understand has caused a good deal of annoyance and inconvenience to Mr. Crowest and his friends.

Sharps and Flats

The concert opened with the National Anthems of France and England, the Leeds choir, three hundred strong, singing the words and the London Orchestra supplying the music.—*Morning Post, Paris correspondent.*

Prelude in C short minor.—*Concert programme.*

'Dvorák's Five Biblical Songs.'—*Concert programme.*

Why not have two violins and fifty trumpets if you can best say in that way what you wanted to say?—*Edgar Varese.*

The present musical season in London recalls the days before the war, when England led the world in music. That lead has only partially been lost by the tremendous force of the American dollar. Artists somehow seem incapable of resisting the lure of 'big money.'—*Ettore Panizza.*

From a Canadian Church service paper:

'Scripture and Offertoire: Romance is D flat.'

Sometimes, perhaps; but Church is hardly the place to say it.—*Punch.*

There is a good demand for seats this year owing to the production of Sir Edward Elgar's *Apostles*, who will personally conduct the performance.—*Harlech Castle Festival Circular.*

Verdi's *O tu Palermo*, an opera which has now disappeared from the repertoire of most opera houses, possesses at least two good items, one of which is 'I Vespri Siciliani.'—*Evening Paper.*

Not so well known, perhaps, as the 'Rigoletto' song from his *La Donna e Mobile*.—*Punch.*

When you are nervous go back and keep quiet with Brahms, and you will find you are getting a new lease of life.—*Sir Walford Davies.*

... Chaliapin's Volga Boat Song, which I sing every morning on rising.—*Alfredo Nardi.*

Some of our modern young composers ought to be made to sing the music they write for the voice.—*Sir Henry Wood.*

To-day, judged by our standards, most of the mid-Victorian singers would do better in the police force.—*James Agate.*

M. Chaliapin says, that after he had sung in a village in Soviet Russia, he got ten pounds of flour, one ham, five pounds of sugar, and a quantity of potatoes. We hope that none of this hit him.—*Punch.*

Music must be shorter and snappier. One chord must express a score of sounds used in the old music . . . The day will come when we shall not need an orchestra at all. I am experimenting now, and I have found that sounds far sweeter than any orchestra can produce can be transmitted by electricity—pure sound, not the artificial sound we call music now.—*Edgar Varese.*

I must have my food! Before the concert I had a steak weighing three-quarters of a pound and two glasses of Chianti. Why shouldn't I?—*Dusolina Giannini.*

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Pianist wishes to practise chamber music. Any combination of instruments.—D. E. J., c/o *Musical Times*.

'Cellist (lady) wishes to meet violinist for mutual practice. Trios, &c.—E. T., 74, Erpingham Road, Putney, S.W.15.

Soprano wishes to meet tenor and bass for mutual practice. Italian opera (*La Traviata* and *Rigoletto*). Putney district.—'LUCIA', c/o *Musical Times*.

Amateur desires conductorship of orchestra capable of playing good standard works. N. or N.E. London preferred.—D. B., 3, Urswick Road, Hackney, E.8.

Young gentleman pianist (25) wishes to meet violinist or 'cellist, or a musical friend possessing grand or Weber upright pianoforte.—V. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Orchestral pianist wishes to meet violinists for orchestral practice. S.W. district.—P. S., c/o *Musical Times*.

Keen amateur organist, good sight-reader, wishes to assist at services with view to obtaining mutual practice.—E. J. B., 71, Elmhurst Road, Forest Gate, E.7.

Vocalist (lady) wishes to meet accompanist who is also a violinist or 'cellist.—W. A. F., c/o *Musical Times*.

Experienced drummer wants practice with dance band during summer months. London district.—R. E. F., c/o *Musical Times*.

Violinist (lady) wishes to join other instrumentalists for practice of trios or quartets.—I. B., 18, Normanton Road, Clifton, Bristol.

Whitefield's Orchestra has vacancies for violins, viola, 'cellist, bass, flute, clarinet, and cornet, for monthly Sunday evening service at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Excellent musical library.—SPENCER SHAW, 112, Tufnell Park Road, N.7.

Advanced pianist (lady) wishes to meet singer or violinist for mutual practice. N.E. London.—P. W., 5, Exeter Road, E.17.

Pianist wanted to join violinist and 'cellist to form trio for mutual practice. Camberwell district.—H. G. Solis, 42, D'Eynsford Road, Camberwell, S.E.5.

Vocalist (gentleman) wishes to meet gentleman accompanist for mutual practice and general musical interests. London.—B. CANTO, c/o *Musical Times*.

New Ealing Orchestra. Members wanted for Mr. Barclay Wilson's String Orchestra now being formed.—'Rosslyn', Jersey Road, Osterley Park.

Young lady pianist wishes to meet instrumentalists for mutual practice. Croydon district.—Miss R. E. BAMPTON, 13, Dingwall Road, Croydon.

Honorary accompanist wanted for rehearsals of the Wes. Middlesex Musical Society, re-commencing in September next.—Hon. Secretary, J. H. CUDDINGTON, 21, Selby Road, Ealing, W.5.

Organist (gentleman) offers services as deputy or otherwise.—R., c/o *Musical Times*.

Ladies or gentlemen willing to give occasional or regular help in the formation of an operatic and oratorio society in good working-class district are asked to communicate with the Choir Secretary, All Saints', Sumner Road, S.E.15. State voice or instrument.

The Tudor Singers have vacancies for a first soprano, a light tenor, and a bass. Weekly meetings at Victoria, re-commencing in September. Byrd, Palestrina, &c.—C. J. BATES, 76, Leighton Road, Ealing, W.13.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

The chamber concert given in Duke's Hall on May 26 opened with an excellent performance of the first movement of Mozart's String Quartet in C. A set of short pieces for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Purcell Warren, were most artistically played by Mr. Douglas Cameron, and two movements from a Sonata for violin and pianoforte by Godfrey Sampson, a student, were admirably played by Messrs. Jean Pougnet and Harry Isaacs. Brilliant pianoforte technique was shown by Miss Virginia McLean in Chopin's Scherzo in C sharp minor, and by Miss Alice Church in the same composer's Scherzo in B flat minor. A number of songs by Quilter, Bax, and Guirne Creith, a recitation from Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*, and Saint-Saëns's Scherzo for two pianofortes, completed the programme.

The following awards have been made: The Matthew Phillimore Prize (male pianists) to Gerard Moorat (a native of Boulogne-sur-Mer), Clifford M. Curzon being very highly commended and Roy Ellett highly commended. The adjudicator was Miss Katharine Goodson; the Piatti Prize (violoncello) to Peers Coetmore Jones (a native of Skegness), Albert E. Killick being highly commended, and Marion Bowlby commended. The adjudicator was Madame Guilhermina Suggia.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Besides the usual concerts and recitals, the last month has presented several features of interest somewhat out of the ordinary routine. The Ballet Class, which was instituted about a year ago, and is under the charge of Lady George Cholmondeley and Miss Penelope Spencer, gave a rehearsal-performance in the Parry Theatre on June 5. The programme provided a happy combination of music and dance, and included a Bach Prelude and Fugue in which different sets of dancers represented the different voices or parts, several dances to the accompaniment of single voices and chorus, and some episodes illustrating the lighter moods of composers so widely apart as Bach and Bartók. The performance had, in addition, the inestimable advantage of the practical assistance of the directors of the class, who gave some delightful items on their own account.

The Patron's Fund, which was founded by Sir Ernest Palmer in 1903, comes of age this year, and the occasion was celebrated on June 19 by a reception given to Sir Ernest and Lady Palmer, Sir Ernest Palmer being entertained to dinner beforehand by the Council.

A large and representative gathering, which included a great many composers and artists who have benefited by the operations of the Fund, assembled to do honour to the founder, and to show their high appreciation of the fine opportunities this foundation has been able to offer to professional musicians of every kind.

The final examination for thirteen open Scholarships took place on June 16 and 17, when the following awards were made:

Composition, Leonard C. Lambert and Bernard J. Naylor; pianoforte, Theresa Walters and Millicent Silver; organ, Conrad W. Eden; singing, Mona Benson,* Rosalind Rowsell,* Phyllis M. Evens,* Gladys M. M. Gosling*; violin, Ernest J. R. Sealey, Barbara H. Pulvermacher*; violoncello, Audrey M. Piggott; wind, John Black (hautboy). (The asterisks indicate scholarships awarded for one year only.)

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

During the past month three special concerts were given at the College, viz.: on June 11, Miss Emmeline Medd Hall, a successful teacher of pianoforte playing, gave a recital; on June 18, the Mandeville Quartet, along with some College string players and Miss Dorothy Robson as the soloist, repeated a concert given previously at Wigmore Hall; and on June 25 there was a violin recital by students in Mr. Louis Pecska's class. To these must be added two interesting performances by the Opera Class under the direction of Mr. Cairns James, of the comedy-opera entitled *The Village Coquettes*, or a *Rustic Romance*, written by Charles Dickens, with music selected and composed by the late lamented Chairman, Sir Frederick Bridge.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. H. E. Smith, of Guildford, who for some thirty-six years had acted as the local secretary for the holding of the College pupils' examinations in that town.

With regard to the recent announcement of a stained glass window being placed in the Library to the memory of Sir Frederick Bridge, it has been decided that the central subject of the window shall be Samuel Pepys.

Sir Richard Terry has joined the examining staff of the College.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES

The Music Department at University College, Bangor, was set up in 1920 in accordance with the recommendations of the Royal Commission. Mr. E. T. Davies was appointed Director and Organizer. A vigorous policy has been adopted from the start, and there is now at Bangor a flourishing Music Department, attached to which is an Instrumental Trio, which, with other competent teachers in singing and organ, constitutes the staff. Facilities for individual instruction in instrumental playing, singing, and theoretical subjects are offered to students upon generous terms. Weekly chamber concerts are held at the College, to which the students are admitted free of charge.

The College has always had its Choral Society, which gives an annual concert. Since 1920 the scope of these concerts

has been widened so as to include symphonies and other orchestral works, in addition to the choral works studied during the session. In November next Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* will be performed.

A good deal of attention is also given to extra-mural work by means of lectures and lecture-concerts. The College Trio, under the scheme of the National Council of Music, visits the schools in North Wales for lecture-concerts during school hours, and on the evenings of these concerts a programme of interesting music, with lecture-notes, is given to the general public in the various districts.

The session now drawing to a close has been full of interest. The orchestra has played at several of the weekly concerts, and on May 27 gave an orchestral concert at which six hundred of the children of the secondary schools in the district were present. The programme on this occasion included the *Unfinished Symphony*, Mozart's *Pianoforte Concerto in D minor*, Holst's *St. Paul's Suite*, the *Peer Gynt Suite*, &c. Mr. E. T. Davies, who conducted, gave lecture-notes explaining the constitution of the orchestra and the construction of the pieces played.

During the past year the Department has set up two schemes of examinations, one, a College certificate for proficiency in instrumental playing and singing, and the other a certificate for class-teaching in music. In view of the urgent need for competent teachers in music in the schools in Wales, the value of the latter examinations cannot be over-estimated.

Mr. E. T. Davies and his department work in close co-operation with Sir Walford Davies and the National Council of Music, and in this way Bangor is contributing in an effective way to the big movement now on foot in Wales for the advancement of music.

No account of music at Bangor would be complete without a reference to the Bangor Musical Club, which is intimately associated with the College and which has flourished for twelve years or more. The Club arranges during the season six chamber concerts, and eminent artists of the day appear. During the past season the Club enjoyed visits from the Philharmonic Pianoforte Quintet, with Miss Helen Henschel as vocalist, the Philharmonic Quartet, the Brodsky Quartet, Harold Samuel, Jelly d'Aranyi, Myra Hess, and the University College Instrumentalists from Aberystwyth and Bangor.

EDWARD FITZGERALD: MUSICIAN

BY LLEWELYN C. LLOYD

It is one of the privileges attaching to the arts that the practice of one of them does not preclude the practice of the others by the same individual. Often, indeed, we find that a painter is a trustworthy judge in matters of literature or music, and a musician has discernment in pictorial art. Yet again a man may have knowledge and appreciation of all these branches of art; and such a man was Edward Fitzgerald, known to fame for his work in the field of literature, but whose letters contain frequent allusions to music and painting. He used to refer laughingly to his 'three sides,' and it is of one of them—the 'musical side'—that I wish to speak here. It is a matter which has been little noticed by FitzGerald's biographers—a peculiar fact, for he seems to have had a deep and enduring love for music, and some of the passages in his letters relating to the art show him to have been endowed with no little critical discernment. Archdeacon Groome, a friend from Cambridge days, said: 'He was a true musician; not that he was a great performer on any instrument, but that he so truly appreciated all that was good and beautiful in music.' The same writer tells of FitzGerald's serene communings with his favourite composers at Boule, and a charming picture of his life there, when music was a constant solace during his long hermitage, may be pieced together from stray references in his letters. In one he says:

'I have little music here but what I make myself, or help to make with my Parson's son and daughter. We, with not a voice amongst us, go through Handel's *Coronation Anthems*! . . . Sometimes too, I go over to a place elegantly styled *Bungay*, where a Printer lives who drills the young folk of a manufactory there to sing in Chorus once a week.'

Elsewhere he says:

'... when tired of all, I take up my pipe, or sit down and recollect some of *Fidelio* on the pianoforte.'

Archdeacon Groome wrote:

'He was a good performer on the piano, and could get such full harmonies out of the organ that stood in one corner of his entrance room at Little Grange as did good to the listener. Sometimes it would be a bit from one of Mozart's Masses, or from one of his or Beethoven's Operas. And then at times he would fill up the harmonies with his voice, true and resonant almost to the last.'

As a critic FitzGerald presents some curious features. He lived, of course, before the recent revival in Bach-appreciation (I have not been able to find any reference to Bach in his letters), and consequently Handel occupied a high place in his esteem. But the remarkable thing is that he thought Handel's best work was contained in his operas, which—it is a commonplace to-day—are mostly so saturated with Italian influences that there is very little Handel left. FitzGerald's attitude towards Handel is summed up in two passages. In 1863, writing to W. B. Donne, he remarked:

'He [Handel] was a good old Pagan at heart, and (till he had to yield to the fashionable Piety of England) stuck to Opera and Cantatas, such as *Acis and Galatea*, Milton's *Penseroso*, *Alexander's Feast*, &c., where he could revel and plunge and frolic without being tied down to Orthodoxy. And these are (to my mind) his really great works: these and his *Coronation Anthems*, where Human Pomp is to be accompanied and illustrated.'

and, illustrative of this passage, this is what he said in 1842 to Frederic Tennyson of *Acis and Galatea* which he had heard in London:

'Do you know the music? It is of Handel's best: and as classical as any man who wore a full-bottomed wig could write. I think Handel never gets out of his wig: that is, out of his age: His *Hallelujah* chorus is a chorus not of angels, but of well-fed, earthly choristers, ranged tier above tier in a Gothic cathedral, with princes for audience, and their military trumpets flourishing over the full volume of the organ. Handel's gods are like Homer's, and his sublime never reaches beyond the region of the clouds. Therefore I think that his great marches, triumphal pieces, and *Coronation Anthems*, are his finest works.'

Again, he writes:

'What a pity Handel could not have written music to some great Masque, such as Ben Jonson or Milton would have written, if they had known of such a musician to write for.'

Imagine it—Handel *versus* Ferrabosco! What rivals!

A further extract from his letters tells us more about FitzGerald's attitude towards Handel. In a letter of 1844 to Frederic Tennyson, he said:

'I play of evenings some of Handel's great choruses, which are the bravest music after all. I am getting to the true John Bull style of music. I delight in Handel's *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Do you know the fine, pompous, joyous chorus of *These pleasures, Mirth, if thou canst give*, &c. Handel certainly does in music what old Bacon desires in his Essay on Masques, "Let the songs be loud and cheerful—not piling, &c." One might think the *Water Music* was written from his text.'

Elsewhere:

'I grow every day more and more to love the old God save the King style: the common chords, those truisms of music, like other truisms so little understood in the full.'

If, however, FitzGerald was a little eccentric in his estimation of Handel, he foresaw the trend of modern opinion in his worship of Mozart, shared to-day by Stravinsky and the composers associated with him. We are tempted to wonder what FitzGerald would have made of, say, the

Symphony for wind instruments, in memory of Debussy, but such a speculation—fascinating though it is—is outside the scope of this paper. To FitzGerald, Mozart was 'as a musical genius, more wonderful than all,' 'the most universal musical genius'; and again he wrote to W. F. Pollock, in 1870:

'I quite agree with you about the Italians: Mozart the only exception: who is all in all.'

Don Giovanni was a particular favourite with him. (How he would have revelled in Mr. E. J. Dent's recent productions of the opera!) In 1839, he wrote to Frederic Tennyson:

'I hear no music now: except that for the last week I have been staying with Spring Rice's mother-in-law, Mrs. Frere [widow of Serjeant Frere, Master of Downing College, Cambridge], one of the finest judges of music I know. She was a very fine singer: but her voice fails now. We used to look over the score of *Don Giovanni*, and many a mystery and mastery of composition did she show me in it.'

Six years later he declared roundly: 'It is certainly the greatest Opera in the world.'

FitzGerald could not understand Beethoven, although he admitted his genius. He seems to have looked upon the composer as a formalist. 'Beethoven has been too analytical and erudite'—a view of the author of the later Quartets and Sonatas which it is difficult to appreciate. This is what he said to Tennyson in 1842:

'Beethoven has been too analytical and erudite: but his inspiration is nevertheless true... and I think that he was, strictly speaking, more of a thinker than a musician. A great genius he was somehow... He tried to think in music: almost to reason in music: whereas perhaps we should be content with feeling in it.'

And, again, in a similar strain, he wrote to the same friend three years later:

'Now Beethoven, you see by your own experience, has a depth not to be reached all at once. I admit with you that he is too bizarre, and, I think, morbid. But he is original, majestic, and profound. Such music *thinks*: so it is with Gluck: and with Mendelssohn' [!].

Fidelio was FitzGerald's favourite among Beethoven's works. We have read of his 'recollecting some of *Fidelio* on the pianoforte,' and in 1870, when nearing the end, he addressed these words to W. F. Pollock:

'Ah, I should like to hear *Fidelio* again, often as I have heard it. I do not find so much "Melody" in it as you do: understanding by Melody that which asserts itself independently of Harmony, as Mozart's Airs do. I miss it especially in Leonora's "Hope Song." But, what with the story itself, and the Passion and Power of the Music it is set to, the opera is one of those that one can hear repeated as often as may.'

Of the fifth Symphony he wrote:

'The *Finale* of C minor is very noble. I heard it twice at Julien's. On the whole I like to hear Mozart better; Beethoven is gloomy. Besides, incontestably Mozart is the purest musician; Beethoven would have been Poet or Painter as well, for he had a great deep Soul and Imagination.'

And these latter words have a truth that recurs to us time and again as we listen to the works of the Master of Bonn. Beethoven was at least as much a teacher, a philosopher if you will, as he was a musician in the narrower sense of the word, and, as Edward Carpenter has said:

'He freed the human spirit from innumerable petty bonds and conventions, he recorded the profoundest experiences of life, and gave form and utterance to emotions hardly guessed—certainly not definitely expressed—before his time.'

Of the other musicians mentioned by FitzGerald, Mendelssohn's name occurs the most frequently, and 'Old Fitz' evidently had admiration for this composer. In 1842 he said, Mendelssohn 'is by far our best writer now' and,

later, 'Mendelssohn is really beautiful and original in romantic music.' He had not a great opinion of *Elizak*, which he heard in 1848, for he says he

'... found it wasn't at all worth the trouble [of going to hear]. Though very good music it is not original: Haydn much better. I think the day of Oratorios is gone, like the day for painting Holy Families, &c.'

There are some passing references in the letters to other composers—Auber (in one of whose pieces FitzGerald found 'more of pure light and mystical solemnity than anything I know of Handel's'); Balfe (*I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls* is described as 'a dreadful, vulgar ballad,' with the addition, 'I think you may imagine what kind of flowing 6/8 time of the last degree of imbecility it is'); Purcell (for whom FitzGerald had a deep admiration and whose *King Arthur* is 'real, noble English music, much of it'). In 1852, he tells Tennyson that he has been to hear Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, but had been unable to sit through more than the first Act, which he found 'noisy and ugly.' He adds:

'Meyerbeer is a man of genius: and works up dramatic music; but he has scarce any melody, and is rather grotesque and noisy than really powerful.'

Wagner he dismissed with a serene contempt, although he had heard none of the master's works. He says to W. H. Thompson, in 1862, writing with the superiority of age and conservatism:

'I have seen no more of *Tannhäuser* than the Athenaeum showed me; and certainly do not want to see more. One wonders that men of genius (as I suppose they are) should so disguise it in Imitation: but, if they be very young men, this is the natural course, is it not? By and by they may find their own footing.'

The extracts which have been quoted by no means exhaust the passages relating to the musical art which are to be found in FitzGerald's letters, but they present a fairly accurate view of his opinions in musical matters, and, even if his judgments are coloured at times by contemporary conservatism, they reveal a cultured mind, and one with a true perception of musical beauty. Mr. H. C. Colles, in a recent lecture, has laid down the qualifications of a good music critic as (1) a wide general knowledge of music and musicians; (2) the possession of a 'good ear'; (3) a conception of what is good—not only in music, but in the other arts, especially literature and poetry; and (4) above all, 'a great love of the best and the desire to find it.' If we accept these desiderata we must acknowledge Edward FitzGerald to have been a great music critic. And how the man could write!

'VIOLIN METHODS: OLD AND NEW'

On April 8, Mr. Jeffrey Pulver read a paper on the above subject at the last meeting of this session of the Musical Association. He began by saying that if we were to judge of the state of violin playing during the second half of the 16th and the whole of the 17th century from the didactic works published before 1700, we should be forced to conclude that the standard must have been very low indeed. The professional violinist of the 17th century was clearly not trained along the lines laid down in the tutors of that century, and, from the very primitive nature of these publications, we must suppose that they were intended for the amateur. Serious instruction on the instrument was given solely by personal lessons, and each teacher evolved studies as required. The reluctance of the earlier virtuosi to publish books containing their teaching method was partly due to the prejudice against the violin, which meant that a book would appeal to but a few readers, but it was also due to the desire not to give away trade secrets. The art of violin playing was still young, and excellent players were comparatively few; it was therefore to their interest to keep to themselves any little tricks of technique they might have discovered. Some of these early players made great use of the changes of position, and yet mention of the shift, much less instruction how to manage it, came

very late in the tutors. If these early works did not at first keep pace with the strides made by the few great players of the period, they were still very interesting, because they showed the plane upon which the art stood from the view-point of the ordinary man who played for his own pleasure.

Mersenne was the first writer to make any sort of attempt at a guide to violin playing with his *Harmonie Universelle* (1636-37). He was the first to treat the violin seriously in a didactic work, and in spite of its shortcomings, Mersenne's contribution contained much that was still true to-day. He attached great importance to beauty of tone, and treated the bow with much more consideration than did many later writers. Evidently Mersenne was acquainted with the fundamental principles of violin playing. Playford devoted a section of his *Introduction to the Skill of Musick* to the 'Treble-violin.' He favoured the use of frets to enable the beginner to play in tune, though they were to be discarded later, and he also advocated a rough-and-ready way of fixing the pitch, by saying that the pupil should 'wind up his first or Treble string as high as it will bear,' and tune the other strings from the note thus produced.

The first real tutor was that written by Geminiani. It opened with the statement that no pandering to common taste would be indulged, and that only serious students need approach it. In his Preface the author says:

'The art of playing the violin consists in giving that Instrument a Tone that shall in a manner rival the most perfect human Voice; and in executing every piece with exactness, propriety, and delicacy of expression according to the true intention of musick. But as the imitating the Cock, Cuckoo, Owl, and other birds; or the Drum, French-horn, Tromba marina, and the like; and also sudden shifts of the hand from one extremity of the finger-board to the other, accompanied with contortions of the head and body, rather belong to the professors of legerdemain and posture-masters than with the art of musick, lovers of that art are not to expect to find anything of that sort in this book.'

Geminiani dealt with seven positions which he called 'Orders.' He termed the changing of position, the 'transposition of the hand.' Most of the principles laid down by him are observed to-day, sometimes slightly modified. The work was on the whole sane and sound.

Germany up to this time had produced nothing of any value in the field under consideration, but in 1756 the deficiency was brilliantly made good by Leopold Mozart with his *Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule*. The work showed the high artistic aim of its author, displayed great knowledge, and although much of what Mozart said might now raise a smile, the basic principles of the art of violin playing as laid down by him applied with equal force at the present day. As his method was the one that made of his son the excellent violinist that he was, there could be nothing very wrong with it. After referring to several minor publications which appeared after Mozart's, the lecturer went on to say that Campagnoli's *Nouvelle Méthode de la Mécanique Progressive du Jeu de Violon* (1824) was an important work which proved a stepping-stone to the standard established by Spohr. From the technical point of view it was far more comprehensive than any published till then, and all the rules given could be applied to-day.

With Spohr's work, as the direct continuance of the Campagnolian method, we reached the beginning of the Grand Era. His tutor, the *Violinschule* of 1832, was clearly indicative of his tastes and tendencies, and given a good teacher with imagination and sympathy for the romantic and lyric sides of violin playing, the method of Spohr could still be used to the advantage of all concerned. There was no need to dwell upon the many excellences of Spohr's work. It was one of the first in which a gradual advance was made from the very earliest stages; and although later on progress was faster, the more elementary sections were not scamped through so hurriedly as was the case in all the works preceding his.

Before coming to modern methods, Mr. Pulver alluded to those published by Baillot, de Bériot, Dancla, and David,

and then spoke of Sevcik's method, which from the technical point of view had never been equalled. It was the only one in which nothing had been overlooked, with the exception of the æsthetic side of music, but Sevcik aimed only at giving the violinist a technical equipment with which to exhibit his musical powers. Our power of musical expression and interpretation would be of no use if the hands were incapable of doing the mind's behests. There were no better studies than those contained in Sevcik's voluminous method, but they must be selected with care and combined with other works—sonatas, concerti, and so forth—so that the student might not overlook the ultimate object of his labours. If the method had produced unmusical and soulless technicians, that was less the fault of the method than of the pupil and the teacher. There was a distinct danger awaiting those who worked at it without imagination and without restraint. It could be a remarkably good servant but an exceedingly dangerous master.

In the *Violin School* of Joachim and Moser we did not find a technical scheme progressively arranged to the exclusion of everything æsthetic; there was regard for the musical instincts of the pupil, and a veritable cult was made of phrasing and dynamics. There was no better method for a really musically gifted student, provided he had a teacher who knew how to supplement it by selections from other works. It made a great point of tempered intonation, which it explained in so clear a manner that its mysteries must rapidly melt away. Another valuable feature in the Joachim-Moser system was the method used—based upon the appreciation of poetry—for the acquisition of a useful sense of rhythm and phrasing. There could be no doubt that the method appealed far more strongly than any other to the intellectual student and the truly musically-inclined.

Any written or printed method clearly could apply only to the average student; it could not provide for special cases of strength or weakness. Not a single method could be used for more than a very limited number of pupils without some modification, addition, or subtraction. The violinistic adaptability of the individual varied to an amazing extent, and therefore different methods had to be evolved. The universal or ideal method had not yet been written, and the success of the teacher's work lay in the first place on correct diagnosis; he had to discover the fault or weakness, and then find a cure for it. He had to ransack all methods known to him, and ransack his own brain also to discover a means of overcoming a shortcoming in his pupil's equipment—that is, if the teacher were sufficiently conscientious. It was a disquieting thought that rule of thumb general practitioners were responsible for the ruin of far fewer constitutions than were lazy, indifferent, or insufficiently-equipped teachers for that of good pupils.

London Concerts

THE PHILHARMONIC CHOIR

At the third concert of the Philharmonic Choir, on June 5, the most considerable works were the *Credo* of the *Missa Pope Marcelli* and Bax's *This world's joy*, and both showed careful work. The much simpler *Rejoice in the Lord* of Purcell achieved, however, a greater result. Purcell always sounds better than he looks, because he wrote knowing that he would have to teach it to his boys, and so was economical of difficulties which seem ingenious on paper, and because he would have to hear the result fairly often if he took the trouble of having it copied out, and so did not write what he might afterwards have to blush for. Holst's *Two Psalms* for chorus, strings, and organ are good, wholesome music, built on simple lines, for all their rich ornamentation, and were, perhaps, made on something of the same plan. A very welcome addition to the concert was M. Dupré's organ playing in Handel's first Concerto and Bach's *Tocata, Adagio, and Fuga* in C. We were particularly struck with those things which make up the real personality of an organist, and which M. Dupré carries about with him whatever organ he may visit—things which are vaguely called touch, but consist in the last resort of intimate phrasings and rhythmical niceties. Just as we are consumed

with envy and all uncharitableness when we hear the delicacy and precision of French prose, so the lightning intuitions of Latin rhythm make our very heart laugh with delight.

A. H. F.-S.

SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Chaliapin sang at the Albert Hall to a vast audience. Most of the songs were those he had already made well-known. Some were not intrinsically first-rate, but for my part Chaliapin can make even a second-rate song for the moment engrossing, and there was quite a fair proportion of masterpieces in his choice that evening. The 'Calumny Song' from the *Barber of Seville* was one of the more unusual items. It was sung in a most astonishing way, quite regardless of the conventions. Chaliapin delivered it as though it were sheer improvisation, abounding in fun, brio, and a rich, comic extravagance—a performance of the highest virtuosity, which the great artist himself enjoyed no doubt as much as his audience. Chaliapin's voice, *qua* voice, is indubitably one of the most beautiful that has ever beguiled human ears. But this beauty of tone is transcended by the man's personality to the point that we enjoy a different order of pleasure than from any other singer—a difference of kind, not degree. There are trifling mannerisms in Chaliapin's concert behaviour which make it not so faultless as his stage work, but one must be of a very captious nature to allow these to weigh much, as against such a manifestation of sheer genius as is his singing. The life and originality that he can give to a trite phrase are things impossible to convey at second-hand, but these are so much the dominating features of his art that ordinary technical criticism seems rather impertinent. Still there is a detail or two worth discussing. Several singers share with Chaliapin the ability to open up their tones on a high vowel at the dangerous point where the registers overlap. But usually others are glad to leave well alone and to return straightway to the safety of ordinary production. But Chaliapin can go on intensifying when it is felt that the limit has been reached. He suspends the note as though he were toying with an idea, and then, with a sudden breath reinforcement, which amounts musically to an effect of *sforzato*, audaciously piles up tone, setting us all gasping at the passion and grandeur of the unexpected effect. This sort of singing speaks of an abnormal physical capacity—and also of something more—a knowledge of the use of power quite outside any ordinary range. As for the marvellous, sustained, high *pianissimos*, a good deal might be said. I do not agree that there is anything of the nature of *falsetto* about them. But the discussion of this technical point might be wearisome here.

We have also had the eminent privilege of hearing Mattia Battistini sing two or three times this season. One always feels that he knows more about the technics of his art than any other singer of our time. As an example of what intelligence in training will do, he is unrivalled. So easily is his voice produced and so carefully managed that many listeners do not realise its exceptional volume—all its effects are so admirably proportioned. It was particularly at his Albert Hall concert, which followed that at Queen's Hall, that we realised the carrying-power of this voice, its solidity, and its admirable obedience to the singer's mind. At the first concert there had been some veiled notes, signs of wear at long last in the grand old voice. At the second concert the veteran sang like a springal. Battistini must be congratulated on not looking a day more than fifty, and his platform manner is wholly to be admired.

Madame Salteni-Mochi joined in the Battistini concerts with good music sung in a somewhat unequal way. In some Wolf she delighted us by her quick response to various moods. In Schumann's *Lotus Flower* her tone was lovely, and if we had heard nothing else we should have said she was an eminent singer. But her Mozart and Bach were hard, and she often sang flat.

Miss Maggie Teyte, at her recital at Æolian Hall, was in some respects hardly as pleasing as usual. Her voice is undeniably bigger than of old, but its quality was not, that afternoon, correspondingly improved, and several times Miss Teyte came near singing 'through' her tone.

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Of course she could sing just as beautifully as ever, only she is now choosing to use her voice differently. Whereas formerly she insinuated it, she now seemed to be more deliberately trying to impress us. She underlined, she sang at us. Yet Miss Teyte's choice of music was appropriate for a light singer, and it would have ideally suited her some years ago.

Miss Dorothy Robson, whose concerts are never without interest—we feel her to be really musical as well as a steadily improving singer—was heard on the same day. She was not invariably successful. She makes a wide choice of good songs, not all of which, we feel, are of the same intimate appeal to the singer herself. And she is not yet a cunning enough artist to disguise a certain lack of enthusiasm for some pieces of her choice. Thus Delius's *Autumn* at this concert was rather dutifully than convincingly sung, whereas in Bax's *Piper* there was an unmistakable spark of vitality which showed that the singer was heart and soul with the music. W. McNaught's song, *Dancing at the Lurgan*, was encoired. Miss Robson's worst technical fault at the moment is a habit of pinching certain vowels—for instance, 'awee' for 'away'.

Mr. Roland Hayes sang at Queen's Hall, and had the largest and most cordial audience of any of the minor singers all this season. I say 'minor,' because Mr. Hayes, with all his suave charm, owns only a narrow field of artistic expression. At the beginning of an evening his singing seems always an unmitigated delight. This time, for instance, he completely beguiled us with pieces by Handel (*Care Selve*) and Galuppi (*Eritiva rosa bella*). But towards the end of an evening with Mr. Hayes we are inclined to feel his art not much more than pretty. Still the popular young negro must be congratulated on his good sense in not forcing his ambition. He certainly has a firm hold over a public that likes pretty things—for instance, the music of Roger Quilter and Norman O'Neill. He had the sort of audience that wants to encore everything. Sometimes this was a declaration of ignorance. Thus who, knowing Morley's setting, would want to encore Quilter's *It was a lover and his lass*, of which that of the modern composer is a mere pastiche? Careful and suave as was Mr. Hayes's singing of Schubert and Schumann, we did not feel that the root of the matter was there. But the real thing came out at the end of the programme with a group of Negro hymns to which Mr. Hayes gave exactly the right expression, child-like and pathetic.

Mr. Reinald Werrenrath sang Brahms's *Four Serious Songs* as his principal effort at his concert at Æolian Hall. He is a singer above the average, who chiefly attracts by a pleasant competence, and frank and manly manners. He is a lyric baritone, and at his best his voice sounded quite beautiful. He showed a gift for intense expression without forcing his tone, and, like most other good singers of his type, he had an agreeable *mezzo-voice*. With so considerable a breath capacity, it seemed that Mr. Werrenrath might have still more consistently interested us. His power, so effectively used in the launching of long, sweeping phrases, was not always felt on individual notes. Now and again there was a high F that was uncovered and ugly.

Madame Claire Dux sang at the Albert Hall on June 15. Not many people apparently remembered her success here in opera ten or eleven years ago, for most of the seats were empty. Yet it was singing still worth hearing, although it did not maintain an invariable level of excellence. On the whole, a singer of this type should make up her mind that the Albert Hall is not the best place for her gifts. How fine an artist and charming a singer she is came out in the last part of Mozart's *Deh, vieni*. On the other hand, *Voi, che sapete* was stilted and 'precious.' When she was spontaneous she sang deliciously, but she did not seem always able to command spontaneity.

Miss Murray-Aynsley ranged the world of song from Russia to the Hebrides at her concert at Wigmore Hall. She has a very pretty voice, but she must be advised to do away with certain mannerisms. She strained at scoring points of interpretation in a way that became thoroughly irritating. A certain measure of this intelligent business might have been meritorious, but Miss Murray-Aynsley seriously overdosed us. The whole recital was too self-

conscious, too sophisticated. If Miss Murray-Aynsley is going to be the really satisfactory singer we had hoped, she must learn to create an illusion of more simplicity and unforced naturalness in her performances. H. J. K.

Opera in London

ITALIAN OPERA

After the Germans, the Italians, beginning on June 4, came to Covent Garden. That is, Italian opera came, and there were several Italians among the singers, though only one—Cesare Formichi, robust baritone—was a principal.

The programme was not far-fetched. The three Puccini operas—the popular ones which there seems no escaping—shared the bill with the 'big two' of Verdi, bigness being measured by box-office opinion. *La Traviata* and *Rigoletto* never come amiss when well sung—and they were well sung. But there are other operas, even by Verdi. No doubt 'safety first' is a good policy in 1924; and of course it saves trouble in any year. Let us make the most of it, and declare that after all *Rigoletto* is full of good things. It swings and soars far above the scented caves of Puccini, and we can all enjoy the roundabouts when we like. The first Rigoletto of the year marked the launching of the new baritone Formichi. The part has been sung here quite lately with more lyric grace (by Urbano). But this massive, impressive, heavy Rigoletto was, all the same, a magnificent singer. He was too imposing for the part, dramatically, but his vocal gifts were of the right heroic order. He established himself that night as a Covent Garden singer. Succeeding nights confirmed him as a favourite of that critical audience—for, make no mistake, a Covent Garden audience, even if it is musically benighted, does know good from bad singing.

A very dainty little soprano, Madame Maria Ivoguen, was the Gilda. (She had, a few nights before, cleanly jumped all the five-barred gates and divers prickly obstacles in Strauss's *Ariadne*.) Nobody could have looked more the ingenuous, almost infantile, Gilda—a change at Covent Garden after the maturity of the Melbas and Tetrizinis. Her singing, on a tiny scale, was perfectly delicious when she had the field to herself and M. Panizza, the conductor, chose to give her a look-in. She did not merely vocalise Gilda's music: she gave it a human and expressive sense. Her pretty style harmonized well with Mr. Joseph Hislop's delightful tenor singing, which was not robust, but admirably graceful, well-judged, and artistically finished. This little Gilda was rather thrown into the shadow by M. Formichi's Rigoletto in Act 2.

La Tosca followed, on the next night, and introduced a tenor, Mr. Alfred Piccaver, a Lincolnshire man who has reached Covent Garden by way of Vienna. The curious fact of his origin naturally added to the interest of his success, which was built on very substantial qualities. He is a robust tenor of very nearly the first order. Is it possible that he may one day fill the place, still vacant, of Caruso? The voice is of the right type and volume. But what of his musical sensibilities? We cannot judge, without knowing something of him personally, how far he realises that his art requires still a great deal more refining and embellishing. So far as it goes it is right; the material is really magnificent. He can sing with the typical Italian fervour which carries away an audience, and, by way of contrast, he commands a casual *parlando* style which proves how natural and well-poised is his delivery.

But Mr. Piccaver has still a good deal to learn. Often when he was in course of building up a fine piece of work he failed to achieve a due climax. The crowning note that was expected did not always come off. He cramped his tone on certain vowels. He seldom attempted a true *mezzo voce*, and some of his singing was mannered. In several places when he sang in *Rigoletto* he 'showed off' his sheer physical power quite preposterously at the expense of the music and of the ensemble. His *Donna è mobile* failed completely through lack of that tastefulness and grace which are the charm of Mr. Hislop's singing. The *Tosca* of June 5 was Madame Yvonne Gall, a competent singer

and actress, who carried on a well-established tradition by making the eccentricity of her dress in Act 2—one of the most exiguous it has been our fortune to behold—the central feature of her performance. Mr. Dinh Gilly's Scarpia was of course already well-known.

The inevitable *Bokème* came the next night, with Madame Selma Kurz as Mimi and Mr. Hislop as her lover. The style of these two delicately accomplished singers apparently won no respect from the conductor, M. Ettore Panizza, who made his way through the score as if nobody else was concerned in it. Such conducting, night after night neutralising much of the finer parts of the singing, was a great reproach to the season.

Madame Butterfly came the following week, introducing a soprano, Madame Madeline Keltie, who must be put down as a failure, for though she acted the part nicely enough, she had not the voice. Neither nature nor art had given her the quality which alone can make this music interesting at Covent Garden. Mr. Hislop's Pinkerton afforded the only pleasure of the evening.

On the next night Madame Eilvina returned to Covent Garden as Tosca, and repeated her old success in the part—achieved less by vocal charm (of which, unfortunately, she has always possessed too little) than by attractive appearance and manner.

A real musical success was attained a night or two later by a new Norwegian Gilda, Madame Eide Norena—a true artist, appealing and sensitive, with a fresh and lovely voice, which was really more effective in the part than the dainty Ivoguen's.

La Traviata was sung on June 13—a show in which everybody took pleasure, since, as someone has remarked, Early Victorianism is taking on the charm of the antique. Madame Selma Kurz sang Violetta with reserve and almost anxious precaution, but in those reaches where that miraculous voice of hers still survives, her execution was a wonder not to be matched by anyone else whom Londoners of our times have heard. Mr. Joseph Hislop was well-nigh ideal as the Alfred de Musset young man, and Mr. Dinh Gilly was the *père noble*. H. J. K.

'PELLÉAS' AND THE B.N.O.C.

Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande* had been heard in London, both before and since the war, in French but never in English, until the performance by the British National Opera Company at His Majesty's Theatre on June 6. Both this opera and Mozart's *Figaro*, which had opened the season the night before, were among those which gained by the comparative smallness of the house, and showed how much we Londoners miss in not being given opera here regularly on the lines of the Opéra-Comique at Paris.

Pelléas is one of the most leisurely of operas. It almost surreptitiously approaches the soft spot in our heart. During many scenes it is little more than decorative, and the sad, oppressed characters hardly touch us more than the figures of a faded tapestry. But gradually we realise that the shadowy drama is growing poignant. The fatal love-tryst by the fountain, and the death of *Mélisande*, then fairly emerge from dreamland into a quivering actuality.

To present *Pelléas* in English was a unique undertaking, and unique risks were run—for, as in no other opera, the verbal importance of the vocal part completely outweighs *melos*. The work indeed remains Maeterlinck's *Pelléas*, so scrupulously does Debussy, pursuing his new æsthetic, subordinate his music. In the greater part of the vocal music of *Pelléas* Debussy's method seems to have been to transcribe into notation the tones and movement of speech as literally as he could. How faithful he was we had perhaps not quite appreciated until we heard this English *Pelléas* and Golaud—who sounded like Frenchmen fluent in English but not yet masters of the normal tonal rise and fall of our speech, for the translation (by Mr. Edwin Evans) was applying English words not so much to a tune as to the tonal rise and fall of a French sentence.

Certain minor awkwardnesses—the undue stressing of prepositions and so on—were details. The major question that grew large as the evening went on was whether a

true translation of *Pelléas* was manageable at all. In English it certainly became something quite different—much more different than any other translated opera—from its original. The childlike simplicity of Maeterlinck's language had gone, and this radically altered the nature of the personages. Then the singers, having had to learn with labour notes that had no clear *raison d'être*—notes which had only an artificial association with their new text—over-sang. And the listener, no longer finding the text the essential interest—the spinal column of the work—was inclined to seek for it where it was never meant to be, in the music. Since the translation was the work of a critical author and musician of authoritative ability, one decided that the task must have been impossible of ideal fulfilment—or at any rate impossible if a condition was the strict retention of Debussy's notes. If Debussy had contemplated a translated *Pelléas*, would not a rewriting of the vocal line to suit the new idiom have seemed to him indispensable? (During Debussy's lifetime *Pelléas* was sung in English only at Birmingham, a great city which is probably outside the ken of æsthetic Paris.)

It should of course not be understood that the translation was incessantly a misfit. There were numbers of felicitous lines, which gave hints of the peculiar quality of the original *Pelléas*. Mr. Goossens conducted, and the principal pleasure came from the murmurings and rustlings of the orchestral music. The Company however had put forth very considerable efforts, and the cast boasted capital singers—Mr. Walter Hyde (*Pelléas*), for instance, who in the following days in *Tannhäuser* and *Samson* affirmed his admirable qualities. If he was hardly the right *Pelléas*, every one must allow that this true artist is a far better Siegmund than those of the recent, much-praised *Ring* performances at Covent Garden. Miss Brunskill and Mr. Norman Allin were the grandparents, and Mr. Robert Parker the grim bridegroom. In her looks and slim grace Miss Maggie Teyte might have been picked by a painter as a model for *Mélisande*. On the other hand, the stage pictures (Mr. Oliver Bernard's) were harsh, and disappointed us by lacking any dreamily romantic quality. The difficulties presented by the frequent changes of scene were well overcome.

The extraordinary range of operas performed by the Company proved again its versatility and artistic ambition. Naturally, if eight different operas, mostly masterpieces, are to be sung within a week, any gaps in the personnel become very noticeable. The B.N.O.C. could, in particular, do comfortably with another good dramatic soprano. It is satisfactory that the casting has usually been very clever—often a decided improvement on the last London season. Certain individual performances have pretty well touched the ideal—for instance, Mr. Radford's Bartolo and Mr. Norman Allin's Landgrave (in *Tannhäuser*).

And nothing is more encouraging than the way in which certain younger members of the Company are progressing in their art. Thus Mr. Frederic Collier as Amonasro in *Aida* well surpassed his previous achievements. There are two young tenors full of promise—Mr. Browning Mummery and Mr. Walter Widdop—and among the women Miss Brunskill, Miss May Blyth, and Miss Constance Willis win increasing approbation. Such a Company as the B.N.O.C. must have a greatly stimulating influence on the practice of the vocal art. At the same time young singers, hard at work in the exacting day-by-day routine, should be warned against the danger of forgetting the importance of incessant private study for the perfecting of their technics.

C.

'FIDELIO' AT THE SCALA THEATRE

Fidelio, which had not been sung in London since the Beecham season of 1910, opened the series of operatic performances at the Scala Theatre by the Carl Rosa Company, a Company which has at least its name in common with certain makers of operatic history of a past generation. The Scala Theatre, which is certainly the most beautiful theatre in London, a theatre fit to be the setting of distinguished artistic enterprises, proved to be difficult of discovery by London opera-goers during the Carl Rosa

season, and the valiant singers often had to face discouraging rows of empty seats.

Fidelio, of course, dates from the time of singers' operas. Not even the prophetic Beethoven foresaw a type of opera on which good singers would be wasted. Since there is always a public for singing, whether it is in or out of fashion, *Fidelio* might be re-established by supremely fine singing. Covent Garden is filled for the sake of *Ah! Fors' è lui*. Why not for *Fidelio's* song to Hope, and the tenor's music at the beginning of the second Act? Meanwhile, there is the *Leonora No. 3* Overture, which remains, after all, the justification of *Fidelio*, as perhaps the labour and tedium of so many operas are justified by some one fine fruit—a magnificent fruit of music, for the growth and ripening of which it was necessary that some dramatic plot and the business of the concrete world should have excited the mind of a composer—a musical fruit which the world will go on enjoying when everything else that we know as opera is as supernaturated as the Greek and Elizabethan theatre. All Wagner's troubles with *Ring* mythology may have been but Evolution's slow, mysterious way of bringing to birth Siegfried's 'Funeral March,' which will conceivably be treasured by epochs that have completely lost trace of *Fricka*.

We return to *Fidelio* and mention with respect the conviction with which it was sung in spite of an English text that seemed calculated to take the wind out of any sail. The principals were Miss Eva Turner and Mr. William Boland. These are singers of gifts that would, in a community less reckless of artistic values than ours, be held precious and worthy of the right fostering. We fear that both, who might be eminent, must be described as coarse in their performances. Both made the impression of singers too well accustomed to insensitive audiences—audiences for whom nothing counts but the *gros moyens*. No musical listener is above taking pleasure in the grand culminating outburst of tone in the right place. But some of us like it artfully prepared for, and we know how much more effective it then is. Wherein lay the success of the singing in *The Rose Cavalier*, which made it a nine-days' wonder last May, among all who cared for music in London? Not in any prodigious gift of a single one of the singers, but in a cultivation of the finer shades. Miss Eva Turner is a most remarkably gifted young woman. It is as much the blame of musical England generally as her own that she is not a better artist. Mr. Boland, too, has not, we feel, achieved all that Providence put him within reach of achieving. He can brace himself up to singing bright, clarion tones, but apparently he does not think soft singing worth so much trouble. His *piano* is nondescript, practically toneless.

There are other singers in the Carl Rosa Company who do well in a measure, and would, if we were sanguine, have to be called most interestingly promising. The tenor, Mr. Ben Williams, who was heard in *Samson*, is full of faults, but has the makings of a superb, robust tenor. His singing at present is regrettably 'tight,' with resultant monotony of tone and incorrect vowels ('oi' for 'i,' and so on). Mr. E. Hemingway and Mr. Gilding Clarke are basses in the rough (the latter gave us striking moments as the King in *Lohengrin*).

The makeshift technique of some of the Company was betrayed in the inadequate, uneasy handling of Mr. Nicholas Gatty's graceful trifle, *Prince Ferolan*, which, with a proper finish in the production, would surely have been a success. The doubtful impression left by the one-Act *Bubbles* of Mr. Hubert Bath (who was the principal conductor of the season), was due to the singularly unfeeling setting of the text, which fitted the music where it happened to touch. The piece, an Irish comedy by Lady Gregory, produced on that account a prevailing sense of discomfort.

A new composition of larger size was Mr. Isidore de Lara's *Three Musketiers*, in five Acts (June 17). The work was not over by midnight, and there was no obvious reason why the composer's pen, so fluent and so little disciplined, should not have run on all night. Certain scenes made something of a popular hit, and the Company was at its best. But musically there was little enough satisfaction in a style that picked up and dropped its matter with so flaccid a grasp.

MUSIC AT THE WEMBLEY EXHIBITION

There has been a certain amount of music of one sort and another at the Wembley Exhibition, but our art cannot be said to have figured adequately as yet in that great show of proud imperial activities and achievements. In fact, the poorness of its representation looks like acquiescence in the outworn theory that in whatever pursuits the British peoples shine, it is not music.

Compare the treatment of music with that of painting. The Palace of Art at Wembley contains a noble collection of pictures and sculptures, a collection which must draw to Wembley a great number of persons who would have been left cold by the appeal of cowboys and switchback railways. The various musical enterprises, some of which have been good, and some bad, have never at their best been at all comparable with the picture show.

The best music came from the massed military bands which on Empire Day began a week of first-rate concerts, the musical value of which was not adequately appreciated by the daily Press (not even that section of it which can find space for comments on the daily West-End performances of the *Appassionata* Sonata, the *Devil's Trill*, and *Caro mio ben*). This great company of British Army musicians numbered six hundred, and with Lieut. H. E. Adkins of Kneller Hall as their chief conductor, gave two concerts a day in the Stadium. The standard of execution and the quality of the music—not all unexceptionable, perhaps, but the mass of it utterly different from what a military band would have played a generation ago—brought fresh recognition of the good work of Kneller Hall, which nowadays may fairly be said to rank with the leading civilian schools of music. It was said that the gallant bandmen had a week of unsettled weather, which meant smallish audiences, and for themselves much discomfort—for while the audience was mostly under cover, the band played in the middle of the arena.

The band, for all its numbers, was as carefully balanced as a symphony orchestra, with which its effects were not incomparable. An immense section of clarinets took the place of violins. A military band of this sort must not be regarded as a makeshift for an orchestra. It is in itself a musical medium of the first importance—granted only that it is a permanency. Therein is no doubt the rub, and hearing on the first day Lieut. Walton O'Donnell's rich-sounding rhapsody, *Songs of the Gael* (which the audience encored), we wondered how many bodies of military bandmen there can be in the country, able to do the elaborate and exacting work such justice. Col. Somerville urges composers to consider more seriously the military band. Yes; but is it anywhere laid down strictly what a military band consists of, and what it can do?

The programmes boasted some modern works written expressly for Kneller Hall, notably the Suites of Vaughan Williams and Holst, and also transcriptions such as those of Holst's *Planets* ('Mars' sounds superb this way) and Ethel Smyth's *The Wreckers* Overture. The transcriptions of Bach and Wagner were also well worth going to Wembley to hear.

On May 31, the first of a series of massed choral concerts, conducted by Dr. Charles Harriss, was given in the Stadium. The choir's size (ten thousand voices) matched the gigantic scene. Perhaps the performance is to be considered principally as a ceremony—the concert had a wonderful look, and every one had to agree that he had never before, not even at the Crystal Palace, seen such music-making. The programme consisted of short numbers by Parry, Sullivan, Elgar, and, among others, the popular conductor. The actual sound of the choral battalions was naturally not weighty, but it came across the arena with a diffused sweetness and mildness. It was very remarkable how well the singing was synchronised. At such choral concerts, the larger the numbers and the space, the gentler the impression, apparently. Yet if one had been singing among the basses, he would probably have believed the sound was like near thunder.

On the evening of that day the first of a series of Dominions Concerts was given in one of the halls of the Palace of Industry—a useful concert-hall (acoustically rather fierce, but that could be remedied by heavier

draperies and a full audience). South Africa took the field first, and Canada followed a few days later. Then the concerts somehow ceased. To be frank, they were not well conceived or interesting. We heard a large number of vocalists, several quite good, a few excellent (Miss Evelyn Tierney and Madame Donalds, of Canada, for example). But the general effect was that anyone with the right birth certificate could come and sing anything. And performances of such compositions as *Ombra leggera* and *Somewhere a voice is calling* did nothing to help the musical prestige of the Empire. The creative musicians of the Dominions seem at present to be of a retiring nature, and the executants were content with threadbare or shoddy products of the Old World. C.

MUSIC IN THE BRISTOL PAGEANT AT WEMBLEY

The music used in the Pageant which Bristol presented at Wembley in Whit-week was compiled after much research and labour by Mr. Hubert W. Hunt, organist of Bristol Cathedral. Mr. C. W. Stead, Mr. A. Bruce Bedells, and Mr. T. Pearce Clark. Mr. Joseph Jenkins was chorus-master, and Mr. Hunt conducted a band and chorus of two hundred and fifty.

The Pageant—the first which has ever been transported in its entirety from the provinces to London—deals chronologically with the part which Bristol has taken in the building of the Empire, and the music is drawn from composers contemporary with each scene. The Overture, indeed, is modern, being P. Napier Miles's *From the West Country*, but it designedly affords contrast with the items which follow.

The 10th-century March, which opens the first episode, is based on a song in honour of Charlemagne, and is one of the oldest tunes in existence. It is used again later, and *Sumer is icumen in* (1230) is introduced. The choral *Song of Roland* (11th century), which was sung at the Battle of Hastings, is used with adapted words (*God save King Henry*—Laurence Minst, 1340).

The second episode contains a melody from a Bodleian MS. by Childe (1450) and *The Chorus of Angels*. Folk-dances are also used here.

The plainsong used in the Cabot episode is from a MS. belonging to Bristol Cathedral, and is 14th or 15th century. Purcell's 'Hornpipe' from *King Arthur* and a Pageant March are also included.

The Elizabethan episode introduces Benet's *All creatures now are merry-minded*, the *Earl of Bedford's March* (Byrd)—with the words of Sir John Davies's acrostic, *Elisabetha Regina*—Weelkes's *Long live fair Oriana*, and more folk-dances.

A canticle by Elway Bevin, organist of Bristol Cathedral in 1610, a Maypole Dance by Roedel, and an Interlude dated 1668 are heard in the fifth episode. In the sixth (Dorothy Hazard) episode the Assembly March of the Parliamentarians is the Old English tune *Fortune my foe*. Psalm 117 is sung to an old chant, and the victor is greeted with *Prince Rupert's March* (1645). The episode closes with Jeremy Savile's *Here's a health unto His Majesty* and another 17th-century March.

The finale of the Pageant consists of a massed scene of nearly three thousand performers, who join the choir in singing a noble Pageant hymn specially written by Fred E. Weatherly and set to music by Hubert Hunt. M. B.

Competition Festival Record

At BIRMINGHAM this year (May 10-24) the outstanding feature of the Festival was the competition for children. About two hundred children's choirs entered, and the palm again went to the choir of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, which gave us singing of excellent quality. A weakness in these classes was the small number of entries for the sight-singing test. Only two choirs faced the ordeal. The boys' choirs excelled in tone-quality, but gave place to the girls for spirit. The general standard of singing had improved since last year, although the choice of test-pieces still left something to be desired. Laurence

Powell's setting of *Lochinvar* is hardly suitable music for the children's massed performance. The pianoforte playing did not maintain a high standard, and in the advanced division no competitor obtained honours. The result of the 'Henry Garner' Bowl Competition, an award offered to the 'best singer of the Festival,' caused much dissatisfaction among local teachers. The award was made according to the unanimous vote of three adjudicators to a singer who, in her solo class, had succeeded in obtaining only a second-class certificate. As the result of numerous complaints, it is probable that in future only specialists in their several subjects will be invited to adjudicate in the solo classes. It has also been suggested that a test in general musicianship shall be added to the final championship test. In the classes for 'Championship Choirs,' the first places were taken by Madame Gell's Ladies' Choir, Melbourne Male-Voice Choir (Derbyshire), and Mr. A. Higson's Mixed-Voice Choir. G. W.

The MORECAMBE Festival, which does not need to extend beyond its traditional three days to retain its renown as one of the pioneer Festivals, was held on May 15-17. It is essentially a musical Festival, and both test-pieces and concert music maintain a proper standard. A notable feature was the broadcasting of the final session.—BATH was busy with competitions and competitors between May 16-24, during the Mid-Somerset meeting.—The Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Festival, now twenty-one years old, came round this year to its birthplace at READING (May 21-24). It has meanwhile been to eight other centres. There were excellent concerts. Dunhill's *John Gilpin* was sung by the juniors, and Parry's *Pied Piper* and *The Glories of our Blood and State* by the seniors.—At NEWCASTLE, the young 'North of England Tournament' has developed quickly into an event of prime importance (June 2-7). The principal awards were won by Cecilia Glee Society and Cleveland Harmonic Male-Voice Choir. Mr. Thomas Danskin, a tenor from Leamington, won a special trophy open to all solo singers.

In Yorkshire, where musical competitions flourish exceedingly, the month of May was a time of music—a kind of extension of the concert season which dies early in these regions. The PONTEFRAC Festival, which ran to six days in the latter half of the month, excited great interest among the schools.—HULL (May 21-24) was just as conspicuously and enjoyably a children's Festival.—At ILKLEY the eighteenth Wharfedale Festival continued with undiminished popularity (May 28-31).—RICHMOND (Swaledale) and WHITBY were other Festivals on a similar scale and equally successful.—With the Yorkshire Festivals may be coupled SCUNTHORPE, RETFORD, and BUXTON. In all this part of the country folk-dancing is an enthusiasm, and the Festivals are much brightened by it. The habit is spreading, among children and grown-ups, and from being an 'antiquarian cult' it bids fair to become a national amusement again.

In Scotland the competition movement is now strong and established. After GLASGOW, to which our last number made reference, came EDINBURGH, with a week of competitions and a hundred classes. Open prizes for choral singing were won this year by Kilsyth Co-operative Choir and Hall Russell Male-Voice Choir.—In May a Festival was held at INVERNESS, and in June there was one at DUMFRIES.

Competitions in Ireland are headed by the Feis Ceoil at DUBLIN. It was on the whole an improvement on its own record, which is based chiefly on large entries of soloists. Mrs. Hugh Thompson, of Belfast, won the Plunket Greene Cup against eighty competitors. There were seventy-seven mezzo-sopranos, eighty-four junior pianists, and so forth. The characteristic sections of the Feis Ceoil—singing in Irish, playing the Uilleann pipes and the traditional Irish fiddle—were poorly supported. The choral classes, too, were unsuccessful. Only one mixed-voice choir appeared in each of Classes A and B.—In Northern Ireland the last and youngest of the local musical festivals, CARRICKFERGUS, brought the competition season to a close at the end of May. Within three years this little Festival in a town incomparably more ancient than its big neighbour, Belfast, has grown wonderfully. Like all the local festivals in the Northern area, it benefits from

proximity to the largest Irish industrial centre. In a lesser degree so also do BALLYMENA, PORTADOWN, and COLERAINE. Perhaps in time to come these Festivals will specialise each in some individual direction. At present they are much alike in their aims, and differ only in size and scope.

THE LEAGUE OF ARTS started a competitive Festival in promising style on May 30 and 31. Some excellent junior choirs were heard, but adult bodies were coy, as at so many other Festivals this year. Capital work was done in the Church choirs class by singers from St. Margaret's, Lee, under Mr. Frederic Leeds, and a mixed-voice choir from the Working Men's College (making what we believe was its first appearance on any platform) showed enthusiasm and real promise. This choir was conducted by Mr. Walter Yeomans. Soloists, vocal and instrumental, turned up in good numbers and were of fair average quality. Lady Maud Parry gave away the certificates at the prize-winners' concert. There is, we think, room in London for this new Festival, as it clearly tapped several new sources. We suggest, however, that it will be even more useful if it develops along lines with which the League has been associated since its inception. Thus it ought to make a feature of such classes as folk-dancing and singing, children's singing games, and communal singing. It has convenient headquarters at the Guildhouse, and behind it are enthusiastic people with vision and ideas. It should go ahead and become a practical means of carrying out as much as possible of the social and artistic policy of the League.

POT-HUNTING AT THE PALACE

It was unfortunate that the disturbance created by some Welsh choirs at the Crystal Palace British Empire Festival came immediately after the publication of the Federation's appeal. The general public might easily be led to imagine that unseemly demonstrations by unsuccessful choirs are of common occurrence, whereas they are extremely rare. A North London correspondent, writing to the daily press, pointed out that the dissentient choirs were

'... surprised at the announcement in the programme that the Holme Valley Choir would sing a ballad by Mr. Cyril Jenkins, one of the adjudicators... For a chief adjudicator to arrange with a competitive choir to render his own work on the day of competition is apt to create an unfavourable impression.'

Mr. Jenkins replied that:

'If it is impossible to ask a choir to sing without "collusion" being hinted at, then it is time we left musical festivals alone.'

Far better avoid giving an opening for suspicion. As 'Advisory Musical Director,' and also an adjudicator, Mr. Jenkins was in a position where it behoved him to be diffident concerning his own compositions. But what happened? Not only did he ask for trouble in the way shown above: no fewer than *thirteen* of his compositions appeared in the syllabus! As to the disturbance, Mr. Jenkins airily explained it away by saying:

'Unfortunately many competitive choirs in Wales are more concerned with pot-hunting than with the study of music.'

This, from the organizer of a Festival at which one of the prizes was a trophy valued at 500 guineas and £100 in cash, is naivety itself. There would be no pot-hunters if there were no pots for them to hunt.

Music in the provinces

ABERYSTWYTH.—At the College concert on May 23 three chamber works with clarinet parts were played by Mr. Robert Clarke and others, Sir Walford Davies being the pianist.—The special features of the concert on May 30 were penillion singing by Mr. J. G. Jones, and a movement from Brahms's Sextet for strings.

BANGOR.—Mr. E. T. Davies prefaced the College concert, on May 16, with a lecture on 'The Orchestra,'

The programme included Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and Sonatas for violin and pianoforte by Handel and Purcell.

BIRMINGHAM.—To welcome Mr. Adrian C. Boult on his appointment as director of music and conductor to the City of Birmingham Orchestra, a reception was given by the Lord Mayor, Alderman T. O. Williams, on June 4. On this occasion Mr. Boult addressed a gathering of representative citizens, outlining his scheme for next season. Eight symphony concerts are to be given on Tuesdays, twenty-six Sunday and six Saturday concerts, and a series of Saturday afternoon concerts for children. Only one modern work will be included in each symphony programme. The first half of each Sunday programme will be devoted to one composer, and will end with some expression of nationality in music. Among the works promised for performance are Holst's *Planets*, Arthur Bliss's *Colour Symphony*, John Ireland's *Symphonic Rhapsody*, and a work by Bax. The visiting conductors for next season will be Eugene Goossens, Sir Landon Ronald, and Bruno Walter.—In October, an exchange of visits is to be made between Mr. Joseph Lewis and the conductor of the Brahms Society at Vienna. Mr. Lewis will conduct the Vienna Society, and the foreign musician will conduct the Wolverhampton Musical Society.

—The annual orchestral concert of the Midland Institute of Music was given on June 4. Of the solo works the outstanding item was a performance of Dvořák's Cello Concerto by Miss Mabel Whymark. The orchestra was assisted by professional players, and Prof. Granville Bantock conducted.—At a sonata recital on June 2, Miss Marjorie Chapman played Liszt's B minor Sonata. Beethoven's *Waldstein* was given by Miss Alice Clayton, and Miss Lilian Niblet played one of Mozart's three Sonatas in D. Miss Winifred Lowe and Miss Winifred Morris sang songs by Vaughan Thomas and Debussy.

BRIDGWATER.—Mrs. T. J. Sully, a local pianist and a great worker for music in the district, gave a recital with Miss Dorothy Silk, on May 16. She played the Tausig arrangement of the Bach Toccata and Fugue in D minor, and Beethoven's six Variations on an Original Theme in F. Miss Silk sang two Bach arias, some Schubert, and songs by Murray Davey (*An Epitaph*), Maurice Besly (*Listening*), Peter Warlock (*Piggensie*), Purcell, and Robert Jones.

BRISTOL.—The University Male Choir sang Grieg's *Landerkennung*, the Agincourt Song, Dunhill's *Pilgrim Song*, some of Terry's *Sea Chanties*, Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet*, and Negro Spirituals, in Colston Hall on June 5, and the String Orchestra played Holst's *St. Paul's Suite* and Grainger's *Handel in the Strand*.

DOLGELLEY.—The Grammar School has been selected by Sir Walford Davies for making an experiment in fostering instrumental music, with the co-operation of the headmaster, Mr. J. Griffith, and Miss Griffith. On May 23 the school orchestra of forty members played Haydn's Symphony in G, to raise funds for a visit to Wembley, where they have been invited to take part in a school concert. The choir sang part-songs.

EXETER.—Under the auspices of the Chamber Music Club, Mr. George Parker (vocalist) and Miss Thelma Davies (pianoforte) gave two recitals on May 21. The songs included two by Dr. Ernest Bullock (who was at the pianoforte), and others by Bairstow, Stanford, Shaw, Geoffrey Gwyther, Wolf, and Vaughan Williams. At the members' meeting of the Club, on May 28, Beethoven's Septet for strings and wind instruments was played, and three-part songs by Stanford (*The Peaceful Western Wind*) and Robertson (*The Shepherdess*) were sung.—On June 10 the band of H.M. Coldstream Guards played a first Suite in E flat by Holst, and a Suite, *The Seasons*, by Glazounov, and five numbers from Ansell's *The Shoe*, conducted by Lieut. R. G. Evans.

LIVERPOOL.—The local Association of Schoolmasters held its second annual Festival at St. George's Hall on June 4. The choir consisted entirely of boys, to the number of five hundred, drawn from the elementary schools, who gave Old English compositions and several modern pieces. Mr. O. R. Owen conducted.

OXFORD.—On the Sunday in Eights Week unaccompanied music by Holst and Vaughan Williams was sung in the cloisters at Magdalen. The Elizabethan Singers sang at Christ Church on the following day, and Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse played harpsichord music. At Exeter College the Magi String Quartet played Dvorák and Tchaikovsky, and the choir sang part-songs. Holst's *Cloud Messenger* was sung by Kettle Choir, and the orchestra played Hamilton Harty's arrangement of Handel's *Water-Music* and Vaughan Williams's *Wasps* Overture. —On May 31 Eglesfield Musical Society brought the Eights Week musical programme to a close at Queen's College. The College Choir sang *Shenandoah*, Buck's *The Blackbird* (for boys only), and Holst's *Bring us good ale*. —On June 4 Miss Dorothy Moulton gave a Lieder recital, assisted by Miss Margaret Deneké at the pianoforte, in aid of the Endowment Fund of the Lady Margaret Hall. —On June 12 the Oxford Bach Choir joined with the Orchestral Society to celebrate the centenary of Beethoven's *Choral Symphony* and Mass in D. Of the latter, the *Kyrie*, *Credo*, and *Agnus Dei* were performed, and were followed by the *Symphony*, in which the solo parts were taken by the English Singers (Mr. Archibald Wilson replacing Mr. Stuart Wilson). Sir Hugh Allen conducted.

SEATON.—On June 4 the Choral Society, numbering eighty voices, and assisted by a string orchestra, performed *Hianwatha's Wedding-Feast*, conducted by Mr. W. C. Walton.

TORQUAY.—On May 22 the Winter Orchestra, conducted by Mr. E. W. Goss, played the Overture to Dame Ethel Smyth's *The Boatwain's Mate*, Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony*, the Pantomime music from *Hansel and Gretel*, and the first movement of a Pianoforte Concerto by W. L. Twining, a local musician. Dr. Harold Rhodes was the soloist.

BRITISH MUSIC AT BELGRADE

A programme of English song, covering three centuries, was recently given at Belgrade by Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, who prefaced his singing with a lecture on the old-time greatness of English music. The subject of the lecture and the music were quite novel to a Belgrade audience, and both were received with the greatest appreciation. The following is a list of the songs:

'If she forsake me I shall die'	... Thomas Rosseter.
'Oh, my Clarissa'	... Henry Lawes.
'Dearest, do not now delay me'	... Henry Lawes.
'Flow not so fast'	... Dowland.
'Never weather-beaten saile'	... Campion.
'What shall I do to shew'	... Purcell.
'Ye twice ten hundred Deities'	... Purcell.

MODERN SETTINGS OF SHAKESPEARE

'Blow, blow, thou winter wind'	... Frank Bridge.
'O Mistress mine'	... Quilter.
'Sigh no more, ladies'	... Aikin.
'Winter'	... Balfour Gardiner.
'Figgesnie'	... Warlock.
'Diaphenia'	... Denis Browne.
'Captain Stratton's Fancy'	... Warlock.

FOLK-SONGS

'Some rival has stolen my true love'; 'All alone'; 'Yarmouth Town'; 'Twankydillo'; 'Travel the country round'; 'Billy Boy' (Sea Shanty, arranged by R. R. Terry).

It is interesting to note that the item which evoked the greatest enthusiasm was *Ye twice ten hundred Deities*.

The lecture-recital was undertaken at the invitation of the Anglo-Yugoslav Club, a society which has recently been founded at Belgrade for the purpose of fostering closer relations between Yugoslavia and this country, particularly in matters artistic and cultural. It was held in the fine lecture-hall of the new University, and the audience of over eight hundred included most of the professors of the University and other leaders of intellectual life at Belgrade.

IRELAND

At the annual meeting of the Belfast Philharmonic Society, which this year attains its jubilee, the report was encouraging. Last season added nearly seventy pounds to the credit balance. This, with the £500 Riddell bequest (reported two months ago), relieves the mind of the hon. treasurer, and enables the committee and conductor to plan progressive programmes for the coming winter.

Mrs. Whale's School of Music gave some delightful juvenile performances of a play, musical items, and dances in Ulster Hall on June 12 and 13. Mrs. Whale was the pioneer here of children's musical culture.

There was a very successful war charity week of Gilbert-Sullivan operetta, promoted by the Lady Mayoress of Belfast, at the Royal Opera House, on May 19 to 24.

On May 23, Dublin University Choral Society gave a good performance of *Acis and Galatea* under the conductorship of Dr. George Hewson. On June 2, Dr. Hewson gave an organ recital at St. Patrick's Cathedral in aid of the children's ward in Baginbun Street Hospital.

Musical Notes from Abroad

PARIS

LOUIS AUBERT'S 'LA FORÊT BLEUE'

Louis Aubert's fairy opera, *La Forêt Bleue*, was published, if I remember rightly, about fifteen years ago. It was successfully produced at Boston, U.S.A., and afterwards at Geneva. But, despite successful performances of excerpts at Paris concerts (these were duly recorded in the *Musical Times*), Parisian managers ignored its existence. This shows that even in a capital city boasting several permanent, State-aided operatic theatres with which private enterprise is ever competing, it remains possible for a fine score by a native composer to go begging. But now *La Forêt Bleue* has slipped at last into its right place in the repertory of the Théâtre de l'Opéra-Comique, and it is highly probable that it has come to stay. It received a warm welcome. The cast, comprising Mlles. N. Roussel, Guylu, Roger, Baye, Tiphaine, Messrs. Friant, Lafont, Guénot, and the conductor, Albert Wolff, came in for their share of success.

Both the play and the music are altogether delightful. The libretto, by Jacques Chenevière, is founded on the stories of Tom Thumb, Red Riding-Hood, and the Sleeping Beauty, as told by Perrault, but skilfully worked into an unassumingly picturesque and poetic whole. The music is instinct with subtle charm and poetry. The composer has a rare gift for combining grace and thoughtfulness. His workmanship is exquisite throughout, and the score contains a wealth of beautiful melody, fine choral writing, and rich, delicate, orchestral colour. *La Forêt Bleue* would prove well worthy of performance in this country.

The 'Association France-Grande Bretagne' gave its patronage to two concerts at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées on June 14 and 15 by the Leeds Choral Union, which was enabled to make the visit by the generosity of Mr. Henry C. Embleton. The profits were given to French Hospitals.

The first programme was miscellaneous, its chief features being choruses from Berlioz's *Faust*, Eaton Fanning's *Moonlight*, the *Hallelujah Chorus* and *For unto us*, a *Lullaby* of Byrd, two choruses from *Israel in Egypt*, the Epilogue from *The Golden Legend*, and two movements from Elgar's second Symphony, played by the London Symphony Orchestra. The second programme consisted of *Blest Pair of Sirens* and *The Dream of Gerontius*. The work of conducting was shared by Sir Edward Elgar, Dr. Henry Coward, and the leader of the orchestra, who directed the accompaniment to solos given by Miss Astra Desmond, Mr. Tudor Davies, and Mr. Herbert Heyner.

The visit was greatly enjoyed by the Choir, which received abundant hospitality. On the way home the singers gave a concert at Dieppe in aid of local charities.

TORONTO

Competitively speaking, the Ontario musical Festival this year, held at Toronto from April 28 to May 3, was a greater success than ever. There were upwards of seven thousand three hundred individual competitors in five hundred and seventy entries, three thousand seven hundred and twenty-five of these being in school competitions. In two classes—solo violin and pianoforte—the children completely outclassed the adults, so much so that Dr. James Lyon remarked that he had never in his experience heard more amazing talent. In a young country such as Canada, it is the children who are being carefully watched, for the future of music in the Dominion lies in their hands. And the future means more to us than both the present and past put together—artistically.

Interesting programmes continue to be provided by the New Symphony Orchestra. The seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth Twilight Concerts have drawn good audiences to hear Dr. Ernest MacMillan's impressive *Concert Overture*, conducted by the composer, von Kunits's scholarly and inspired Violin Concerto in E minor, played by the composer, the Schumann C major Symphony, the Prelude and Love Death from *Tristan and Isolde*, *Ruy Blas*, two movements of Schubert's seventh Symphony, Prelude and Introduction to Act 3 of *Lohengrin*, the *Henry VIII. Dances*, the *Casse-Noisette Suite*, and the *Blue Danube Waltz*, with Aida Rose as soloist in 'From Mighty Kings' (*Judas Maccabeus*), and Norah Drewett in the Chopin F minor Concerto.

At last we have our own permanent string organization, called the Hart House Quartet (after the University Syndicate from which it emanates), and including Geza de Kresz, H. Adaskin, M. Blackstone, and Boris Hambourg. The first programme (invitation) was splendidly received. It comprised Haydn's D minor, Op. 76, No. 2, and Beethoven's F minor, Op. 95, and E flat, Op. 74 (*Adagio* only). Great things are expected after this very promising start.

The Toronto Conservatory Orchestra, under Frank Blachford, gave its initial performance of works by Elgar, Holst, Walford Davies, and Grainger, the soloists being Betty Marlatt and Scott Duncan. The latter is one of our most promising young pianists, whose career is being keenly watched. There was a large audience.

At the Empire Day Concert, held by the Board of Education, Mr. Duncan McKenzie assembled six hundred school-children and a school orchestra of sixty, and performed with amazing finish compositions by Holst, Balfour Gardiner, and Coleridge-Taylor, and several folk-songs.

At the Toronto Conservatory of Music and the Canadian Academy of Music annual concerts, marked talent was noticeable in the violin and pianoforte departments, three or four young artists showing maturity far ahead of their years.

News reaches us of the first concert of the new Chatham Choral Society, under Mr. Matthias Turton, late of Leeds, when Handel's *Acis and Galatea* drew a packed house. We also hear of a Londoner, Mr. Henry Eason, giving a very successful performance of *The Messiah* at Stratford, with an augmented choir.

Rehearsals have commenced for the pageant chorus of over two thousand voices (Canadian National Exhibition), under Dr. H. A. Fricker. A special performance will be given in the arena on June 19 at the Rotary International Convention, before representatives of twenty-nine nations.

H. C. F.

VIENNA

OPERATIC EVENTS

The Strauss cycle at the Staatsoper—and, indeed, that portion of it which was in the nature of concert performances—derived its 'festival' character merely from its association with Richard Strauss's sixtieth birthday, and from the more or less social features and celebrations which accompanied it. The quality of the performances was far from being on a festival scale, and equally far from unusual, the productions being merely poorly-rehearsed repetitions of the Strauss works which, during most of the season, form the larger portion of the Staatsoper's repertoire. The occasion

coinciding with the absence of several prominent members of the Company for their London and Paris guest appearances, the casts were decidedly second-rate almost throughout. Attendances were exceptionally poor, even at the performances of *Schlagobers*, which was the one novel feature of the Festival. As the season at the Staatsoper draws to an end, directors Strauss and Schalk are frequently absent, and the summary of its activities is perhaps even more meagre than in former seasons. The unexpectedly interpolated première of Umberto Giordano's *Fedora* was palpably intended more as a compliment—and not a voluntary one—to Maria Jeritz, who in this, as in most of her other parts, presented the customary display of thrilling and sensational acting and explosive vocal methods, amid an ensemble obviously limited to the functions of a 'supporting cast.' Neither *Fedora* nor *Das Rosenkätzlein*—the last-named is now hastily being studied at the Staatsoper as the last novelty of the season, in honour of the fiftieth birthday of Julius Bittner, its librettist and composer—were originally announced in the season's schedule of new works.

At the Volksoper, Dr. Fritz Stiedry, the new director who comes from the Berlin Staatsoper, has auspiciously inaugurated his régime with a dignified revival of *Tristan and Isolde*. Dr. Stiedry seems to be an energetic and enthusiastic worker, and is cherishing big plans for the Volksoper. His aim—which is thoroughly commendable—is to make the Volksoper, with its more modest means and possibilities, not a rival enterprise, but rather a supplementary theatre to the luxurious and more bourgeois Staatsoper, and to produce not the often-heard operas which form the repertoire there, but the many classical works unduly neglected by the Strauss-Schalk directorate. It is particularly good news that Dr. Stiedry proposes to open the doors of his theatre to young and, in many cases, untried operatic composers, especially those of the radical school, which is completely barred from the Staatsoper. The programme of novelties which he has outlined for the next two seasons includes Stravinsky's *Rossignol*, and operas by Bartók, Paul Hindemith, Ernst Krenek, Wilhelm Grosz, Busoni (*Arlecchino*), Hans Gal (*The Holy Duck*), Franz Schreker (*The Distant Sound*), and Hans Pfitzner (*Christel*). Such a scheme should, if it materialise, bid fair to make the Volksoper an operatic theatre of far more than local importance.

A BRUCKNER PREMIÈRE

Dr. Stiedry is one of the two new conductors who have recently been engaged for permanent Vienna posts. The other is Dirk Foch, a Dutch musician, who for several years has conducted at New York, and who will now direct the Konzertverein symphony concerts. His appointment follows a successful guest appearance with this orchestra. The advent of Foch definitely puts an end to the régime at the Konzertverein cycle of Ferdinand Löwe, the revered and aged conductor who retires after many years' service. His farewell programme—the ninth Symphony of Anton Bruckner, whose reputation Löwe has been creating and fostering for several decades—evoked a response that was in the nature of a spontaneous ovation from the Vienna public.

A hitherto unknown Bruckner Symphony recently had its first hearing anywhere at Klosterneuburg, a small and musically active city near Vienna, where Franz Moissl is doing highly creditable work with his Philharmonic Orchestra. The Symphony, in D minor, is a posthumous work, the manuscript of which is at the Municipal Museum at Linz (Austria), a city prominently connected with Bruckner's activities as an organist. The score bears the inscription, in Bruckner's autograph, 'This Symphony is not good, and is merely an attempt,' but the quality of the music by no means justifies such severe self-criticism. Only the third and fourth movements (*Scherzo* and *Finale*) were performed, and while they are not Bruckner at his maturest and best, they clearly foreshadow and to an extent reveal his real greatness. The *Scherzo*, with a lovely violin theme, is very bright in colour—a country dance of the sort which the Austrians refer to as *Gestrampler*—and it has a beautiful *Trio* which is Schubertian in mood. The *Finale* is truly Brucknerian in its stern ruggedness and grandeur. The first

and second movements (*Allegro* and *Andante*) are as yet unknown. Chronologically the work comes between Bruckner's first (1865) and second (1871) Symphonies.

A UNIQUE PERFORMANCE OF BEETHOVEN'S 'NINTH'

The centenary of the day on which Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was first produced—May 7, 1824—was commemorated by a notable performance at the Konzerthaus. Paul von Klenau, the Danish conductor who will next season make his début in London, gave us the unique experience of hearing the Symphony in its original form. The scoring was identical with Beethoven's original manuscript, all the alterations and additions of Wagner and Mahler being eradicated. The original *tempi* were also restored, which resulted in a rather unusually slow pace, particularly for the second movement. It is, of course, a matter of conjecture whether Beethoven would not have demanded considerably faster *tempi* had he foreseen the technical perfection and possibilities of modern wind instruments. At any rate, the performance was a highly interesting experiment, and a great credit to the interpretative powers of Paul von Klenau. The rest of the programme was identical with that of 1824, including apart from the Ninth, the Overture *Die Weihe des Hauses* and the Kyrie, Credo, and Agnus Dei from the *Missa Solemnis*. The event was commemorated also by the unveiling of a memorial tablet on the house in the Ungargasse where the Ninth was completed during the winter of 1823-24.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER MUSIC

The Austrian section of the I.S.C.M. closed its season of monthly chamber music concerts with two extra programmes of which the first was devoted to Viennese exponents of modern music, viz., Josef Matthias Hauer, Anton Webern, Alban Berg, Egon Wellesz, Rudolf Réti, Paul A. Pisk, and Karl Horwitz. With the exception of Horwitz, these young composers are all radicals. Pisk earned the epithet 'romantic' by the five pianoforte pieces, Op. 7, and his songs, Op. 15, which were heard on another occasion. The second extra concert was devoted to composers of several nationalities, viz., an eclectic piece for pianoforte and string quartet, by Adolfo Salazar, entitled *Arabia*; a cycle of pianoforte pieces, *Poems of the Sea*, by Ernest Bloch, conceived in MacDowell's melodious manner, and decidedly one of the composer's weaker works; a Sonatina for flute and pianoforte by Darius Milhaud, with some strange Wagnerian elements; three strongly national Czech Soldiers' Songs by Ladislav Vycpalek; *Deux Esquisses*, for string quartet, by Ernesto Halffter-Esriche, a Portuguese composer (exceedingly dull items dominated by endless reiterations of one theme); and Stravinsky's superb Suite from *L'Histoire d'un Soldat*, for clarinet, violin, and pianoforte. The programmes of these concerts were on the whole not such as to convey a clear conception of current musical tendencies in contemporary international music. Probably it is impossible to offer such a survey within the limited time of two evenings. Withal, the impression prevailed that, apart from such men as Stravinsky and Milhaud, the most radical musical tendencies of the European moderns are to-day embodied in Arnold Schönberg and his Viennese disciples and followers.

PAUL BECHERT.

Obituary

We regret to record the death of HENRY HEATHCOTE STATHAM, on May 29. He was born at Liverpool on January 11, 1839, and the first thirty years of his life were spent in that city, where he practised as an architect. From the first, however, music drew him strongly. In the introduction to his book *The Organ and its Position in Musical Art*, he tells us that the organ had been the great passion of his life, and adds that while at school he often took a packet of sandwiches and spent the two hours between morning and afternoon lessons in practising the school organ—sometimes in weather so cold

that he had to warm his fingers every ten minutes over the gas-jet! After leaving school he acted as organist at various churches, and did a good deal of recital work. He also became acquainted with Best, and for fifteen years there was hardly a week in which he did not attend the St. George's Hall recitals. The first real appreciation of that great player was written by Statham as an appendix to the book referred to above. Soon after coming to London, when about thirty years of age, he began a series of organ recitals at the Albert Hall on Sunday afternoons during May, June, and July, and continued them for several years. These recitals were voluntary; he counted himself 'well rewarded by the enjoyment.' There was no public announcement—'I had no desire to see my name in the papers . . . We commenced on the first Sunday in May with an audience of some fifteen hundred or so, we ended on the last Sunday in July with an audience of four thousand or five thousand.' For about fifteen years he was unpaid organist at St. Jude's, Whitechapel—Canon Barnett's Church. He was editor of *The Builder* for twenty-five years, and was until near the end of his life a prolific writer on a variety of subjects, chiefly those

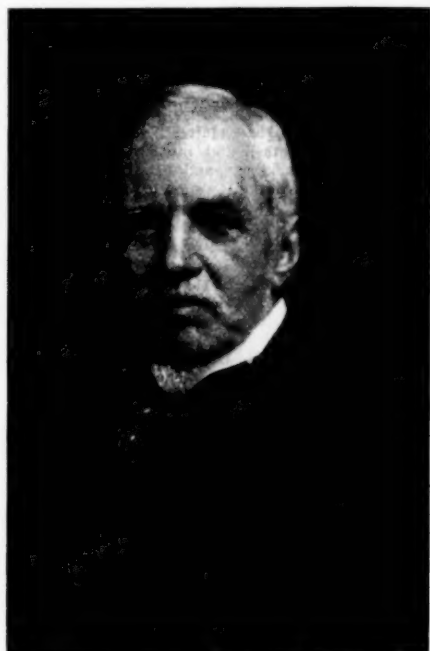


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connected with architecture and music. His musical works comprise *My thoughts on Music and Musicians* (a book of about 500 pages), *Form and Design in Music*, *The Organ and its Position in Musical Art*, and *What is Music?* He also wrote a number of articles for *Grove*. For many years he was musical critic for the *Edinburgh Review*, and also contributed papers on the art to the *Nineteenth Century*. An accomplished artist in black and white, he exhibited from time to time at the Royal Academy. He lectured frequently, not only on the subject of his profession but also on French sculpture and poetry. He was a fine organ player, and had practically all Bach's organ works at his fingers' ends. His copies show registration schemes orchestral in style (probably owing to the influence of Best) and remarkable, in view of the fact that they date from fifty years ago, when Bach's organ works as a whole were far from being generally known, even among organists. Without doubt one of the most

versatile and gifted men of his generation, he deserves to be remembered with honour and gratitude by musicians, and above all by those who have to do with his favourite instrument, the organ.

Answers to Correspondents

Questions must be of general musical interest. They must be stated simply and briefly, and if several are sent, each must be written on a separate slip. We cannot undertake to reply by post.

Q.—(1) Can you give me information about Beethoven's *Scottish Dances*? (2) What is the meaning of 'Storm' as applied to Liszt's *Hungarian March*?—J. J. B.

A.—(1) There are *Écossaises* for pianoforte, and one for military band—all posthumous. Beethoven also arranged twenty-five Scotch songs for one and two voices and chorus, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. (2) Liszt composed two pieces called *Ungarischer Sturm-Marsch* (*Hungarian Storm-March*). For once in a way the word 'Storm' in music has nothing to do with the weather. Liszt uses the term in its military sense—to storm or attack. So the pieces are battle marches.

Q.—Which is the correct edition of Bach's '48'? I have that of Hallé, and also the Köhler edition. In Prelude No. 26 Hallé marks some of the opening phrases *staccato*, but Köhler marks them *legato*. Which is right?—A.R.C.M. STUDENT.

A.—Both, and neither. Bach left very few marks of any kind, and editors rightly make good the deficiency by suggestions which the player may please himself about adopting. There is no officially 'correct' edition. Busoni's contains a wealth of annotation and suggestion—rather more than the average player will need. The best all-round edition known to us is that of Harold Brooke—convenient for eye and hand, correct in text, and with just enough in the way of phrasing, fingering, and other marks (Novello, in two books).

Q.—I have noticed that when my teacher [of pianoforte] plays, the position of his hands is different from mine; when I ask him the correct position he tells me not to worry. He complains that my wrists are stiff, but does not give me exercises to correct the fault; *legato* passages I always make jerky, and I do not know whether *staccato* should be played from wrist or fingers. In any case, I always strike the wrong notes in playing *staccato*. Perhaps there is a book of wrist studies that would help. Is it necessary to study rudiments and harmony at the same time as pianoforte, and if so, is class-teaching as satisfactory as individual teaching?—INQUISITIVE.

A.—Apparently your teacher is not doing his work. If he were ours we should make a change. Try the wrist studies in Franklin Taylor's *Progressive Studies* (Novello). Certainly you should be working at rudiments and harmony. Here class-work may be almost, if not quite, as good as individual teaching.

R. G.—(1) We do not give analyses of works. (2) The fact that the use of the pedal is not indicated is no guide. Such a piece as the Mendelssohn F minor Prelude would sound poor without it. There is scope for pedalling in practically all pianoforte music, even the earliest. But the simpler, earlier, and more polyphonic the music, the greater the need for discretion—which is another word for taste.

G. B.—Mason's *Touch and Technique* (Schirmer: Winthrop Rogers); Hanon's *Pianiste Virtuose*, and the German edition of Beethoven's Sonatas may be had from Novello.

C. E. D.—In 'Gave thee life and bade thee feed,' 'bade' is pronounced as 'bad.'

E. C.—Your question is obscure. If it means that you want to know of an easier pianoforte arrangement of the *Unfinished Symphony* than that of Max Pauer, we cannot help you. Of course you find it 'complicated and awkward.' Orchestral works cannot be boiled down into milk for pianistic babes. Stick to 'straight' pianoforte music a little longer.

C. J.—We understand that Busoni is now at his home at Berlin. He is convalescent after his recent illness, but still weak; composing, but doing no concert work.

W. H. J.—The course of study you mention ought to be useful to you. But if you want to improve your mental hearing, with a view to being able mentally to read a full score, you can do much for yourself. Begin with the simplest of music. Try to hear it mentally, and check your effort by playing the passage on the pianoforte. Proceed from series of common chords, through the more usual discords, to chants and hymn-tunes, and so on to short, straightforward pieces and songs. At the same time, in listening to music, try to see in your mind's eye a copy of the passages played.

MUSICAL STUDENT.—Write to Dr. Fischer at Messrs. Curwen, 24, Berners Street, W.1., for particulars of the Dominions Artists' Club. We know of no club of the kind for English students.

G. B. S.—In bar 27 of Prelude in G major in Book II. of the '48,' play E D sharp C sharp D sharp for the turn.

J. L. V. H.—We should play the Beethoven Waltzes at paces varying from $\text{♩} = 104$ to $\text{♩} = 138$.

LAVERGRO.—For information about the copyright of any of Tennyson's poems inquire of Messrs. Macmillan.

J. T.—There is no lack of clarinet music of the kind you inquire about. Write to Novello's for a list. For clarinet instruction books try Kappey's Tutor and Fricke's Studies, both published by Boosey.

S. H. P.—Vocal score reading exercises by Daymond (two books) and Peppin (both Novello), and James Lyon (Stainer & Bell); Sawyer's *Extemporization* (Novello); Choir-Training books by Martin (Novello) and Richards (Joseph Williams); *The Boy's Voice* (Curwen); and Bates's *Voice-Culture for Children* (Novello). For the mechanical side of the organ: *The Organ*, by Thomas Elliston (Weekes), and the article in *Grove*.

C. J. S.—(1) Only the first two of Rheinberger's Organ Sonatas are available in cheap English editions. Keep your eye on the catalogues of William Reeves, Charing Cross Road, Harold Reeves, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Foyle, Charing Cross Road, for second-hand copies. (2) Stanford's music for *Becket* is still in MS., held by Messrs. Stainer & Bell. We understand that an organ arrangement of the Funeral March is in prospect.

D. H.—The term *Ritard* in string music indicates that the performer should continue playing in the position already in use.

W. M.—Yes, as you point out, our too general answer to 'H. B.' on the subject of copyright ignored the possibility that a composer of a work published on December 31, 1850, might live for forty-five years and six months after the publication, in which case copyright in the work would exist under the old law on July 1, 1912, when the new law extended it to fifty years after the composer's death. The question that we were answering implied a composer defunct long before 1905. Copyright may be long-lived. If a composer born in or after July, 1805, lived to be a hundred all his works would be copyright until July, 1955, or some later date.

Information is wanted as to (a) compositions by Horace Dowell, bandmaster, 1st Batt. Cameronians; and (b) the title and publisher of a song opening:

'Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold precious and bright.'

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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(July, 1923.)

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388.	Ditto ...	Roberts	4d.	268.	I am well pleased	J. Rheinberger	4d.	453.	Ditto ...	H. W. Wareing	4d.
517.	Great and marvellous	J. F. Bridge	6d.	120.	I behold, and lo ...	Blow	8d.	1118.	Ditto ...	Ed. Bunnett	4d.
187.	Ditto ...	Monk	4d.	280.	Ditto ...	Elvey	8d.	732.	Ditto ...	H. J. Wood	4d.
848.	Ditto ...	T. Tomkins	4d.	496.	I came not to call ...	C. Vincent	4d.	789.	If ye then be risen	Ivor Atkins	6d.
223.	Great is Jehovah (Male)	Schubert	6d.	207.	I cried unto the Lord	Heap	6d.	469.	Ditto (s.a.)	M. B. Foster	4d.
987.	Ditto ...	Schubert	6d.	537.	I declare to you	Cruikshank	8d.	58.	Ditto ...	Naylor	4d.
602.	Great is our Lord	M. B. Foster	6d.	168.	I desired wisdom	J. Stainer	8d.	61.	In Christ dwelleth	John Goss	4d.
136.	Great is the Lord	Hayes	6d.	230.	I did call upon the Lord	Pattison	6d.	913.	In divers tongues	Paestrina	3d.
708.	Ditto ...	A. W. Marchant	4d.	515.	I do not ask, O Lord ...	Roberts	4d.	619.	In every place incense	John E. West	4d.
237.	Ditto ...	F. Ouseley	8d.	117.	I have set God ...	Blake	8d.	655.	In heavenly love ...	H. Parker	4d.
481.	Ditto ...	B. Steane	4d.	420.	Ditto ...	Hamilton Clarke	6d.	403.	In my Father's house	Crament	4d.
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609.	Guide me, O Thou	H. Blair	4d.	219.	Ditto ...	T. T. Trinnell	6d.	802.	In that day (Christmas)	Bridge	4d.
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545.	Ditto ...	Martin	6d.	396.	I heard a voice	John Goss	3d.	720.	In the beginning	C. Macpherson	6d.
326.	Hail, thou that art	A. Carnall	6d.	1107.	I laid me down to rest	W. Byrd	4d.	1114.	Ditto ...	Ed. Bunnett	4d.
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945.	Hail, true Body ...	H. Willan	3d.	1029.	I love to hear ...	M. B. Foster	4d.	890.	In the day shalt ...	H. W. Wareing	4d.
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382.	Hallelujah! the Light	Oliver King	4d.	71.	Ditto ...	J. Stainer	4d.	580.	In the hour of my ...	Davies	6d.
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444.	Hark! what news	Oliver King	4d.	743.	Ditto ...	C. H. H. Parry	6d.	467.	Is it nothing (s.a.)	M. B. Foster	4d.
404.	Harvest Hymn ...	F. Tozer	3d.	379.	Ditto ...	T. T. Trinnell	6d.	571.	It came even to pass	Ouseley	4d.
820.	Haste Thee, O God	John Shepherd	4d.	119.	I was in the spirit ...	Blow	8d.	91.	It is a good thing	J. Barnby	4d.
784.	Have mercy upon me	J. Barnby	3d.	205.	I will always give thanks	Clarke	4d.	180.	Ditto ...	T. M. Pattison	6d.
535.	Ditto ...	J. Goss	6d.	1034.	I will cause the shower	Naylor	4d.	231.	Ditto ...	T. M. Pattison	6d.
1013.	Ditto ...	E. Minshall	4d.	874.	I will cry unto God	H. J. King	4d.	215.	It shall come to pass ...	Garrett	8d.
377.	Ditto ...	Kellow J. Pye	4d.	73.	Ditto ...	Steggall	4d.	908.	Jesu, Lord of life and glory	Elgar	4d.
401.	Ditto ...	J. Shaw	4d.	502.	I will extol Thee ...	C. M. Hudson	6d.	397.	Jesu, lover of my soul (Male)	F. Liffie	3d.
794.	He sendeth the springs	Wareing	6d.	1068.	Ditto ...	John E. West	4d.	907.	Jesu, meek and lowly	Elgar	4d.
701.	He shall swallow up ...	Greenish	4d.	29.	I will give thanks	J. Barnby	6d.	1031.	Jesu, our Lord ...	Ch. Gounod	3d.
707.	He that dwelleth ...	J. Booth	6d.	156.	Ditto ...	E. J. Hopkins	8d.	654.	Jesu, Thou joy ...	E. H. Davies	4d.
837.	He that shall endure	Mendelssohn	3d.	568.	Ditto ...	Mozart	3d.	844.	Jesu, Thou sweetness	H. J. King	4d.
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1102.	He wants not friends that hath	Thy love ...	G. Shaw	674.	I will give you rain	H. W. Wareing	6d.	455.	Jesu Christ is risen	Oliver King	6d.
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339.	Hear my prayer	Mendelssohn	6d.	437.	I will greatly rejoice	Cruikshank	4d.	971.	Jesu lives! no longer now	Foster	4d.
1001.	Ditto ...	H. Purcell	4d.	1037.	Ditto ...	E. C. Bairstow	6d.	618.	Jesu of Nazareth ...	G. Byrd	6d.
146.	Ditto ...	C. Strod	6d.	495.	I will lay me down	A. C. Edwards	4d.	548.	Joy in harvest ...	B. Steane	4d.
442.	Hear my words	L. H. H. Parry	1s.	195.	Ditto ...	H. Gadsby	3d.	7.	Judge me, O God	Mendelssohn	3d.
310.	Hear, O God ...	A. Friedländer	3d.	209.	Ditto ...	H. Hiles	4d.	677.	Just Judge of Heaven	Garrett	8d.
138.	Hear, O heavens	P. Humphreys	4d.	958.	I will lift up mine eyes	J. V. Roberts	4d.	614.	In stormy times	Byrd	4d.
94.	Hear, O Lord ...	John Goss	3d.	739.	Ditto ...	D. S. Smith	4d.	179.	King all glorious	J. Barnby	8d.
139.	Ditto ...	C. King	3d.	126.	I will love Thee ...	J. Clark	6d.	997.	Ditto (4 voices)	J. Barnby	6d.
162.	Ditto ...	F. Ouseley	4d.	1058.	Ditto ...	Oliver King	4d.	581.	Kings shall be thy	G. C. Martin	3d.
831.	Hear, O My people	J. Holbrooke	4d.	394.	Ditto ...	Kingston	6d.	404.	Kings shall see and arise	Bridges	8d.
201.	Hear, O Thou Shepherd	Clarke	6d.	760.	I will magnify Thee	W. H. Bell	6d.	825.	Lead, kindly Light	R. Dunstan	4d.
528.	Ditto ...	T. A. Wainisley	6d.	1119.	Ditto ...	Ed. Bunnett	4d.	528.	Ditto ...	C. L. Naylor	6d.
776.	Hear the voice and prayer	Tallis	3d.	78.	Ditto ...	J. B. Calkin	6d.	589.	Ditto ...	D. Pughe-Evans	4d.
771.	Hearken unto Me	W. H. Bell	4d.	633.	Ditto ...	John Goss	4d.	1067.	Ditto ...	B. Smith	4d.
376.	Hide not Thy face	Kellow J. Pye	3d.	405.	Ditto ...	Oliver King	6d.	37.	Ditto ...	J. Stainer	6d.

(July, 1923.)

THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE

ANTHEM FOR FESTIVAL OR GENERAL USE

COMPOSED BY

JOHN E. WEST.

Deut. xxxiii. 27-29.

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The e - ter - nal God is thy re - fuge,

f Gt. Reed. *Full Sw. (or Gt.)* (Gt. Reed in.) *f* Gt.

Ped.

and un - der - neath are the ev - - er - last - - ing

mf *Sw.*

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

arms. . .

mf Gt. *cres.* *f* *mf*

THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE.

mf *cres.*
and un-der-neath are the ev - er - last - ing arms. . .
mf *cres.*
and un-der-neath are the ev - er - last - ing arms. . .
mf *cres.*
and un-der-neath are the ev - er - last - ing arms. . .
mf *cres.*
and un-der-neath are the ev - er - last - ing arms. . .
f *Gt.*

mf *dim.* A - - - men. *mf* *dim.* A - - - men. *mf* *dim.* A - - - men. *mf* *dim.* A - - - men. *mf* *dim.* A - - - men. *mf* *dim.* A - - - men. *rall.*
dim. poco a poco. *p* *Suo. with Ob.* *Diapa.*

Allegro con spirito. *f* Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone,
f Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone,
f Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone,
f Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone,
Allegro con spirito. *f* *Gt.* *Ped.*

THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE.

Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone: the foun - tain of Ja - cob, . . .

Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone: the foun - tain of

Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone: the

Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone: *Sue. with 8 ft. Reeds.*

the foun - tain shall be up - on a land .. of corn . . .

Ja - cob . . . shall be up - on a land of corn . . .

foun - tain of Ja - cob shall be up - on a .. land of corn . . .

the foun - tain of Ja - cob shall be up - on a land of

and wine:

and wine:

and wine:

corn and wine:

mf Gt. cres.

dim.

mp Sue. with Oboe.

Gt. to Ped. in.

THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A men, *cres.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, A men, *cres.*

- lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A men, *cres.*

- lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A men, *cres.*

Full Sw. sf

sf A - men, *ff* A - men. *f* Is - ra - el then shall dwell in

sf A - men, *ff* A - men. *f* Is - ra - el then shall dwell in

sf A - men, *ff* A - men. *f* Is - ra - el then shall dwell in

sf A - men, *ff* A - men. *f* Is - ra - el then shall dwell in

ff Gl. *dim.* *f*

safe - ty a - lone, .. Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone: the *mf*

safe - ty a - lone, .. Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone:

safe - ty a - lone, Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone:

safe - ty a - lone, Is - ra - el then shall dwell in safe - ty a - lone:

Sw. with 8 ft. Reeds *mf*

THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE.

foun-tain of Ja-cob, the foun-tain of Ja-cob shall be up-on a land of

the foun-tain of Ja-cob shall be up-on a land of

the foun-tain of Ja-cob shall be up-on a land of

the foun-tain of Ja-cob shall be up-on a land of

corn . . and wine :

corn and wine :

corn . . and wine : al - so his hea-vens shall drop down dew.

corn and wine : al - so his hea-vens shall drop down dew.

al - so his hea-vens shall drop down dew. Hap - py art thou, O

al - so his hea-vens shall drop down dew. Hap - py art thou, O

Hap - py art thou, O

Hap - py art thou, O

Hap - py art thou, O

f *Gt.* (add Full Sw.)

THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE.

Is - ra - el, hap - py art thou, O Is - ra - el.

Is - ra - el, hap - py art thou, O Is - ra - el.

Is - ra - el, hap - py art thou, O Is - ra - el.

Is - ra - el, hap - py art thou, O Is - ra - el.

Gl.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - *cres.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - *cres.*

f Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

cres.

THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE.

men, Hal - le -

men, Hal - le -

cres.
A men,

cres.
A men,

add to Gt.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

lunga

lunga

lunga

lunga

cres.

THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE.

Lento maestoso. ff

The e - ter - nal God is thy re - fuge, and un - der -

The e - ter - nal God is thy re - fuge, and un - der -

The e - ter - nal God is thy re - fuge, and un - der -

The e - ter - nal God is thy re - fuge, and un - der -

Lento maestoso. ♩ = 63.

ff Solo (or Gt.) Reed. *ff Gt.* *f (without Reeds.)*

cres. *rall.* *ff* *Λ*

- neath are the ev - - er - last - - ing arms. . .

cres. *rall.* *ff* *Λ*

- neath art the ev - - er - last - - ing arms. . .

cres. *rall.* *ff* *Λ*

- neath art the ev - - er - last - - ing arms. . .

cres. *rall.* *ff* *Λ*

- neath art the ev - - er - last - - ing arms. . .

cres. *rall.* *ff* *Λ*

NOVELLO'S

OCTAVO EDITION OF ANTHEMS.

74. O praise the Lord	J. Barnby	6d.	38r. Praise the Lord, O my soul	Elliott	4d.	542. Sing to the Lord with	J. Barnby	6d.
173. Ditto	John Goss	8d.	63. Ditto	Garrett	8d.	525. Sing unto God (Chos. only)	Purcell	3d.
613. Ditto	... Handel	4d.	21. Ditto	John Goss	4d.	1073. Ditto	C. Macpherson	4d.
91. Ditto	... Ouseley	4d.	208. Ditto	Mozart	6d.	580. Sing unto the Lord	J. F. Bridge	8d.
232. Ditto	T. M. Pattison	4d.	959. Ditto	John Pullen	4d.	603. Ditto	C. Harris	4d.
358. Ditto	W. G. Wood	6d.	513. Ditto	H. Purcell	8d.	812. Ditto	Sydenham	4d.
266. Ditto	... Zingarelli	1s.	940. Ditto	J. V. Roberts	4d.	856. Sing we merrily	Adrian Batten	3d.
824. O pray for the peace	... W. Child	4d.	439. Ditto	T. P. Royle	4d.	944. Ditto	... J. Blow	4d.
1081. Ditto	R. Hunt	4d.	59. Ditto	S. S. Wesley	8d.	532. Ditto	F. A. W. Locker	6d.
166. Ditto	E. H. Thorne	6d.	986. Ditto	John E. West	4d.	410. Ditto	... E. V. Hall	6d.
837. O rest in the Lord	Mendelssohn	3d.	624. Praise the Lord, ye	B. Steane	4d.	932. Ditto	... O. King	4d.
492. O Saving Victim	Cruikshank	4d.	1016. Ditto	John E. West	8d.	99r. Sing ye to the Lord	E. C. Bairstow	4d.
51. Ditto (No. 2)	Gounod	6d.	827. Praise to God, immortal	West	4d.	761. Ditto	C. H. Lloyd	4d.
486. Ditto	... Rossini	4d.	745. Praised be the Lord	C. H. Lloyd	4d.	68. Stand up and bless the Lord	Goss	6d.
970. O Saviour of the	H. Moore	4d.	797. Ditto	C. Steggall	4d.	697. Suffer the little	B. Harwood	4d.
508. Ditto (Male)	Roberts	3d.	416. Prepare ye the way	J. M. Crament	6d.	792. Sun of my soul	G. W. Chadwick	3d.
551. O sing unto the Lord	Cruikshank	6d.	45. Ditto	Garrett	4d.	426. Ditto	R. Dunstan	4d.
142. Ditto	H. Purcell	8d.	151. Ditto	... M. Wise	4d.	1042. Ditto	J. H. Adams	4d.
1011. Ditto	J. V. Roberts	4d.	846. Put me not to rebuke	... W. Croft	6d.	905. Take My yoke upon you	T. Adams	3d.
1009. O Strength and Stay	... Barnby	4d.	60. Rejoice greatly	Henry Gadsby	4d.	540. Teach me, O Lord	G. J. Elvey	4d.
8. O taste and see	John Goss	4d.	984. Ditto	C. H. Lloyd	4d.	297. Ditto	J. W. Gritton	4d.
263. Ditto	A. H. Mann	4d.	317. Rejoice in the Lord	Philip Arnes	8d.	850. Teach me Thy way	William Fox	3d.
87. O that I knew where I	... Bennett	4d.	992. Ditto	J. F. Bridge	8d.	832. Ditto	E. Hooper	3d.
998. O that men would	Hugh Blair	4d.	721. Ditto	A. Hollins	4d.	669. Ditto	... Spohr	2d.
772. Ditto	J. B. McEwen	4d.	200. Ditto	G. C. Martin	8d.	808. Ten thousand times	E. V. Hall	4d.
806. Ditto	W. Wolstenholme	4d.	145. Ditto	H. Purcell	4d.	620. Ditto	F. Tozer	6d.
1048. O Thou that hearest	R. W. Robson	4d.	258. Ditto	J. Redford	4d.	458. Thanks be to God	J. W. Gritton	4d.
806. O Thou the Central Orb	Gibbons	4d.	164. Ditto	F. R. Statham	6d.	627. Ditto	Oliver King	4d.
663. O Voice of the Beloved	H. J. King	4d.	272. Rejoice, O ye	... Rheinberger	4d.	684. The Angel said (s. & v.)	A. H. Brown	3d.
123. O where shall wisdom	Boyce	8d.	38. Remember now thy	... Stegall	6d.	723. The arm of the Lord	Haydn	6d.
1083. O world in sorrow	A. Hollins	4d.	523. Remember, O Lord	Walmisley	6d.	472. The blessing of the Lord	J. F. Bridge	3d.
435. O worship the King	E. V. Hall	6d.	336. Rend your heart	J. Clippendale	4d.	494. Ditto	A. C. Mackenzie	4d.
435. O worship the Lord	... Hayes	8d.	626. Ditto	A. E. Godfrey	4d.	121. The day is past...	J. C. Marks	4d.
234. O ye that love the Lord	Docker	6d.	753. Rest, weary Earth	A. M. Goodhart	4d.	461. The Day of Resurrection	E. V. Hall	4d.
158. Ditto	... G. Elvey	6d.	879. Righteous art Thou	John E. West	4d.	552. The day Thou gavest	Woodward	4d.
325. Ditto	... J. Taylor	4d.	1053. Ring out, wild bells	... Fletcher	4d.	239. The earth is the Lord's	Trimmell	6d.
196. Ditto	H. W. Wareing	4d.	860. Save, Lord, and hear us	John Blow	3d.	1100. Ditto	Albert Lowe	4d.
1043. Of the Father's love	... Bairstow	4d.	170. Ditto	... Hayes	8d.	687. Ditto	J. Hopkins	6d.
556. Open to me the gates	... F. Adlam	6d.	822. Save me, O God...	John Blow	4d.	996. The Eternal God	John E. West	4d.
668. Our Blest Redeemer	E. V. Hall	4d.	858. Ditto	William Boyce	3d.	482. The eyes of all	... T. Adams	4d.
863. Our conversation is in	Gilbert	3d.	287. Ditto	... J. L. Hopkins	3d.	547. Ditto	... G. J. Elvey	4d.
392. Our Father, which art	J. Barnby	3d.	1060. Save them, O Lord	F. Tozer	3d.	573. Ditto	... M. B. Foster	4d.
976. Ditto (8 voices)	C. Lee Williams	4d.	740. Save us, O Lord...	E. C. Bairstow	4d.	289. Ditto	Orlando Gibbons	6d.
303. Our God is Lord	E. Mundella	4d.	451. Saviour, abide with us	T. Hanforth	4d.	878. The eyes of the Lord are	West	3d.
1090. Our God shall come	M. B. Foster	4d.	802. Saviour, again to Thy	Chadwick	4d.	689. The face of death	W. Parratt	3d.
242. Out of the deep	... J. B. Calkin	4d.	840. Saviour, Thy children	... Sullivan	4d.	448. The First Christmas	J. Barnby	3d.
1110. Ditto	Ed. Bunnett	1s.	1092. Saviour, Who didst make	F. Adlam	4d.	534. The first day of the week	B. Steane	4d.
638. Ditto	... H. W. Davies	6d.	85. Say where is He born	Mendelssohn	8d.	214. The fool hath said	W. Bennett	6d.
240. Ditto	F. E. Gladstone	4d.	319. Seek ye the Lord	Hague Kinsey	4d.	271. The fool within his	Rheinberger	4d.
692. Ditto	... G. C. Martin	4d.	189. Ditto	J. V. Roberts	4d.	413. The fowl ring earth	J. L. Hopkins	4d.
176. Ditto	... Naylor	6d.	973. Send out Thy light	Ch. Gounod	3d.	746. The glory of Lebanon	... Wareing	4d.
1088. Peace I leave with you	J. V. Roberts	4d.	630. Sing a song of praise	... O. King	4d.	593. The glory of the God	T. Adams	4d.
1069. Peace lives again	J. F. Bridge	4d.	185. Ditto	... J. Stainer	4d.	177. The glory of the Lord	... J. Goss	8d.
81. Plead Thou my cause	... Mozart	8d.	250. Sing aloud with gladness	S. Wesley	8d.	245. The God of Jeshurun	... J. Goss	8d.
55. Ponder my words	Henry Gadsby	4d.	716. Sing and rejoice	B. Harwood	6d.	1116. The Good Shepherd	has Bunnett	4d.
300. Ditto (Male)	Sawyer	3d.	238. Sing joyfully unto God	W. Byrd	6d.	754. The hallowed day	B. Luard-Selby	4d.
159. Praise God in His holiness	B. Tours	4d.	1108. Ditto (in E♭)	W. Byrd	6d.	804. The Heavens declare	Macpherson	6d.
521. Praise, my soul	... E. V. Hall	4d.	985. Sing, O daughter of Zion	W. G. Alcock	4d.	399. The hills stand about	G. Gardner	6d.
641. Praise, O praise our God	B. L. Selby	4d.	365. Ditto	Rea	6d.	755. The hymn of the angels	J. E. West	4d.
712. Praise our God	... E. V. Hall	6d.	936. Ditto	H. W. Wareing	4d.	733. The King shall rejoice	E. V. Hall	6d.
172. Praise the Lord	... J. Benedict	1s.	291. Sing, O heavens	A. C. Mackenzie	8d.	734. Ditto	C. Harris	4d.
561. Ditto	... J. M. Crament	6d.	781. Ditto	Bruce Steane	4d.	313. Ditto	Stewart	8d.
70. Ditto	... G. Elvey	6d.	1002. Ditto	A. Sullivan	3d.	981. Ditto	C. Lee Williams	3d.
298. Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem	Bliss	4d.	562. Ditto	T. T. Trimmell	6d.	906. The Lord came from Sinai	West	3d.
123. Ditto	J. Clark	4d.	109. Sing praises to the Lord	Croft	6d.	193. The Lord gave	A. C. Mackenzie	3d.
316. Ditto	E. V. Hall	6d.	36. Sing praises unto the Lord	Gounod	8d.	270. The Lord give ear	J. Rheinberger	4d.
137. Ditto	Haves	6d.	99. Sing to the Lord...	Mendelssohn	1s.	326. The Lord hath (Male)	Mendelssohn	4d.
577. Ditto	... H. Maunder	4d.	167. Ditto	... Henry Smart	1/6	312. The Lord hath been	E. T. Chipp	4d.
510. Ditto	Purcell	6d.	1103. Ditto (1st mvmt. only)	Smart	4d.	477. Ditto	S. S. Wesley	4d.
54. Ditto	W. G. Wood	6d.						